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THE WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON,

INCLUDING

THE WHOLE CONTENTS OF BP. HURD'S EDITION, WITH LETTERS AND OTHER PIECES NOT FOUND IN ANY PREVIOUS COLLECTION; AND MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

EDITED,

WITH CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE.

"No whiter page than Addison remains,
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue thro' the heart."—Pope

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.
1888.

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MEDALS ILLUSTRATING THE DIALOGUES AND TRAVELS.

DIALOGUES

UPON THE USEFULNESS OF

ANCIENT MEDALS,

SPECIALLY IN RELATION TO THE LATIN AND GREEK POETS.

——Quoniam hæc ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Volgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carmine Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem.

LUCRETIUS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

This is one of the most graceful of Addison's works, and next to Dryden's Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry, the best specimen in our language of this style of writing. Addison tells us in a letter to Mr. Stepney, English Envoy at Vienna, that when he wrote it he had Fontenelle's Dialogue on the Plurality of Worlds in his eye; and it is no slight praise to say that he has fully equalled his model. The first part was written at Vienna, and though the work was shown to his friends and approved by them, it was not published till after his death. The general subject of numismatics has since been treated by several English writers, and both the excellent introduction of Ackerman, and Humphrey's valuable Manual, contain more information than Addison's Dialogues. But, there is no book in which the lover of Latin poetry will find within the same compass, so many important suggestions and happy illustrations.

Of this work Ogle says:—

"The 'Dialogues on Medals' rather prove the ability of the scholar to attain so complex and unconnected a kind of knowledge in a short period, than profound information on the subject. Ficcorini was his master, and says, 'He did not go any depth in the study of medals: all the knowledge he had of that kind, I believe, he had from me; and I did not give him above twenty lessons upon that subject.' There are two sorts of information usually possessed by men of literature and research: the one rudimental, which is generally received from instructors; the other the knowledge a learner obtains by his own labor. We may therefore conclude that Addison obtained the former in the twenty lessons given him by Ficcorini, and that he added more by his own investigation, and by studying the treatise on Medals and Inscriptions of Bernardin Maffæus, then in general use among travellers and the learned."—Ogle—*Life of Addison*, pp. 21, 22.

And Miss Aikin:—

"It was thus that he introduced to his friend his beautiful 'Dialogues on the usefulness of ancient medals;' perhaps the most perfect, certainly the most graceful examples in our language of this form of composition.

Dr. Johnson's assertion,—whose scanty acquaintance with French literature probably did not include even the celebrated and popular work of Fontenelle,—that Dryden's Dialogue on Dramatic poetry was Addison's model, is thus disproved; and this information of the real prototype suggests a curious national contrast. The informing spirit of the dialogues of Fontenelle is that of gallantry; and the fair pupil whom he addresses imbibes the principles of the astronomy of Descartes diluted and dulcified with at least an equal portion of flattery, on the graces of her person and the charms of her mind; but although the study of medals could scarcely be regarded as less within the sphere of female inquiry than worlds and their vortices,—and in fact there had been ladies in this country of a former and a better age celebrated for their numismatic attainments,—the English wit carefully exonerates himself from all obligation to compliment the ladies on the occasion, and admits not even a humble listener of the feminine gender. A knowledge of the pattern on which he worked might likewise have shielded the author from a criticism of Bishop Hurd, who imputes it as a fault to these dialogues that they deviate from the classical examples in not exhibiting real characters as the interlocutors. In any case, this appears an ill-considered objection; and it is probable that the judgment of the bishop was warped by his own practice. Whatever dignity or seeming authority this kind of artifice,—an offensive one at the best to the true lover of historical and biographical truth,—might lend to the discussion of questions of philosophy, politics or history, it would be difficult to point out any advantage to be gained by it on such a topic as the usefulness of medals, essentially a branch of erudition; while the difficulties and objections are obvious. The part of a leading speaker must in all propriety have been assigned to some one of the very small number of learned persons who had distinguished themselves by devoting their lives to profound investigations in this dark and difficult science; and with what modesty could a writer who had only skimmed its surface, have uttered conjectures or remarks of his own under the sanction of names such as those of Spanheim or Le Vailliant?

"It appears that the study of medals had been a favorite object of pursuit with Addison in Italy, and especially at Rome, where he had availed himself of the technical instructions of a professor of this branch of antiquities besides embracing the opportunity of inspecting the most celebrated collections. According to his general plan in the study of antiquity, he applied his knowledge of these objects to the illustration of passages in the Latin poets, by which, in return, he frequently explained the signification of medals. Several examples of this application of his reading occur in his Travels.

"The two first of these dialogues are much more thickly interspersed than even his Travels with quotations from ancient writers, brought to explain the objects, customs, and events represented by the charges

of the medals; and the wide range of subjects, with the great number and variety of authors quoted, highly honorable as they are to the learned diligence of the author, are also quite effectual in removing whatever of dryness might have been found in the topic itself. The playful turns of fancy, and the strokes of character and humor which give distinctness and animation to the speakers, have as much of the peculiar zest of his genius as his best Spectators. Besides the two dialogues which strictly answer to the general title, there is a third called 'A parallel between ancient and modern medals,' which is laudable for the moderation and absence of national prepossession with which it discusses the merits and defects of those struck by order of Louis XIV., to record the glories of his reign. It is frankly avowed that, in most points of excellence, these come nearer to the ancients than any other modern ones, and it is added, that to the French we are also 'indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general."

"For what reason the author of these elegant and highly finished pieces should have left them to make their first appearance in the posthumous edition of his works, it is not easy to divine. Possibly he might apprehend that he had already introduced in his Travels as much of classical matter as the English public, immersed in party contests, would find leisure or inclination to attend to; possibly he might not fully have satisfied the excessive delicacy of his own taste in the execution; probably he might soon become distrustful of the soundness of some of his conjectural interpretations of enigmatical inscriptions and half-effaced or ill-formed figures."—Miss AIKIN—*Life of Addison*, pp. 89–91.

Le Clerc, whose acquaintance Addison formed during his tour, and who apparently had seen the first draft of the Dialogues, says, in his observations upon the Travels, &c., which were "done from the French by Mr. Theobald, and printed in 1715"—"Mr. Addison has not a little applied himself to the study of medals, the mystical meanings of whose reverses he has explained in a work well worthy to be made public, and which I hope he will soon oblige the world with."

"These Dialogues of Addison are written with that sweetness and purity of style which constitute him one of our first prose writers. The chief imperfection of his Treatise on Medals is, that the persons introduced as speakers, in direct contradiction to the practice of the ancients, are *fictitious*, not *real;* for Cynthio, Philander, Palæmon, Eugenio and Theocles, cannot equally excite and engage the attention of the reader with Socrates and Alcibiades, Atticus and Brutus, Cowley and Spratt, Maynard and Somers."—*Addisoniana*, v. 1, p. 80.—G.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY MR. ADDISON'S TREATISE ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury; some, religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal, conspire;
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd. She found it vain to trust
The faithless column, and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design;
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judæa weeps;
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine:

A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd;
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore:
This, the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams:
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd;
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine.
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There warriors frowning in historic brass.
Then future ages with delight shall see,
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:

Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read.
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! in soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the muse he lov'd."

A. Pope.

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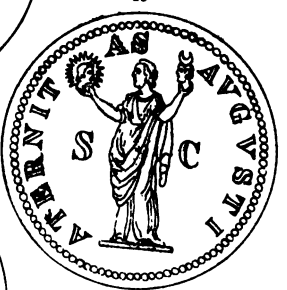

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AEGIPTOS
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MAVRETANIA
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HISPANIA
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DIALOGUES*

UPON THE USEFULNESS OF ANCIENT MEDALS.

DIALOGUE I.

Cynthio, Eugenius, and Philander, had retired together from the town to a country village, that lies upon the Thames. Their design was to pass away the heat of the summer among the fresh breezes that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of Europe: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects without running into the common topic of defaming public parties,[b] or particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one

* Mr. Addison's great reputation is chiefly owing to what he wrote in prose. This part of his works, then, will deserve to be studied with care. It is scarce possible to examine a writer of this class, without *admiring* sometimes. But I shall do it sparingly. It will be more useful to point out his defects, which, in such a crowd of beauties, may be overlooked, or may themselves be mistaken for beauties. Nor let the presumption of this attempt give offence to any, even though they should dissent from me, in the instances alleged: for, to be at the pains of inquiring whether such a writer have any faults, is, in effect, to pay the highest compliment to his merit. And for the rest, I commit myself to the candour of all capable judges.—*Nam etiam cum judicium meum ostendero, suum tamen legentibus relinquam.*

[b] *Defaming* public parties, is not a topic, but a *mode* of treating it. It had been more exact to say "into the common *practice* of defaming public parties," &c.

another in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a Latin sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding.

They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields, when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cynthio's humour to run down every thing that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to arts and sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies, though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rallied a set or two of *virtuosos*, he fell upon the medallists.

These gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the Antonines, than of the Stuarts, and would rather choose to count out a sum in sesterces, than in pounds sterling. I have heard of one in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value, rarity, and authenticalness[a] of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a Pescennius Niger, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.[b] A third desires you to

[a] Substantives terminating in *ess*, especially if polysyllables, have an ill effect in our language. We now say, *authenticity*.

[b] *Judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern.* Inaccurately expressed.—It should have been, "judiciously *observes* the sound of it to be

observe well the toga on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true Roman cut.

I must confess, says Philander, the knowledge of medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a science ridiculous, to such as are not well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the stars and planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the spots in the sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been made on spiders, lobsters, and cockle-shells? yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder, therefore, that the science of medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what Philander said on the subject of medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio. I must confess, says he, I find myself very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have, however, one strong prejudice in favour of it, that Philander has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad,

modern." We say, *to distinguish one thing from another*; or, *to distinguish between one thing and another*,—but not, "*to distinguish* any thing *to be*. If the word *distinguishes* be here used, it should be in some such way as this, "*distinguishes the sound of it from that of an ancient coin*." We first perceive a *distinction* between two things, and then *conclude* this not to be that. The word *distinguishes* is here used by Mr. A. as if it implied an act of the mind, which is consequent to *distinguishing*. The word is, therefore, improper.

then, says Cynthio, that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the usefulness. There, says Philander, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness. But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says Cynthio, we are already so persuaded* of the unprofitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed, you increase the number of your party. Well, says Philander, in hopes of making two such considerable proselytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely, when you dissent from me, or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says Eugenius, I must tell you what I believe surprises all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a gold one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge, nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species, so that at present an *as* or an *obolus* may carry a higher price than a *denarius* or a *drachma;* and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that to have

* *So persuaded*, &c. Better thus, "we already account your science so unprofitable that—"

a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallic eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself that it is better to have a pocket full of *Othos* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus's* or *Louis d'ors*. This, however, we shall be judges of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says Philander, is the showing us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. Juvenal calls them very humorously,

Concisum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas. Sat. 5.

You here see the Alexanders, Cæsars, Pompeys, Trajans, and the whole catalogue of heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind, that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare, in our own thoughts, the face of a great man with the character that authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughty, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find, too, on medals, the representations of ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses; and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: nor do you only meet* the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose names are not to be found any where except on medals. Some of the emperors, for example, have had wives, and some of them children, that no authors have mentioned. We are, therefore, obliged to the study of coins for having made new

* *Meet.* It should be "*meet with,*" as we have it below—"*met with* on no other kind of records."

discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says Cynthio, to reject this last use of medals. I do not think it worth while to trouble myself with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world, had there not been such things as medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging itself with the names of an insignificant people, whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says Philander, you have on medals a long list of heathen deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nations of the world fall down before them. You have here, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the genius of nations, provinces, cities, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal as in a canto of Spenser. Not to interrupt you, says Eugenius, I fancy it is this use of medals that has recommended them to several history painters, who, perhaps, without this assistance, would have found it very difficult to have invented[a] such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says Philander,

[a] *To have invented.* He had said before "who would have found"—it should, therefore, be "*to invent,*" for an obvious reason.—

that painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of medals in vogue.[a] For not to mention several others, Caraccio is said to have assisted Aretine by designs that he took from the Spintriæ of Tiberius. Raphael had thoroughly studied the figures on old coins. Patin tells us that Le Brun had done the same. And it is well known that Rubens had a noble collection of medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you, that you see on medals not only the names and persons of emperors, kings, consuls, pro-consuls, prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympic games. It was a noble time, says Cynthio, when trips and Cornish hugs could make a man immortal. How many heroes would Moorfields have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the Greeks, might have had his face stamped upon their coins. But[b] these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a Milo than a Homer, and heaped up greater honours on Pindar's jockeys, than on the poet himself. But by this time, I suppose, you have drawn up all your medallic people, and, indeed, they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shewn us all conditions, sexes, and ages, emperors and empresses, men and children, gods and wrestlers. Nay, you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old coins, and have made our passions, and virtues, and vices, visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of medals had been so well peopled. But, in the next place, says Philander, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them, too, their different habits and dresses, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the medals were stamped. This is another use, says

[a] *In vogue.* It should be "*into.*"
[b] *But.* Better "*And.*" "*But*" begins the next sentence.

antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be much more useful to universities than those collections of whalebone and crocodile-skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says Cynthio, to persuade those societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the classic authors and at the fountain head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the republic of letters, should he appeal to your university wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *Re Vestiaria?* or how do you think a man that has read Vegetius, will relish your Roman arsenal? In the mean time, says Philander, you find on medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities, and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here, too, that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics, and mechanics. One might make an entire gallery out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old coins. Nor are they only charged with things, but with many ancient customs, as sacrifices, triumphs, congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on coins. I might add, under this head of antiquities, that we find on medals the manner of spelling in the old Roman inscriptions. That is, says Cynthio, we find that Felix is never written with an *æ* diphthong, and that, in Augustus's days, *civis* stood for *cives*, with other secrets in orthography of the same importance

To come then to a more weighty use, says Philander, it is certain that medals give a very great light to history, in confirm

ing such passages as are true in old authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of medals is a body of history. It was, indeed, the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur Vaillant has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of medals has given us a chronicle of the kings of Syria. For this too is an advantage medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, and sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are, indeed, the best epitomes in the world, and let you see in one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of medals is, that they not only show you the actions of an emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an emperor's coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or, where they do it, they often differ in their several periods. Here, therefore, it is much safer to quote a medal than an author, for in this case you do not appeal to a Suetonius or a Lampridius, but to the emperor himself, or the whole body of a Roman senate. Besides that a coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says Cynthio, may in some cases be of great moment, but, considering the subjects on which your chronologers are generally employed, I see but little use that arises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an elephant appeared in the amphitheatre in the second or the third year of Domitian?

Or what am I the wiser for knowing that Trajan was in the fifth year of his tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a horse-race or bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says Eugenius; it is a kind of shooting at rovers: where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to show his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to Philander, that seems to be very considerable, although you medallists seldom throw it into the account, which is the great help to memory one finds in medals: for my own part, I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several Roman emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your medallists, upon the first naming of an emperor, will immediately tell you his age, family, and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says Philander, for helping me to an use that, perhaps, I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at Rome. I must own to you it surprised me to see my Ciceroni so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an emperor or empress but he knew by sight, and, as he was seldom without medals in his pocket, he would often show us the same face on an old coin, that we saw in the statue. He would discover a Commodus through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out

such a one to be Livia that was dressed up like a Ceres. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They well know a Zenobia by the sitting of her diadem, and will distinguish the Faustinas by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! sir, says Cynthio, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a statue that has lost his nose and ears; or, if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you, at first sight, who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an emperor or empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this, however, is easily learnt from medals, says Philander, where you may see likewise the plans of many of the most considerable buildings of old Rome. There is an ingenious gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study, who has a design of publishing the whole history of architecture, with its several improvements and decays, as it is to be met with on ancient coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved medals. You here see the copies of such ports and triumphal arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient temples, though the temples themselves, and the gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruins of former edifices, you may learn from coins what was their architecture, when they stood whole and entire These are buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will, perhaps, last as long as the earth itself. They are, in short so many real monuments of brass:

ever, tell you, that medals and the civil law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old coins are like so many maps for explaining of the ancient geography. But, besides the more solid parts of learning there are several little intimations to be met with on medals, that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of coins we should never have known which was the first of the emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinences of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, though, perhaps, not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends, or colleagues, with the like particularities only to be met with on medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says Cynthio, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge that you have discovered on medals. I could never fancy, before this evening, that a coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says Philander, there is still an advantage to be drawn from medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is, indeed, an use that nobody has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light, and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between coins and poetry, and that your medallist and critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A reverse often

clears up the passage of an old poet, as the poet often serves to unriddle a reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says Eugenius, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to Cynthio, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the method of such as are in love with any particular science to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic, and the civil law? Yet Vitruvius will give you his reasons, such as they are, why a good architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says Cynthio, Martial had never read Vitruvius when he threw the crier and the architect into the same class:

> Duri si puer ingeni videtur
> Præconem facias vel architectum.

> If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
> A herald make him, or an architect.

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse of poetry, because we are on that subject, of an author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art.* 'I have observed,' says he, speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony, 'that my barber has often combed my head in dactyls and spondees, that is, with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively. Nay,' says he, 'I have known him sometimes run even into pyrrhichius's and anapœstuses.' This you will think, perhaps, a very extravagant fancy, but, I must own, I should as soon expect to find the *pro-*

* Vossius de viribus Rythmi.

sodia in a comb, as poetry in a medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says Philander, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries, as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of Neptune's trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients, that represented a thunderbolt with three forks, since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning, and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to show it was impossible to have found out a fitter emblem for plenty than the *cornu-copiæ*. These are a sort of authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to show the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked, and knit together in a kind of dance? It is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on medals or in marble, as I doubt not but Horace alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner:

——————Gratia,
Junctis nuda sororibus:
————Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.

The sister Graces hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device than by Seneca's whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. 1. To remark the doing of a courtesy. 2. The return of it from the receiver. 3. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand, to show us that these three duties should be never sepa-

rated. They are naked, to admonish us that gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to show us that no virtue is more active than gratitude. May not we here say with Lucretius?

> Quæ bene et eximie quanquam disposta ferantur,
> Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulsa.

It is an easy thing, says Eugenius, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked sisters, dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is here, therefore, says Philander, that the old poets step in to the assistance of the medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the Roman mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in a picture, as well as read them in a description. When, therefore, I confront a medal with a verse, I only show you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an author who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make myself more intelligible, I find a shield on the reverse of an emperor's coin, designed as a compliment to him from the senate of Rome. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient poets to express protection or defence. I conclude, therefore, that this medal compliments the emperor in the same sense as the old Romans did their dictator, Fabius, when they called him the buckler of Rome. Put this reverse now, if you please, into the hands of a mystical antiquary: he shall tell you that the use of the

shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round, it is an emblem of perfection; for Aristotle has said the round figure is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity, that it does not cover a mystery; nay, there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some account. In this case, therefore,[a] poetry being in some respects an art of designing as well as painting or sculpture, they may serve as comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says Eugenius, by what you have said on this subject, that the poets may contribute to the explication of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy, allegorical nature you have before mentioned; but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case, too, says Philander, a poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a prose-writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: so that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of antiquities that are to be met with on ancient coins. I fancy, says Cynthio, there is nothing more ridiculous than an antiquary's reading the Greek or Latin poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the erudition of the author

[a] Poema est pictura loquax.

He will turn you over all Virgil to find out the figure of an old rostrum, and has the greatest esteem imaginable for Homer because he has given us the fashion of a Greek sceptre. It is, indeed, odd enough to consider how all kinds of readers find their account in the old poets. Not only your men of the more refined or solid parts of learning, but even your alchymist and fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in Homer and Virgil. This, says Eugenius, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but Plutarch's discourse on Homer, and you will see that the Iliad contains the whole circle of arts, and that Thales and Pythagoras stole all their philosophy out of this poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that Homer understood all the figures in rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says Philander, were it possible for Homer to read his praises in this author, but he would be as much surprised as ever Monsieur Jourdain was, when he found he had talked prose all his life-time, without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe, that not only the virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen divinities, appear generally in the same dress among the poets that they wear in medals. I must confess, I believe both the one and the other took the mode from the ancient Greek statuaries. It will not, perhaps, be an improper transition to pass from the heathen gods to the several monsters of antiquity, as chimeras, gorgons, sphinxes, and many others that make the same figure in verse as on coins. It often happens, too, that the poet and the senate of Rome have both chosen the same topic to flatter their emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: it is no wonder, therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the medal and the poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the emperor. Nay, I

question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the poets that relate to the particular device of a medal.

I wonder, says Eugenius, that your medallists have not been as diligent in searching the poets as the historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightening their art. I would have somebody put the muses under a kind of contribution, to furnish out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of medals that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says Philander, to hear you of this opinion, for, to tell you truly, when I was at Rome, I took occasion to buy up many imperial medals that have any affinity with passages of the ancient poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical cash, which I fancy I count over to you in Latin and Greek verse. If you will drink a dish of tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says Cynthio, how the poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are, however, obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields, without taking notice of it. Philander first put them in mind, that, unless they turned back quickly, they would endanger being benighted.[a] Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects; but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling myself with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.

[a] This sentence is not expressed so gracefully and easily as it might have been.

DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the finest treatises of the most polite Latin and Greek writers are in dialogue, as many very valuable pieces of French, Italian, and English, appear in the same dress. I have, sometimes, however, been very much distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble myself, nor my reader, with the first salutes[a] of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the tea-table. We will suppose the china dishes taken off, and a drawer of medals supplying their room. Philander, who is to be the hero in my dialogue, takes it in his hand, and addressing himself to Cynthio and Eugenius, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous ladies that you have ever, perhaps, conversed with. I do not know, says Cynthio, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find, says Philander, there is good sense in it. They have not a single ornament that they cannot give a reason for. I was going to ask you, says Eugenius, in what country you find these ladies. But I see they are some of those imaginary persons you told us of last night, that inhabit old coins, and appear no where else but on the reverse of a medal. Their proper country, says Philander, is the breast of a good man: for I think they are most of them the figures of virtues. It is a great compliment, methinks, to the sex, says Cynthio, that your virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says Philander, but because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You will find, however something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first

[a] "*Salutations*" had been better.

figure, which is that of Virtue herself, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in Silius Italicus.[a]

> Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
> Compositâ mutata comâ, stans vultus, et ore
> Incessuque viro propior, lætique pudoris,
> Celsa humeris, niveæ fulgebat stamine pallæ. SIL. IT. lib. 15.

> ——————A different form did Virtue wear,
> Rude from her forehead fell th' unplaited hair,
> With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
> And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
> Her height, her sprightly blush, the goddess show,
> And robes unsullied as the falling snow.

Virtue and Honour had their temples bordering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of Galba.[b] Silius Italicus makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his Virtue.

> Mecum Honor, et Laudes, et læto Gloria vultu, [*Virtus loquitur.*
> Et Decus, et niveis Victoria concolor alis. *Ibid.*

> With me the foremost place let Honour gain, [*Virtue speaks.*
> Fame, and the Praises mingling in her train;
> Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
> White like myself, on snowy wings shall fly.

> Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
> Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere) Virtus.
> STAT. SIL. lib. 2.

The head of Honour is crowned with a laurel, as Martial has adorned his Glory after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

> Mitte coronatas Gloria mæsta comas.

I find, says Cynthio, the Latins mean courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the

[a] First series. Fig. 1. [b] Fig. 2.

name of Virtue in general, as the modern Italians give the same name on the same account to the knowledge of curiosities. Should a Roman painter at present draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the spear and paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a bust in one hand and a fiddle in the other.

The next, says Philander, is a lady of a more peaceful character, and had her temple at Rome.[a]

——————Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.

She is often placed on the reverse of an imperial coin, to show the good understanding between the emperor and empress. She has always a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to denote that plenty is the fruit of concord. After this short account of the goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the deity that is described in the following verses of Seneca, who would have her propitious to the marriage of Jason and Creusa. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

——————————Asperi
Martis sanguineas quæ cohibit manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam. SEN. MED. act. 1.

Who sooths great Mars the warrior god,
And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of plenty fills her hands.

The description, says Eugenius, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any further note on this passage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of Seneca, says Philander, will understand the precedent verses as a description of Venus, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with

[a] Fig. 3.

Concord: and that this was a goddess who used to interest her self in marriages, we may see in the following description:—

——————Jamdudum poste reclinis,
Quærit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, et insigni geminat Concordiâ tædâ.

STATII EPITHALAMION. Silv. lib. 1.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet Hymen waits to raise the nuptial song,
Her sacred bands majestic Juno lends,
And Concord with her flaming torch attends

Peace[a] differs as little in her dress as in her character from Concord. You may observe in both these figures, that the vest is gathered up before them, like an apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the *cornu-copiæ*. It is to this part of the dress that Tibullus alludes.

At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat et pomis candidus antè sinus.

Kind Peace appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.

Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of Avarice.

——Avaritia gremio præcincta capaci.

PRUD. PSYCHOMACHIA.

How proper the emblems of Plenty are to Peace, may be seen in the same poet.

Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primùm
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, et succos condidit uvæ,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.——————

TIBUL. El. 10, lib. 1.

[a] Fig. 4.

She first, white Peace, the earth with plough-shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,
First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old poets as a token of peace.

Pace orare manu———————— VIRG. ÆN. 10.
Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis olivæ.
OV. MET. lib. 7.
In his right hand an olive-branch he holds.

————————————-furorem
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropiæ prælatâ fronde Minervæ. LUC. lib. 3.

————To move his haughty soul they try
Entreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows Minerva's peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.
MR. ROWE.

Which, by the way, one would think had been spoken rather of an Attila, or a Maximin, than Julius Cæsar.

You see Abundance or Plenty* makes the same figure in medals as in Horace.

————————————tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. HOR. lib. 1, od. 17.

————Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. MR. CREECH.

The compliment on this reverse to Gordianus Pius is expressed in the same manner as that of Horace to Augustus

————————Aurea fruges
Italiam pleno diffudit copia cornu. HOR. Epist. 12, lib. 1.

* Fig. 5.

———Golden Plenty with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land. MR. CREECH.

But to return again to our virtues. You have here the picture of Fidelity,[a] who was worshipped as a goddess among the Romans.

Si tu oblitus es at Dii meminerunt, meminit Fides.
CATUL. AD ALPHEN.

I should fancy, from the following verses of Virgil and Silius Italicus, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus
Jura dabunt——————————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
MR. DRYDEN.

——————————— ad limina sanctæ
Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.
Arcanis dea læta, polo tum forte remoto
Cœlicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.
Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non æquora norunt,
Justitiæ consors ——————————— SIL. IT. lib. 2.

He to the shrines of Faith his steps addrest.
She, pleas'd with secrets rolling in her breast,
Far from the world remote, revolv'd on high
The cares of gods, and counsels of the sky,
Ere Jove was born she grac'd the bright abodes,
Consort of Justice, boast of men and gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
The stedfast earth, and rolling ocean know.

There is a Medal of Heliogabalus,[b] inscribed *Fides Exercitus*, that receives a great light from the preceding verses She is

[a] Fig. 6. [b] Fig. 7.

posted between two military ensigns, for the good quality that the poet ascribes to her, of preserving the public peace, by keeping the army true to its allegiance.

I fancy, says Eugenius, as you have discovered the age of this imaginary lady, from the description that the poets have made of her, you may find, too, the colour of the drapery that she wore in the old Roman paintings, from that verse in Horace

> Te Spes et albo rara Fides colit
> Velata panno ——————— Hor. Od. 35, lib. 1.

> Sure Hope and Friendship cloath'd in white,
> Attend on thee ——————— Mr. Creech.

One would think, says Philander, by this verse, that Hope and Fidelity had both the same kind of dress. It is certain Hope might have a fair pretence to white, in allusion to those that were candidates for an employ.[a]

> ——————— quem ducit hiantem
> Cretata ambitio ——————— Pers. Sat. 5.

And how properly the epithet of *rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure.[b] She is here dressed in such a kind of vest as the Latins call a *multicium*, from the fineness of its tissue. Your Roman beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

> Quem tenues decuere togæ nitidique capilli.
> Hor. Ep. 14, lib. 1.

> I that lov'd ———————
> Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown.
> Mr. Creech

I remember says Cynthio, Juvenal rallies Creticus, that was

[a] *Employ.* For "employment;" as before, "*salute*," for "salutation." —This way of turning a verb into a substantive, has a grace in poetry which it has not in prose.

[b] Fig 8.

otherwise a brave, rough fellow, very handsomely, on this kind of garment.

——————————— sed quid
Non facient alii cum tu multitia sumas,
Cretice? et hanc vestem populo mirante perores
In Proculas et Pollineas.——————— Juv. Sat. 2.
Acer et indomitus Libertatisque magister,
Cretice, pelluces——————— Juv. Sat. 2.

——————— Nor, vain Metellus, shall
From Rome's tribunal thy harangues prevail
'Gainst harlotry, whilst thou art clad so thin,
That thro' thy cobweb-robe we see thy skin,
As thou declaim'st——————— Mr. Tate.
Canst thou restore old manners, or retrench
Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the bench? *Idem.*

But pray what is the meaning that this transparent lady holds up her train in her left hand? for I find your women on medals do nothing without a meaning. Besides, I suppose there is a moral precept at least couched under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says Philander, that it may not encumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for Hope to press forward to her proper objects, as for Fear to fly from them.

Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum Gallicus arvo
Vidit, et hic præædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter inhæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, et extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprensus, et ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiaque ora relinquit:
Sic deus et virgo est: hic spe celer, illa timore.
De Apol. et Daph. Ov. Met. lib. 1.

As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful hare,
She in her s[illegible]ed does all her safety lay:
And he w[illegible] double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
H's chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:

She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives,
And gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:——
Such was the god, and such the flying fair,
She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.

MR. DRYDEN.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem in the world of Hope and Fear in extremity. A flower or blossom that you see in the right hand is a proper ornament for Hope, since they are these that we term, in poetical language, the hopes of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, et roboris expers
Turget et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.
Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus
Ridet ager———————————— OV. MET. lib. 15.

The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around. MR. DRYDEN.

The same poet in his *De Fastis*, speaking of the vine in flower, expresses it,

In spe vitis erat ———————— OV. DE FAST. lib. 5.

The next on the list is a lady of a contrary character,* and therefore in a quite different posture. As Security is free from all pursuits, she is represented leaning carelessly on a pillar Horace has drawn a pretty metaphor from this posture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.
No ease doth lay me down from pain. MR. CREECH.

She rests herself on a pillar, for the same reason as the poets often compare an obstinate resolution or a great firmness of mind to

* Fig. 9.

a rock that is not to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque Auster
Dux inquietæ turbidus Adriæ, &c. HOR.

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf—&c. MR. CREECH.

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that Horace had his eye in his Ode to Fortune. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out Security, or something very like it; and, till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place, I think we may content ourselves with this before us.

Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ
Urbesque gentesque et Latium ferox,
Regumque matres barbarorum, et
Purpurei metuunt tyranni:
Injurioso nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.
AD FORTUNAM. HOR. lib. 1, od. 35.

To thee their vows rough Germans pay,
To thee the wand'ring Scythians bend,
Thee mighty Rome proclaims a friend:
And for their tyrant sons
The barb'rous mothers pray
To thee, the greatest guardian of their throne.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
Lest you should kick their column down
And cloud the glory of their crown;

They fear that you would raise
The lazy crowd to war,
And break their empire, or confine their praise.
MR. CREECH.

I must, however, be so fair as to let you know that Peace and Felicity have their pillars in several medals, as well as Security, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

The next figure is that of Chastity,[a] who was worshipped as a goddess, and had her temple.

——————— deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hâc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.
DE PUDICITIA, JUV. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy Justice upwards flew,
And both the sisters to the stars withdrew. Mr. DRYDEN.

Templa pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet? TIB. lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
Why rear we useles fanes to Chastity?

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos
Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant. ALCIAT.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,
By marks like these was Chastity reveal'd.

Ite procul vittæ tenues, insigne Pudoris,
Quæque tegit medios instita longa pedes.
OV. DE ART. AMAN.

———frontem limbo velata pudicam.
CLAUD. DE THEOD. CONS.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,
Whose bands the brows of Chastity surround,
And her coy robe that lengthens to the ground. Mr. CREECH.

[a] Fig. 10.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman matron.

> Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere possis,
> Cætera, ni Catia est, demissâ veste tegentis.
> HOR. Sat. 2, lib. I.

> Besides, a matron's face is seen alone;
> But Kate's, that female bully of the town,
> For all the rest is cover'd with a gown. MR. CREECH.

That, *ni Catia est*, says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English satirists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties. But our English libellers are for hewing a man downright, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says Eugenius, I have often admired this piece of art in the two satirists you mention, and have been surprised to meet with a man in a satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill-nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our English poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepense in their satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the poem, let you see they writ the whole poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of Piety?

As Chastity,[a] says Philander, appears in the habit of a Roman matron, in whom that virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, Piety wears the dress of the vestal virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is, you know, an expression among the Latin poets. I do not question but you have seen, in the Duke of Florence's gallery, a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an altar,

[a] Fig. 11.

which some of the antiquarians call a Piety, and others a vestal virgin. The woman, altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that Religion makes in Phædrus's fables

> Sed ne ignis noster facinori præluceat,
> Per quem verendos excolit Pietas deos. Fab. 10, lib. 4.

It is to this goddess that Statius addresses himself in the following lines.

> Summa deum Pietas! cujus gratissima cœlo
> Rara profanatas inspectant numina terras,
> Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
> Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
> Fraude rudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
> Mitibus exequiis ades, et lugentis Hetrusci
> Cerne pios fletus, laudataque lumina terge. STATIUS SIL. lib. 5

> Chief of the skies, celestial Piety!
> Whose godhead, priz'd by those of heavenly birth
> Revisits rare these tainted realms of earth,
> Mild in thy milk-white vest to soothe my friend,
> With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
> Such as of old (ere chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
> A race unpolish'd, and a golden age,
> Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
> Mixt in the soft solemnities of woe,
> See, see, thy own Hetruscus wastes the day
> In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *acerra* that you so often find among the poets, in which the frankincense was preserved that Piety is here supposed to strew on the fire.

> Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram. OV. MET. lib. 13

> Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat lætus acerrâ
> Phœbe ———————— MART. lib. 5, Epig. 45.

The figure of Equity* differs but little from that our painters

* Fig. 12.

make of her at present. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an emblem of justice, that Persius has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong.

——————————— Quirites
Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Scis enim justum geminâ suspendere lance
Ancipitis Libræ. SOCRAT. AD ALCIBIAD. Sat. 4.

——————————— Romans, know,
Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, &c. MR. DRYDEN.

The next figure I present you with is Eternity.[a] She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of Eternity is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter, as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the poet's fancy, that could turn the same thought to so many different ways.

Hæc æterna manet, divisque simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.
DE ROTUNDITATE CORPORUM. MANIL. lib. 1.

This form's eternal and may justly claim
A godlike nature, all its parts the same;
Alike, and equal to its self 'tis found,
No end and no beginning in a round:
Nought can molest its being, nought controul,
And this ennobles, and confines the whole. MR. CREECH.

Par volucer superis: stellas qui vividus æquat
Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum.—
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,

[a] Fig. 13.

Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.—
O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habiture vices, que sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere letho.—
O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pereunte senectus.
Vidisti quodcunque fuit. Te secula teste
Cuncta revoluntur: nosti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaëtonteis erroribus arserit annus.
Et clades Te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non stamina Parcæ
In Te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi.

De Phœnice Claud.

A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;—
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate.—
O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn.—
Thrice happy Phœnix! heav'n's peculiar care
Has made thyself thyself's surviving heir.
By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
Which sinks to ruin all the world beside.
Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns.
Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
Thou saw'st when raging ocean burst his bed,
O er-top'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread;
When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of the Phœnix distinguish him to be the bird and offspring of the sun

Solis avi specimen——————————
Una est quæ reparet seque ipsa reseminet ales;
Assyrii Phœnica vocant: non fruge neque herbis,
Sed Thuris lacrymis, et succo vivit amomi.
Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
Ilicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palmæ,
Unguibus et duro sibi nidum construit ore:
Quo simul ac casias, ac nardi lenis aristas
Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ,
Se super imponit, finitque in odoribus ævum,
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum Phœnica renasci.
Cum dedit huic ætas vires, onerique ferendo est,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris altæ,
Fertque pius cunasque suas, patriumque sepulchrum,
Perque leves aureas Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit. Ov. Met. lib. 15

——————————— Titanius ales. Claud. de Phœnice.

——— From himself the Phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame,
In which he burn'd, another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm, and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round; then with the spoil
Of cassia, cinnamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd,
On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An Infant-Phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his mem[illegible] he pursues.

And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain
[illegible] lightens of its load, the tree that bore
[illegible] father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this (with pious care
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch.

MR. DRYDEN.

Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus ossa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phœnix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt aquilæ, cunctæque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem ———————

CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young Phœnix from the teeming urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil
Bears the dear reliques to the distant Nile:
Himself a species! Then, the bird of Jove,
And all his plumy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The radiated head of the Phœnix gives us the meaning of a passage in Ausonius, which I was formerly surprised to meet with in the description of a bird. But at present I am very well satisfied the poet must have had his eye on the figure of this bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was im possible to take it from the life.

Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos,
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
Quam novies terni glomerantem secula tractûs
Vincunt æripedes ter terno Nestore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates superat Phœbeius oscen,
Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnameo radiatus tempora nido. AUSON. Eidyll. 11.

Arcanum radiant oculi jubar, igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cogna m vertice sidus
Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serenâ
Luce secat ——————— CLAUD. DE PHÆN.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

——————Procul ignea lucet
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnama busti.
CL. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of beings with that of Hesiod, I shall give it you in a translation of that poet.

Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
Hos novies superat vivendo garrula cornix:
Et quater egreditur cornicis sæcula cervus.
Alipedem cervum ter vincit corvus: at illum
Multiplicat novies Phœnix, reparabilis ales.
Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
Nymphæ Hamadryades: quarum longissima vita est:
Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum. AUSON. Eidyll. 18.

The utmost age to man the gods assign
Are winters three times two, and ten times nine:
Poor man nine times the prating daws exceed:
Three times the daw's the deer's more lasting breed:
The deer's full thrice the raven's race outrun:
Nine times the raven, Titan's feather'd son:
Beyond his age, with youth and beauty crown'd
The Hamadryads shine ten ages round:
Their breath the longest is the fates bestow;
And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good arithmetician, says Cynthio, to understand this author's works. His description runs on like a multiplication table. But methinks the poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says Philander. It seems to me, from the next medal,* it was an opinion among them, that the Phœnix renewed herself at the beginning of the great year, and the return of the golden age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in Claudian.

> Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
> Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.
>
> CLAUD. DE RAPT. PROS. lib. 2.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be Jupiter, by the author that has published this medal, but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at Rome an antique statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as Seneca describes him, and not with a serpent as he is generally represented.

> ——————— properat cursu
> Vita citato, volucrique die
> Rota præcipitis volvitur anni. HERC. FUR. act. 1.

> Life posts away,
> And day from day drives on with swift career
> The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of Time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished.

> ——— consumpto, Magnus qui dicitur, anno
> Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum:
> Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi.
>
> AUSON Eidyll. 18

*Fig. 14.

When round the great platonic year has turn'd,
In their old ranks the wand'ring stars shall stand,
As when first marshal'd by the Almighty's hand.

To sum up, therefore, the thoughts of this medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the golden age, which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses Time, or if you please Jupiter, signifies the finishing of the great year; and that the Phœnix figures out the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this medal to the Emperor Adrian, is in all respects the same that Virgil makes to Pollio's son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus* or Platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the golden age.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo;
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna:
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. VIRG. EC. 4.

The time is come the Sibyls long foretold,
And the blest maid restores the age of gold
In the great wheel of Time before enroll'd.
Now a great progeny from heav'n descends.
LORD LAUDERDALE

——————— nunc adest mundo dies
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruinâ; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generet renascens melior: ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. SEN. Oet. act. 2.

——— The last great day is come,
When earth and all her impious sons shall lie
Crush't in the ruins of the falling sky,
Whence fresh shall rise, her new-born realms to grace,
A pious offspring and a purer race,
Such as erewhile in golden ages sprung,
When Saturn govern'd, and the world was young.

You may compare the design of this reverse, if you please, with *one of Constantine*, so far as the Phœnix is concerned in both

As for the other figure, we may have occasion to speak of it in another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of France's medallions.

The next figure shadows out Eternity[a] to us, by the sun in one hand and the moon in the other, which in the language of sacred poetry is "as long as the sun and moon endureth." The heathens made choice of these lights as apt symbols of Eternity, because, contrary to all sublunary Beings, though they seem to perish every night, they renew themselves every morning.

> Soles occidere et redire possunt;
> Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,
> Nox est perpetua una dormienda. CATUL.

> The suns shall often fall and rise:
> But when the short-liv'd mortal dies
> And night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace, whether in imitation of Catullus or not, has applied the same thought to the moon; and that too in the plural number.

> Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia lunæ:
> Nos ubi decidimus
> Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, et Ancus,
> Pulvis et umbra sumus. HOR. Od. 7, lib. 4

> Each loss the hast'ning moon repairs again.

> But we, when once our race is done,
> With Tullus and Anchises' son,
> (Tho' rich like one, like t' other good)
> To dust and shades, without a sun,
> Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood. SIR W. TEMPLE.

In the next figure Eternity[b] sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of Eternity the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the poets, as an expression of what is never like to end.

[a] Fig. 16. [b] Fig 17.

——————Stellas qui vividus æquas
Durando—————————— CLAUD.

——————Polus dum sidera pascet,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c. SEN. MED.

I might here tell you that Eternity[a] has a covering on her head, because we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, because we see only those parts of her that are actually running on; that she sits on a globe and bears a sceptre in her hand, to shew she is sovereign mistress of all things; but for any of these assertions I have no warrant from the poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer than ordinary on such a subject as Eternity. The next you see is Victory,[b] to whom the medallists as well as poets never fail to give a pair of wings.

Adfuit ipsa suis Ales Victoria——— CLAUD. DE 6 CONS. HONOR.

——————dubiis volitat Victoria pennis. OV.

——————niveis Victoria concolor alis. SIL. IT.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of conquerors and therefore no improper ornaments for Victory.

————lentæ Victoris præmia palmæ. OV. MET.

Et palmæ pretium Victoribus. VIRG. ÆN. 5. 11

Tu ducibus lætis aderis cum læta triumphum
Vox canet, et longas visent capitolia pompas.
APOLLO AD LAURUM. OV. MET.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn;
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass. DRYDEN.

By the way, you may observe the lower plaits of the drapery that seem to have gathered the wind into them. I have seen

[a] *Vid.* Fig. 13. [b] Fig. 18.

abundance of antique figures in sculpture and painting, with just the same turn in the lower foldings of the vest, when the person that wears it is in a posture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina Vestes. Ov. Met. lib. 1.

——————— As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs exposed to view. Dryden.

——————tenues sinuantur flamine vestes. Id. lib. 2.

It is worth while to compare this figure of Victory with her statue as it is described in a very beautiful passage of Prudentius

Non aris non farre molæ Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicet, et multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quod miles propriis diffisus viribus optas
Irrita fæmineæ tibimet solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextra cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec nudo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.
Prudentius contra Symm. lib. 2

Shall Victory entreated lend her aid
For cakes of flour on smoking altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:
If these be wanting on th' embattled plain,
Ye sue the unpropitious maid in vain.
Though in her marble temples taught to blaze
Her dazzling wings the golden dame displays,
And many a talent in due weight was told
To shape her god-head in the curious mould,
Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
And hope for female visions in the air!

What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
Their darts directed by this winged maid!
Dost thou the power that gives success demand?
'Tis he th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
Not the smooth nymph, whose locks in knots are twin',
Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

You have here another Victory [a] that I fancy Claudian had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm, and trophy in the following description. It appears on a coin of Constantine, who lived about an age before Claudian, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this poet has copied out of his descriptions.

——— cum totis exurgens ardua pennis
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet ædes,
Et palma viridi gaudens, et amicta trophæis.
CLAUD. DE LAU. SIL. lib. 3.

On all her plumage rising when she threw
Her sacred shrines wide open to thy view,
How pleas'd for thee her emblems to display,
With palms distinguish'd, and with trophies gay.

The last of our imaginary beings is Liberty. [b] In her left hand she carries the wand that the Latins call the Rudis or Vindicta, and in her right the cap of liberty. The poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express liberty. I shall quote Horace for the first, whom Ovid has imitated on the same occasion, and for the latter Martial.

——————— donatum jam rude quæris
Mecænas iterum antiquo me includere ludo. HOR. lib. 1, ep. 1

——————tardâ vires minuente senectâ
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat.
OV. DE TR. lib. 4, el. 8.

[a] Fig. 19. [b] Fig. 20

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto
Quem regem, et dominum priùs vocabam,
Nè me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi. MAR. lib. 2, epig. 68.

By thy plain name though now addrest,
Though once my king and lord confest,
Frown not: with all my goods I buy
The precious cap of Liberty.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of Persius, says Cynthio, that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a cap on his head and giving him a turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A slave thus qualified became a citizen of Rome, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his forefathers, which Persius has repeated with a great deal of humour.

——— Heu steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est, nam tressis agaso,
Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papæ! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est; assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant. PERS. Sat. 5

That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now Marcus Dama is his worship's name.
Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety would become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.

A will is to be proved; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live. MR. DRYDEN.

Since you have given us the ceremony of the cap, says Eugenius I'll give you that of the wand, out of Claudian.

Te fastos ineunte quater, solennia ludit
Omnia libertas, deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere genæ, tergoque removit
Verbera promissi felix injuria voti. CLAUD. DE 4. CONS. HON.

The *grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says Cynthio, would have told us the name of the author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradiction as Claudian. He loves to set his epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurdity. If this poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

I question not, says Philander, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain ourselves with a set of riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient poets. The first of them, says Cynthio, is a ship under sail; I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says Philander, is an emblem of Happiness,[a] as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same device to express the same thought in several of the poets: as in Horace, when he speaks of the modera-

[a] Second series, fig. 1.

tion to be used in a flowing fortune, and in Ovid, when he reflects on his past happiness.

Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimiùm secundo
Turgida vela. HOR. od. 10, lib. 2.

When Fortune sends a stormy wind,
Then show a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails. MR. CREECH.

Nominis et famæ quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennas aura secunda meas.
OV. DE TRIS. lib. 5, el. 12.

En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.
ID. EPIST. EX. PONTO 3, lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while Fortune's balmy gales
Wanton'd auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the metaphor is the same in the verses as in the medal, with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole ship made use of in the same sense by an old poet, as it is here on the medal, you may find it in a pretty allegory of Seneca.

Fata si liceat mihi
Fingere arbitrio meo,
Temperem zephyro levi
Vela, nè pressæ gravi
Spiritu antennæ tremant.
Lenis et modicè fluens
Aura, nec vergens latus,
Ducat intrepidam ratem. SEN. ŒDIP. chor. act. 4

My fortune might I form at will,
My canvas zephyrs soft should fill

With gentle breath, lest ruder gales
Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.
By winds that temperately blow
The bark should pass secure and slow,
Nor scare me leaning on her side:
But smoothly cleave th' unruffled tide.

After having considered the ship as a metaphor, we may now look on it as a reality, and observe in it the make of the old Roman vessels, as they are described among the poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time.

Sive opus est velis minimam bene currit ad auram,
Sive opus est remo remige carpit iter.
Ov. De Tris. lib. 1, el. 10.

The poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

——————— Puppique recurvæ. Ibid. lib. 1, el. 3.

——————— Littora curvæ
Prætexunt puppes ——————— Virg.

You see the description of the pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ. Virg. Æn. lib. 5.

Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit, excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput. ——————— Id. Æn. lib. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborne;
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd;——————— Mr. Dryden.

——————— Segnemque Menœten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociûmque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipse gubernaclo rector subit. Id. Æn. lib. 5.

Mindless of others' lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage,) and careless of his own:

The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm———— Mr. Dryden.

I have mentioned these two last passages of Virgil, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a Triton, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below with a trumpet in his mouth. Virgil describes him in the same manner on one of Æneas's ships. It was probably a common figure on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in Silius Italicus.

Hunc vehit immanis Triton, et cærula conchâ
Exterrens freta: cui laterum tenus hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
Virg. Æn. lib. 10.

The Triton bears him, he, whose trumpet's sound
Old ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waist he shews,
A porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose.
Lord Lauderdale.

Ducitur et Libyæ puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus. ———— Sil. It. lib. 14

I am apt to think, says Eugenius, from certain passages of the poets, that several ships made choice of some god or other for their guardians, as among the Roman Catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular saint. To give you an instance of two or three.

Est mihi sitque precor flavæ tutela Minervæ
Navis ————————————
Ov. De Tris. lib. 1, el. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. lib. 14

Hammon numen erat Libycæ gentile carinæ,
Cornigerâque sedens spectabat cærula fronte. IBID.

The poop great Ammon, Libya's god display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The figure of the deity was very large, as I have seen it on other medals, as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by Silius Italicus and Persius.

——————Subito cum pondere victus
Insiliente mari submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virûm cristæque, et inerti spicula ferro
Tutelæque deûm fluitant. ——————— SIL. IT. lib. 14.

Sunk by a weight so dreadful, down she goes,
And o'er her head the broken billows close,
Bright shields and crests float round the whirling floods,
And useless spears confus'd with tutelary gods.

——————— trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit, Iönio jacet ipse in littore, et unà
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis laceræ. ——————— PERS. Sat. 6.

My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand,
His riches in th' Ionian main are lost;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast:
Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless pray'r.
Their images, the relics of the wreck,
Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.
The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
MR. DRYDEN.

You will think, perhaps, I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of gods that Horace men-

tions in his allegorical vessel, which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the gods as well as the *lintea*.

——————— Non tibi sunt integra lintea,
Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo. HOR. od. 14, lib. 1.

Thy stern is gone, thy gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dang'rous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high. MR. CREECH.

Since we are engaged so far in the Roman shipping, says Philander, I'll here show you a medal[a] that has on its reverse a *rostrum* with three teeth to it; whence Silius's *trifidum rostrum* and Virgil's *rostrisque tridentibus*, which, in some editions is *stridentibus*, the editor choosing rather to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know the meaning of. Flaccus gives us a *rostrum* of the same make.

——————— Volat immissis cava pinus habenis
Infinditque salum, et spumas vomit ære tridenti.
VAL. FLAC. ARGON. lib. 1.

A ship-carpenter of old Rome, says Cynthio, could not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel, among the Latin poets. Let us now, if you please, go to the next medal.

The next, says Philander, is a pair of scales,[b] which we meet with on several old coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the emperor's justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the heavens, which was the reigning constellation of Rome and Italy? Whether it be so or not, they are capable, methinks, of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we

[a] Fig. 2. [b] Fig. 3.

suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in Manilius.

> Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, quâ condita Roma
> Et propriis frænat pendentem nutibus orbem,
> Orbis et Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
> Lancibus, et positas gentes tollitque premitque:
> Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.
> MANIL. lib. 4.

> The Scales rule Italy, where Rome commands,
> And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
> They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
> By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
> And as her pow'rful favour turns the poise,
> How low some nations sink and others rise;
> Thus guide the scales, and then to fix our doom,
> They gave us Cæsar,[a] founder of our Rome. MR. CREECH.

The thunderbolt is a reverse of Augustus.[b] We see it used by the greatest poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this medal, for, in another place, the same poet applies the same metaphor to Augustus's person.

> ——————————— duo fulmina belli
> Scipiadas ——————————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 6.

> ——————————— Who can declare
> The Scipio's worth, those thunderbolts of war? MR. DRYDEN.

> ——————— dum Cæsar ad altum
> Fulminat Euphratem bello ——————— ID. GEORG. lib. 4.

> While mighty Cæsar thund'ring from afar,
> Seeks on Euphrates' banks the spoils of war. MR. DRYDEN.

I have sometimes wondered, says Eugenius, why the Latin poets so frequently give the epithets of *trifidum* and *trisulcum* to the thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given

[a] So Vossius reads it. [b] Fig. 4.

it three forks, as in the present figure. Virgil insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving tool.

> Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
> Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et Alitis Austri.
> Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
> Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.
>
> VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

> Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
> Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
> As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
> And fears are added, and avenging flame. MR. DRYDEN.

Our next reverse is an oaken garland,[a] which we find on abundance of imperial coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to shew that the garland of oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of Claudian, where the compliment to Stilico is the same that we have here on the medal. I question not but the old coins gave the thought to the poet.

> Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
> Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
> Cesurum potuit morti subducere civem.
> Ad tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
> Mænibus? aut quantæ pensabunt facta coronæ?
>
> CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. 3.

> Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
> A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
> And foil'd the threat'ning foe, our sires decreed
> An oaken garland for the victor's meed.
> Thou who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns set free,
> What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns for thee?

It is not to be supposed that the emperor had actually covered a

[a] Fig. 5.

Roman in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a tyrant, gained a victory, or restored justice; for, in any of these, or the like cases, he may very well be said to have saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly, we find Virgil distributing his oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strengthened the dominions of Rome; as we may learn from Statius, that the statue of Curtius, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.
Hi tibi Nomentum, et Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,
Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground. MR. DRYDEN.

Ipse loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,
Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,
Innumeros æris sonitus, et verbere crudo
Ut sensit mugire Forum, movet horrida sancto
Ora situ, meritâque caput venerabile quercu.
STATIUS SYL. lib. 1

The guardian of that lake, which boasts to claim
A sure memorial from the Curtian name;
Rous'd by th' artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud Forum pierc'd the shades profound,
The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
And shook the civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next medal are emblems of plenty.

————Apparetque beata pleno
Copia cornu. HOR. CARM. SÆC.

Your medalists tell us that two horns on a coin signify an extra

[a] Fig. 6

ordinary plenty. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two thunderbolts, two *Caduceuses*, or two ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double *cornu-copia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some representing it as the horn of Achelous broken off by Hercules, and others, as the horn of the goat that gave suck to Jupiter.

———rigidum fera dextera cornu
Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque à fronte revellit.
Naiades hoc, pomis et odoro flore repletum,
Sacrârunt; divesque meo bona copia cornu est.
Dixerat; at Nymphe ritu succincta Dianæ
Una ministrarum, fusis utrinque capillis,
Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu
Autumnum, et mensas felicia poma secundas,

De Acheloi Corn. Ov. Met. lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he bore the stubborn horn:
This, heap'd with flow'rs and fruits the Naiads bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.
He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt like Diana's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stored:
And ruddy apples for the second board. Mr. Gay.

Lac dabat illa deo: sed fregit in arbore cornu:
Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.
Sustulit hoc Nymphe; cinctumque recentibus herbis,
Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.
Ille, ubi res cœli tenuit, solioque paterno
Sedit, et invicto nil Jove majus erat,
Sidera nutricem, nutricis fertile cornu
Fecit; quot dominæ nunc quoque nomen habet.

De Cornu Amalth. Ov. de Fast. lib. 5.

The god she suckled, of old Rhea born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted oak she tost
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.

Fair Amalthæa took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it, and with garlands bound,
Which to the smiling infant she convey'd.
He, when the sceptre of the gods he sway'd,
When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry heav'ns adorn,
And grateful in the zodiac fix'd her horn.

Betwixt the double *cornu-copia* you see Mercury's rod.

Cyllenes cœlique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.
MART. lib. 7, epig 74.

Descend, Cyllene's tutelary god,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old coins as an emblem of Peace, by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *virga somnifera.* It has wings, for another quality that Virgil mentions in his description of it.

———Hac fretus ventos et nubila tranat. VIRG.

Thus arm'd the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space.
MR. DRYDEN.

The two heads over the two *cornu-copiæ* are of the emperor's children, who are sometimes called among the poets the Pledges of Peace, as they took away the occasions of war, in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

———————tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens——
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis. SEN. OCTAV act. 5.

The first kind author of my joys,
Thou source of many smiling boys,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This medal, therefore, compliments the emperor on his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that promise peace and plenty to the empire.

The two hands that join one another are emblems of Fidelity.[a]

> Inde Fides dextræque datæ———— Ov. Met. lib. 14.

> Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,
> Continge dextram———— Sen. Herc. Fur. act. 2.

> ————————en dextra fidesque
> Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates! Virg. Æn. lib. 4.

> See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
> The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
> Preserv'd his gods———— Mr. Dryden.

By the inscription we may see that they represent, in this place, the fidelity or loyalty of the public towards their emperor. The Caduceus rising between the hands signifies the peace that arises from such an union with their prince, as the spike of corn, on each side, shadows out the plenty that is the fruit of such a peace.

> Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres. Ov. de Fast. lib. 1.

The giving of a hand[b] in the reverse of Claudius, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew Caligula, Claudius was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was contrary to his expectation, well received among the Prætorian guards, and afterwards declared their emperor. His reception is here recorded on a medal, in which one of the ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as Anchises gives it in the following verses.

> Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
> Dat juveni, atque animum præsenti munere firmat.
> Virg. Æn. lib. 3

[a] *Fig.* 7. [b] Fig. 8.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the Roman eagle, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in Juvenal's fourteenth satire.

> Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
> Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
> Afferat——————————————— Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the poets the Signifer is described with a lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. Virgil has given us a noble description of a warrior making his appearance under a lion's skin.

> ————tegmen torquens immane leonis
> Terribili impexum setâ, cum dentibus albis
> Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
> Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.
> Virg. Æn. lib. 7.

> Like Hercules himself his son appears,
> In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
> About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
> The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
> Thus like the god his father, homely drest,
> He strides into the hall a horrid guest! Mr. Dryden.

Since you have mentioned the dress of your standard-bearer, says Cynthio, I cannot forbear remarking that of Claudius, which was the usual Roman habit. One may see in this medal, as well as in any antique statues, that the old Romans had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the Roman poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with *many quotations,* Horace speaks of both these parts of the body

in the beginning of an ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his books, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudos brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.

When Telephus his youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the Roman habit that gave Virgil the thought in the following verse, where Remulus, among other reproaches that he makes the Trojans for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the make of their *tunicas* that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the Romans.

Et tunicæ manicas, et habent ridimicula mitræ.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the Italians preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the Trojans became their masters, and that the Trojans themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of Italy. This, he tells us, was the effect of a prayer that Juno made to Jupiter

Illud te nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto;)
Component, cum jam leges et fœdera jungent;
Ne vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Neu Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes.
Sit *Latium, sint Albani* per sæcula reges;

Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troja.
Æn. lib 12.

This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name:
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still: let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain. Mr. Dryden.

By the way, I have often admired at Virgil for representing his Juno with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure, says Eugenius, that Virgil knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the queen of the gods to make, as we may find by Jupiter's way of accepting it.

Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
Et germana Jovis, Saturnique altera proles:
Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus?
Verum age, et inceptum frustra submitte furorem.
Do, quod vis; et me victusque volensque remitto.
Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt.
Utque est, nomen erit: commixti corpore tantùm
Subsident Teucri: morem ritusque sacrorum
Adjiciam, faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos, &c. Æn. lib. 12.

Then thus the founder of mankind replies,
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes,)
Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue

The Trojans to their customs shall be ty'd,
I will myself their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside:
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name:
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.

MR. DRYDEN.

I am apt to think Virgil had a further view in this request of Juno than what his commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his Æneid was founded on a very doubtful story, and that Æneas's coming into Italy was not universally received among the Romans themselves. He knew, too, that a main objection to this story was the great difference of customs, language, and habits, among the Romans and Trojans. To obviate, therefore, so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast and pre-determination of the gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the lady in the next medal? Methinks she is very particular in her *quoiffure.*

It is the emblem of Fruitfulness,[a] says Philander, and was designed as a compliment to Julia the wife of Septimius Severus, who had the same number of children as you see on this coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to Cybele the mother of the gods, and for the same reason that Virgil compares the city of Rome to her.

Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta Deûm partu———————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 6.

High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp she makes a Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd. MR. DRYDEN.

The vine issuing out of the urn, speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist.—"Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the

[a] *Fig.* 9

walls of thy house." The four stars overhead, and the same number on the globe, represent the four children. There is a medallion of Romulus and Remus sucking the wolf, with a star over each of their heads, as we find the Latin poets speaking of the children of princes under the same metaphor.

> Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
> Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.
>
> OVID. DE TRIST. lib. 2, el. 1.

> ———Tu quoque extinctus jaces,
> Deflende nobis semper, infelix puer,
> Modo sidus orbis, columen angustæ domûs,
> Britannice——————————— SEN. OCTAV. act 1

> Thou too, dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
> Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
> Thou star that wont this orb to grace!
> Thou pillar of the Julian race!

> ———Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
> Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.
>
> STAT. THEB. lib. 1.

> ———Stay, great Cæsar, and vouchsafe to reign
> O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
> Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
> And people heav'n with Roman deities. MR. POPE.

I need not mention Homer's comparing Astyanax to the morning-star, nor Virgil's imitation of him in his description of Ascanius.

The next medal was stampt on the marriage of Nero and Octavia; [b] you see the sun over the head of Nero, and the moon over that of Octavia. They face one another according to the situation of these two planets in the heavens.

> ————Phœbeis obvia flammis
> Demet nocti luna timores. SEN. THYEST. act. 4.

And to shew that Octavia derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband.

[a] Fig. 10.

Sicut luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,
Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non videt astris.
MAN. lib. 4.

Because the moon then only feels decay,
When opposite unto her brother's ray. MR. CREECH.

But if we consider the history of this medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the medalists have yet discovered. Nero and Octavia were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, Claudius being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the tragedy of Octavia, where it speaks of her marriage with Nero.

Fratris thalamos sortita tenet
Maxima Juno: soror Augusti
Sociata toris, cur à patriâ
Pellitur Aulâ?——————— SEN. OCT. act. 1.

To Jove, his sister consort wed,
Uncensur'd shares her brother's bed;
Shall Cæsar's wife and sister wait,
An exile at her husband's gate?

Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam
Generata divo, Claudæ gentis decus,
Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros. IBID. act. 2.

Thy sister bright with every blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t' enlarge the Claudian race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a Juno with the Roman Jove.

They are, therefore, very prettily represented by the sun and moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. Virgil gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna. VIRG. GEORG. 1.

The flattery on the next medal[a] is in the same thought as that of Lucretius.

> Ipse Epicurus obît decurso lumine vitæ;
> Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omneis
> Præstrinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius sol. LUCRET. lib. 3.

> Nay, Epicurus' race of life is run;
> That man of wit, who other men outshone,
> As far as meaner stars the mid-day sun. MR. CREECH.

The emperor appears as the rising sun, and holds a globe in his hand, to figure out the earth that is enlightened and actuated by his beauty.

> Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras. VIRG.

> ——————— ubi primos crastinus ortus
> Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem. IDEM.

> When next the sun his rising light displays.
> And gilds the world below with purple rays. MR. DRYDEN

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow out of it. Claudian, in the description of his infant Titan, descants on this glory about his head, but has run his description into most wretched fustian.

> Invalidum portat Titana lacerto,
> Nondum luce gravem, nec pubescentibus altè
> Cristatum radiis; primo clementior ævo
> Fingitur, et tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.
> CLAUD. DE RAPT. PROS. lib. 2.

> An infant Titan held she in her arms;
> Yet sufferably bright, the eye might bear
> The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
> Mild was the babe, and from his cries there came
> A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

The sun rises on a medal of Commodus,[b] as Ovid describes him in the story of Phaëton.

[a] *Fig. 11.* [b] Fig. 12.

Ardua prima via est, et quà vix manè recentes
Enituntur equi ——————— Ov. Met. lib. 2.

You have here, too, the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage.

——— Pyroëis, et Eöus, et Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon——— Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis
Obstantes scindunt nebulas——— Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as Ovid has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;
Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore
Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit. Ibid.

The Earth at length———
Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,
And clapp'd her hand upon her brows, and said,
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat).

The *cornu-copiæ* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to Jupiter.

Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,
Officiique refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri
Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?
Quod pecori frondes, alimentaque mitia fruges
Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?
Ov. Met. lib. 2.

And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the medal; as for the thought of it, the antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to Commodus on his skill

in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished Lucan with the same thought in his address to Nero.

> Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conscendere currus,
> Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
> Igne vago lustrare juvet ——— LUC. lib. 1. AD NERONEM.

> Or if thou chuse the empire of the day,
> And make the sun's unwilling steeds obey;
> Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
> While earth rejoices in thy gentler beam. MR. ROWE.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the sun described in the poets by metaphors borrowed from the Circus.

> Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
> Huc illuc agiles, et servet in æthere metas. MANIL. lib. 1.

> ——— Hesperio positas in littore metas. OV. MET. lib. 2.

> Et sol ex æquo metâ distabat utrâque. IDEM.

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of Commodus to the sun, which is a simile of as long standing as poetry I had almost said, as the sun itself.

I believe, says Cynthio, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. Horace has turned this comparison into ridicule seventeen hundred years ago. –

> ——— laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,
> Solem Asiæ Brutum appellat———
> HOR. Sat. 7, lib. 1.

> He praiseth Brutus much and all his train;
> He calls him Asia's Sun——— MR. CREECH.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of stars, moons, and suns. I suppose we have at last done with the cœ*lestial bodies.*

The next figure[a] you see, says Philander, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to Constantine before the battle with Maxentius. We are told by a Christian poet, that he caused it to be wrought on the military ensign that the Romans call their *labarum*. And it is on this ensign that we find it in the present medal.

> Christus purpureum gemmanti, textus in auro
> Signabat Labarum.——————————
>
> PRUDENT. CONTRA SYMM. lib. 1.

> A Christ was on th' Imperial standard borne,
> That gold embroiders, and that gems adorn.

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure. which is composed out of the two initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following medal[b] and verses.

> Agnoscas, regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
> In quibus effigies crucis aut gemmata refulget,
> Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.
>
> CONSTANTINUS ROMAM ALLOQUITUR. IBID.

> My ensign let the queen of nations praise,
> That rich in gems the christian cross displays:
> There rich in gems; but on my quiv'ring spears
> In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

> Vexillumque crucis summis dominator adorat. ID. IN APOTHEOSI.

> See there the cross he wav'd on hostile shores,
> The emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*;[c] if you have a mind to see it in a state of Paganism you have it on a coin of Tiberius. It stands between two other ensigns, and is the mark of a Roman colony where the medal was stamped. By the way, you must

[a] Fig. 13 [b] Fig. 14. [c] Fig. 15.

observe, that wherever the Romans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carried before them when they went to settle themselves in a colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in Silius Italicus, that make a very far-fetched compliment to Fabius.

> Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte,
> Hic patria est, murique urbis stant pectore in uno.
>
> SIL. IT. lib. 7.

The following medal was stamped on Trajan's victory over the Daci,[a] you see on it the figure of Trajan representing a little Victory to Rome. Between them lies the conquered province of Dacia. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons on old coins that hold a little Victory in one hand, like this of Trajan, which is always the sign of a conquest. I have sometimes fancied Virgil alludes to this custom in a verse that Turnus speaks.

> Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 11.

> If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
> Nor find a hand to victory unus'd. MR. DRYDEN.

The emperor's standing in a gown, and making a present of his Dacian Victory to the city of Rome, agrees very well with Claudian's character of him.

> ——————— victura feretur
> Gloria Trajani; non tam quod, Tigride victo
> Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi,
> Alta quod invectus stratis Capitolia Dacis:
> Quam patriæ quod mitis erat: ———
>
> CLAUD. DE 4TO. CONS. HONOR.

> Thy glory, Trojan, shall for ever live:
> Not that thy arms the Tigris mourn'd, o'ercome,
> And tributary Parthia bow'd to Rome,

[a] Fig. 16.

Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train
With shouts of triumph for the Daci slain:
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of Rome carries the wand in her hand that is the symbol of her divinity.

Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine et ipsa
More Deæ, ——————— PRUDENT. CONT. SYM. lib. 1.

For Rome, a goddess too, can boast her shrine,
With victims stain'd, and sought with rites divine.

As the globe under her feet betokens her dominion over all the nations of the earth.

Terrarum dea, gentiumque Roma;
Cui par est nihil, et nihil secundum. MART. lib. 12. epig. 8.

O Rome, thou goddess of the earth!
To whom no rival e'er had birth;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of arms she sits on signifies the peace that the emperor had procured her. On old coins we often see an emperor, a victory, the city of Rome, or a slave, sitting on a heap of arms, which always marks out the peace that arose from such an action as gave occasion to the medal. I think we cannot doubt but Virgil copied out this circumstance from the ancient sculptors, in that inimitable description he has given us of Military Fury shut up in the temple of Janus, and loaden with chains.

Claudentur belli portæ: Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains:

High on a trophy rais'd of useless arms
He sits, and threats the world with dire alarms.
MR. DRYDEN.

We are told by the old scholiast, says Eugenius, that there was actually such a statue in the temple of Janus as that Virgil has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the province? Her posture, says Philander, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old coins: among the poets too, sitting on the ground is a mark of misery or captivity.

Multos illa dies incomtis mœsta capillis
Sederat ———————— PROPERT. lib. 1.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates. ID. lib. 4.

O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

You have the same posture in an old coin[a] that celebrates a victory of Lucius Verus over the Parthians. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery.

Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad regem clamore ferebant. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 2.

Meanwhile, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek in bands before the king. MR. DRYDEN.

Cui dedit invitas victa noverca manus. OV. DE FAST.

Cùm rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. PROPERT. lib. 4.

We may learn from Ovid that it was sometimes the custom to place a slave with his arms bound at the foot of the trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super vinctos trunca trophæa viros.
OV. EP. EX PONTO. lib. 4.

You see on his head the cap which the Parthians, and, indeed,

[a] Fig. 17.

most of the eastern nations, wear on medals. They had not probably the ceremony of veiling the bonnet in their salutations, for in medals they still have it on their heads, whether they are before emperors or generals, kneeling, sitting, or standing. Martial has distinguished them by this cap as their chief characteristic.

> Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me
> Attritis miserabiles labellis,
> Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum:
> Jam non est locus hac in urbe vobis.
> Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,
> Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque
> Pictorum sola basiate regum. MART. EPIG. 72, lib. 10

> In vain, mean flatteries, ye try,
> To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
> No man a god or lord I name:
> From Romans far be such a shame!
> Go teach the supple Parthian how
> To veil the bonnet on his brow:
> Or on the ground all prostrate fling
> Some Pict, before his barbarous king.

I cannot hear, says Cynthio, without a kind of indignation, the satirical reflection that Martial has made on the memory of Domitian. It is certain so ill an emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of Martial. I must confess I am less scandalized at the flatteries the epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations; whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says Philander, that the poet and the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no farther on this medal, unless you have a mind to compare the trophy on it with that of Mezentius, in Virgil.

Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezentî ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
Telaque trunca viri, et bis sex thoraca petitum
Perfossumque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistræ
Subligat, atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. 11.

He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs:
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd;
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high; and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood;
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between:
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd,
And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.

MR. DRYDEN.

On the next medal* you see the peace that Vespasian procured the empire, after having happily finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The woman with the olive branch in her hand is the figure of Peace.

——————— Pignora Pacis
Prætendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. SIL. IT. lib. 3.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch under a heap of armour that lies by an altar. This alludes to a custom among the ancient Romans, of gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the field of battle, and burning it as an offering to one of their deities. It is to this custom that Virgil refers, and Silius Italicus has described at large.

Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8

* Fig. 18.

Such as I was beneath Præneste's walls;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.

MR. DRYDEN

Ast tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, constructus acervo
Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
Ipse manu celsam pinum, flammâque comantem
Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
Primitias pugnæ, et læti libamina belli,
Hannibal Ausonio cremat hæc de nomine victor.
Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud surde meorum,
Arma electa dicat spirantum turba virorum.
Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
Flagrantem molem; et ruptâ caligine, in auras
Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos. SIL. IT. lib. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
A mountain-pile of Roman arms they rear:
The gen'ral grasping in his victor hand
A pine of stately growth, he wav'd the brand,
And cry'd, O Mars! to thee devote I yield
These choice first-fruits of honour's purple field
Join'd with the partners of my toil and praise,
Thy Hannibal this vow'd oblation pays;
Grateful to thee for Latian laurels won:
Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.—
Then, to the pile the flaming torch he toss'd;
In smould'ring smoke the light of heav'n is lost:
But when the fire increase of fury gains,
The blaze of glory gilds the distant plains.

As for the heap of arms, and mountain of arms that the poet mentions, you may see them on two coins of Marcus Aurelius.* De Sarmatis and De Germanis allude, perhaps, to the form of words that might be used in the setting fire to them.—*Ausonio de nomine.* Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these two last medals, may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to signify any such allusion. But they may consider that on several imperial coins we meet

* Fig. 19, 20.

with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on some of them a flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the arms, says Cynthio, that you have forgotten the pillar on your 18th medal. You may find the history of it, says Philander, in Ovid de Fastis. It was from this pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and Peace turns her back upon it.

> Prospicit à templo summum brevis area circum:
> Est ibi non parvæ parva columna notæ:
> Hinc solet hasta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti;
> In regem et gentes cum placet arma capi.
>
> Ov. De Fast. lib. 6.

> Where the high fane the ample cirque commands,
> A little, but a noted pillar stands,
> From hence, when Rome the distant kings defies,
> In form, the war-denouncing javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next medal[a] seem to be forced and unnatural. I will, therefore, give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see the water scarce reaches up to the knees; and though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground, his attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the poets often attribute to Neptune. Homer tells us, that the whales leaped up at their god's approach, as we see in the medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves, are sea-deities of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

[a] Fig. 21.

Cymothoë, simul et Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levat ipse tridenti,
Et vastas aperit syrtes, et temperat æquor.

VIRG. ÆN. lib. 1.

Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands;
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep and spreads the moving sands.

MR. DRYDEN.

Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, et magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis.

VAL. FLAC. lib. 1.

The interpreters of this medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked, and drawn in a posture rather of triumphing over the waves than of sinking under them, so we see the abundance of water-deities on other medals represented after the same manner.

Ite Deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tectæ: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, et visu Satyros torquetis amantes.

STATIUS DE BALNEO ETRUSCI. lib. 1.

Haste, haste, ye Naiads! with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flow'rets bind your sea-green hair
Unveil'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the Satyrs see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the commonwealth of Rome, that, by the tyranny of Domitian, and the insolence of the Prætorian guards, under Nerva, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is Trajan that, by

the adoption of Nerva, stems the tide to her relief, and like another Neptune shoves her off the quick-sands. Your device, says Eugenius, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writer's imagination to support them? To shew you, says Philander, that the construction I put on this medal is conformable to the fancies of the old Romans, you may observe, that Horace represents at length the commonwealth of Rome under the figure of a ship, in the allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth ode of his first book.

> O Navis, referent in mare te novi
> Fluctus.————————————
>
> And shall the raging waves again
> Bear thee back into the main? MR. CREECH.

Nor was any thing more usual than to represent a god in the shape and dress of an emperor.

> ——— Apelleæ cuperent te scribere ceræ,
> Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
> Atticus Elei senior Jovis: et tua mitis
> Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammas
> Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phœbo.
> STATIUS DE EQUO DOMITIANI, Syl. I.

> Now had Apelles liv'd, he'd sue to grace
> His glowing tablets with thy god-like face:
> Phidias, a sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
> Had wish'd to place thee with his iv'ry Jove.
> Rhodes, and Tarentum, that with pride survey,
> The thund'rer this, and that the god of day;
> Each fam'd Colossus would exchange for thee,
> And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to Theodosius in Claudian, as the medal here makes to Trajan.

Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ille tuus jamjam ruitura subisset
Pondera, turbatamque ratem, certâque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.——————

CLAUDIAN DE 4TO. CONS. HONORII

Had not thy sire deferr'd th' impending fate,
And with his solid virtue propp'd the state;
Sunk in oblivion's shade, the name of Rome,
An empty name! had scarce surviv'd her doom:
Half wreck'd she was, till his auspicious hand
Resum'd the rudder, and regain'd the land.

I shall only add, that this medal was stamped in honour of Trajan, when he was only Cæsar, as appears by the face of it . . . . Sari Traiano.

The next is a reverse of Marcus Aurelius.[a] We have on it a Minerva mounted on a monster, that Ausonius describes in the following verses.

Illa etiam Thalamos per trina ænigmata quærens
Qui bipes, et quadrupes foret, et tripes omnia solus;
Terruit Aoniam Volucris, Leo, Virgo; triformis
Sphinx, volucris pennis, pedibus fera, fronte puella.

To form the monster Sphinx, a triple kind,
Man, bird, and beast, by nature were combin'd;
With feather'd fans she wing'd th' aërial space;
And on her feet the lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a virgin face.
O'er pale Aönia panic horror ran,
While in mysterious speech she thus began:
"What animal, when yet the morn is new,
Walks on four legs infirm; at noon on two:
But day declining to the western skies,
He needs a third; a third the night supplies?"

The monster, says Cynthio, is a sphinx, but for her meaning on this medal, I am not Œdipus enough to unriddle it. I must confess, says Philander, the poets fail me in this particular. There

[a] F. 92.

is, however, a passage in Pausanias, that I will repeat to you, though it is in prose, since I know nobody else that has explained the medal by it. The Athenians, says he, drew a sphinx on the armour of Pallas, by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The sphinx, therefore, signifies the same as Minerva herself, who was the goddess of arms as well as wisdom, and de scribes the emperor as one of the poets expresses it,—

——— Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.

Whom both Minervas boast t' adopt their own.

The Romans joined both devices together, to make the emblem the more significant, as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent emperor, who was the best philosopher and the greatest general of his age.

We will close up this series of medals with one that was stamped under Tiberius to the memory of Augustus.[a] Over his head you see the star that his father Julius Cæsar was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum. VIRG. Ecl. 9.

See Cæsar's lamp is lighted in the skies. MR. DRYDEN.

——————— micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores. HOR.

——— Julius Cæsar's light appears
As, in fair nights and smiling skies,
The beauteous moon amidst the meaner stars. MR. CREECH

Vix ea fatus erat, mediâ cùm sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus, nulli cernenda, suique
Cæsaris eripuit membris, nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam, cælestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque ignescere sensit,
Emisitque sinu: Lunâ evolat altius illa,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem,
Stella micat.——————— OV. MET. lib. 15.

[a] Fig. 23.

This spoke; the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And kindling, as it soar'd, a comet grew:
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. MR. WELSTED.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this medal. The commentators tell us, that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such a figure of the emperor as he used to be represented by in the Roman sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us.

Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar,
Cum patribus, populoque, Penatibus, et magnis Diis,
Stans celsâ in puppi; geminas cui tempora flammas
Læta vomunt, patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

Young Cæsar on the stern in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and the gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star. MR. DRYDEN.

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his apotheosis, that makes him as it were a companion of Jupiter. Thus the poets of his own age that deified him living:

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. VIRG.

Hic socium summo cum Jove numen habet. OV.

———regit Augustus socio per signa Tonante.
MANIL. lib. 1.

Sed tibi debetur cœlum, te fulmine pollens,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis.
OV. DE AUGUSTO AD LIVIAM.

He wears on his head the *corona radiata*, which at this time was another type of his divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to represent the rays of the sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac. It is this kind of crown that Virgil describes.

——————ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.—————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 12.

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. MR. DRYDEN.

If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the sun, you may see it in the figure of Apollo[a] on the next reverse, where his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as Ovid and Statius mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure.

————at genitor circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios—————————— OV. MET. lib. 2.

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Imposuitque comæ radios —————— IBID.

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

————licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat ——————————————
STAT. THEB. lib. 1, AD DOMITIANUM.

Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine. MR. POPE.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed

[a] Fig. 24.

to drive the horses of the sun; as in a pretty passage of Ovid, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious.

> Colligit amentes, et adhuc terrore paventes,
> Phœbus equos, stimuloque dolens et verbere sævit:
> Sævit enim, natumque objectat, et imputat illis.
> Ov. Met. lib. 2.

> Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
> The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
> And plies them with the lash, and whips them on,
> And, as he whips, upbraids them with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams, that pierce through such an infinite depth of air, and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly Lucretius calls them the darts of the day, as Ausonius to make a sort of witticism has followed his example.

> Non radii solis, neque lucida tela Diei. Lucret.

> Exultant udæ super arida saxa rapinæ,
> Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.
> De piscibus captis. Aus. Eid. 10.

> Caligo terræ scinditur,
> Percussa solis spiculo. Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical medals as are unriddled by the Latin poets, and have shown several passages in the Latin poets that receive an illustration from medals. Some of the coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the same explication put upon them, but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says Eugenius, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of Roman medals especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn

out of the Latin poets. For as there is a great affinity between designing and poetry, so the Latin poets, and the designers of the Roman medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit and fancy. But who are the ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says Philander, so many cities, nations, and provinces, that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now Afric, Spain, France, Italy, and several other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleasantest maps, says Cynthio, that I ever saw. Your geographers now and then fancy a country like a leg or a head, a bear or a dragon, but I never before saw them represented like women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas, and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This, therefore, says Philander, is a geography particular to the medalists. The poets, however, have sometimes given into it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first lady you see on the list is Africa.[a] She carries an elephant's tooth by her side.

> Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes,
> Et Mauri celeres, et Mauro obscurior Indus:
> Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu,
> Jam nimios, capitique graves —— —— Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiffed with the head of an elephant, to show that this animal is the breed of that country, as for the same reason she has a dragon lying at her feet.

> Huic varias pestes, diversaque membra ferarum,
> Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris;

[a] Third series, fig. 1.

Horrendos angues, habitatque membra veneno,
Et mortis partus, viventia crimina terræ;
Et vastos elephantes habet, sævosque leones,
In pœnas fæcunda suas, parit horrida tellus.
MANIL. lib. 4, DE AFRICA.

Here nature, angry with mankind, prepares
Strange monsters, instruments of future wars;
Here snakes, those cells of poison, take their birth,
Those living crimes and grievance of the earth;
Fruitful in its own plagues, the desert shore
Here elephants, and frightful lions roar. MR. CREECH.

Lucan, in his description of the several noxious animals of this country, mentions in particular the flying dragon that we see on this medal.

Vos quoque, qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
Serpitis, aurato nitidi fulgore dracones,
Pestiferos ardens facit Africa: ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis, armentaque tota secuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros.
Nec tutus spatio est elephas; datis omnia letho:
Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno. LUC. lib. 9

And you, ye dragons! of the scaly race,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace,
In other nations harmless are you found,
Their guardian genii and protectors own'd;
In Afric only are you fatal; there,
On wide expanded wings, sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms, and drive the yielding air.
The lowing kine in droves you chace and cull
Some master of the herd, some mighty bull:
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist,
By force compress, and burst his brawny chest.
Not elephants are by their larger size
Secure, but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your might, you all invade,
And for destruction need not poison's aid. MR. ROWE.

The bull that appears on the other side of the dragon, shows us that Afric abounds in agriculture.

———tibi habe frumentum, Alledius inquit,
O Libye, disjunge boves, dum tubera mittas. JUV. Sat. 5.

———No more plough up the ground,
O Libya, where such mushrooms can be found,
Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more. MR. BOYLES.

This part of the world has always on medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was, indeed, the great granary of Italy. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *cornu-copiæ*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur fæcunda veneno:
Felix quâ pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennæâ, Phario nec victa colono. SIL. IT. lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa——— HOR. Sat. 3, lib. 2.

——— segetes mirantur Iberas
Horrea; nec Libyæ senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinâ contenti messe Quirites.
CLAUD. IN EUTROP. lib. 1.

The lion[a] on the second medal marks her out for the

——————————— Leonum
Arida nutrix. ——————————— HOR.

The scorpion[b] on the third is another of her productions, as Lucan mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

——————— quis fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires maturæ mortis habere?
Ille minax nodis, et recto verbere sævus,
Teste tulit cœlo victi decus Orionis. LUC. lib. 9.

Who, that the scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?

[a] Fig. 2. [b] Fig. 3.

Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast Orion thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky MR. ROWE.

The three figures you have here shown us, says Eugenius, give me an idea of a description or two in Claudian, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent Africa in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old coins.

——————— mediis apparet in astris
Africa, rescissæ vestes, et spicea passim
Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,
Et fractum pendebat ebur. ———————

CLAUD. DE BEL. GILD.

Next Afric, mounting to the blest abodes,
Pensive approach'd the synod of the gods:
No arts of dress the weeping dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:
The fillets grac'd with teeth in iv'ry rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tum spicis et dente comas illustris eburno,
Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.

CLAUD. DE CONS. STIL. lib. 2.

I think, says Philander, there is no question but the poet has copied out in his description the figure that Africa made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is Egypt.[a] Her basket of wheat shows us the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the Nile.

Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus: at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis:
Terra suis contenta bonis, non indiga mercis,
Aut Jovis; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo. LUC. lib. 8

By nature strengthen'd with a dang'rous strand,
Her syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.

[a] Fig. 4.

Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil,
She plants her only confidence in Nile. MR. ROWE.

The instrument in her hand is the Sistrum of the Egyptians made use of in the worship of the goddess Isis.

——————— Nilotica sistris
Ripa sonat ——————— CLAUD. DE 4TO. CONS. HON.

On medals you see it in the hand of Egypt, of Isis, or any of her worshippers. The poets, too, make the same use of it, as Virgil has placed it in Cleopatra's hand, to distinguish her from an Egyptian.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms.
MR. DRYDEN.

——————— restabant Actia bella,
Atque ipsa Isiaco certârunt fulmina sistro. MANIL. lib. 1.

——————— imitataque Lunam
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonambile sistrum.
DE ISIDE OV. MET. lib. 9

——— The lunar horns that bind
The brows of Isis, cast a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring sound.
MR. DRYDEN.

Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi prosunt
Illa tuâ toties æra repulsa manu? TIB. lib. 1, el. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, et sistra jubentia luctus. LUC. lib. 8

Have we with honours dead Osiris crown'd,
And mourn'd him to the timbrel's tinkling sound?
Receiv'd her Isis to divine abodes,
And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with Roman gods?
MR. ROWE.

The bird before her is the Egyptian ibis. This figure, however, does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the Egyptians worshipped it as a god

> Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
> Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
> Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin;
> Effigies sacri nitet aurea Circopitheci. Juv. Sat. 15.

> How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
> Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known;
> One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays;
> Others to Ibis, that on serpents preys.
> Where, Thebes, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
> And where maim'd Memnon's magic harp is heard,
> Where these are mould'ring left, the sots combine
> With pious care a monkey to enshrine. Mr. Tate.

> Venerem precaris? comprecare et Simiam.
> Placet sacratus aspis Æsculapii?
> Crocodilus, Ibis et Canes cur displicent?
> Prudentius. Pas. 1, Romani

We have Mauritania[a] on the fifth medal, leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this medal in the following descriptions that celebrate the Moors and Numidians, inhabitants of Mauritania, for their horsemanship.

> Hic passim exultant Numidæ, gens inscia fræni:
> Queis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures
> Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:
> Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum.
> Tellus ———————————— Sil. It. lib. 1.

> On his hot steed, unus'd to curb or rein,
> The black Numidian prances o'er the plain:
> A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,
> And, as a bridle, turns the obedient horse.

[a] Fig. 5.

——— an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus
Umbonum, et nostros passuri, comminus enses?
Non contra clypeis tectos, galeisque micantes
Ibitis: in solis longè fiducia telis.
Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.
Dextra movet jaculum, prætentat pallia lævâ,
Cætera nudus eques; sonipes ignarus habenæ:
Virga regit, non ulla fides, non agminis ordo;
Arma oneri. ——————— CLAUD. DE BEL. GILDON

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,
Of shorten'd fauchions, and repelling shields?
Against a host of quiv'ring spears ye go,
Nor helm nor buckler guards the naked foe;
The naked foe who vainly trusts his art,
And flings away his armour in his dart:
His dart the right-hand shakes, the left uprears
His robe, beneath his tender skin appears,
Their steeds unrein'd, obey the horseman's wand,
Nor know their legions when to march or stand:
In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,
A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The horse too may stand as an emblem of the warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur equi, bella hæc armenta minantur.
VIRG. ÆN. lib. 3.

From Africa we will cross over into Spain. There are learned medalists that tell us, the rabbit,[a] which you see before her feet, may signify either the great multitude of these animals that are found in Spain, or, perhaps, the several mines that are wrought within the bowels of that country, the Latin word Cuniculus signifying either a rabbit or a mine. But these gentlemen do not consider, that it is not the word but the figure that appears on the medal. Cuniculus may stand for a rabbit or a mine, but the picture of a rabbit is not the picture of a mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When

[a] Fig. 6.

the word is construed into its idea, the double meaning vanishes. The figure, therefore, before us, means a real rabbit, which is there found in vast multitudes.

Cuniculosæ Celtiberiæ fili — CATUL. IN EGNATIUM.

The olive branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in olives, as it is for this reason that Claudian in his description of Spain binds an olive branch about her head.

———glaucis tum prima Minervæ
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces.
CLAUD. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. 2.

Thus Spain, whose brows the olive-wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a Tagus streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in Spain.

Bœtis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat—— MART. lib. 12, ep. 99.

Fair Bœtis! olives wreathe thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'st the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival bounty smile,
While Bacchus wine bestows, and Pallas oil.

And Prudentius of one of its eminent towns.

Tu decem sanctos revehes et octo,
Cæsar Augusta studiosa Christi,
Verticem flavis oleis revincta
Pacis honore. PRUDENT. Hymn. 4.

France,[a] you see, has a sheep by her, not only as a sacrifice, but to show that the riches of the country consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus Horace mentioning the commodities of different countries,

[a] Fig. 7.

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,
Nec Læstrigoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ
Languescit mihi, nec pinguia Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis. HOR. OD. 16, lib. 3

Though no Calabrian bees do give
Their grateful tribute to my hive;
No wines, by rich Campania sent,
In my ignoble casks ferment;
No flocks in Gallic plains grow fat;—— MR. CREECH.

She carries on her shoulders the sagulum that Virgil speaks of as the habit of the ancient Gauls.

Aurea cæsaries ollis, atque aurea vestis:
Virgatis lucent sagulis —————— VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
Gold are their vests —————— MR. DRYDEN.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe arrival of the emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several medals that were struck on Adrian's progress through the empire, that, at his arrival, they offered a sacrifice to the gods for the reception of so great a blessing. Horace mentions this custom.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars; et O sol
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto
Cæsaro felix.——————

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;
Me tener solvet vitulus ——— HOR. od. 2, lib. 4.

And there, if any patient ear
My muse's feeble song will hear,
My voice shall sound through Rome:
Thee, sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair,
Thee, thee I'll praise when Cæsar's come.——

Ten large fair bulls, ten lusty cows,
Must die, to pay thy richer vows;

Of my small stock of kine
A calf just wean'd ——— MR. CREECH.

Italy[a] has a *cornu-copiæ* in her hand, to deno e her fruitfulness;

—— magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus. VIRG. Georg. 3.

and a crown of towers on her head, to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her. Lucan has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing herself to Julius Cæsar.

Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago:
Clara per obscuram vultu mæstissima noctem,
Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,
Cæsarie, lacer[a] nudisque adstare lacertis,
Et gemitu permista loqui ——————— LUCAN. lib. 1.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night,
A wondrous vision stood confest to sight;
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted ere she spoke,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke. MR. ROWE.

She holds a sceptre in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to show that she is the sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the sun and stars fall on her dominions. Claudian makes the same compliment to Rome.

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.
CLAUD. IN PROB. ET OLYB. CONS

Jupiter arce suâ totum dum spectat in orbem,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.
OV. DE FAST. lib. 1.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys,
But what to Rome submissive homage pays

[a] Fig. 8

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat.
Quà mare, quà tellus, quà sidus currit utrumque. PETRON.

Now Rome, sole empress, reign'd from pole to pole,
Wherever earth extends, or oceans roll.

The picture that Claudian makes of Rome, one would think, was copied from the next medal.[a]

——— innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ:
Nam neque cæsariem crinali stringere cultu,
Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto;
Dextrum nuda latus, niveos exerta lacertos,
Audacem retegit mammam, laxumque coercens
Mordet gemma sinum.———————
Clypeus Titana lucessit
Lumine, quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte;
Hîc patrius, Mavortis amor, fætusque notantur
Romulei, post amnis inest, et bellua nutrix.
CLAUD. IN PROB. ET OLYB. CONS.

No costly fillets knot her hair behind,
Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd.
Bold on the right her naked arm she shows,
And half her bosom's unpolluted snows;
Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast,
In diamond clasps, the military vest.
The sun was dazzled as her shield she rear'd,
Where, varied o'er by Mulciber, appear'd
The loves of Mars her sire, fair Illa's joys,
The wolf, the Tiber, and the infant boys.

The next figure is Achaia.[b]

I am sorry, says Cynthio, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as France. I have here, says Philander, one of Augustus's Britannias.[b] You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old poets

[a] Fig. 9. [b] Fig. 10. [c] Fig. 11

have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the Latin poets, that gave any account of us, but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, cruel and inhospitable, are the best terms they can afford us, which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention, therefore, those parts only that relate to the present medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is mistress of a new world, separate from that which the Romans had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient poets.

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. VIRG. Ecl. 1.

The rest among the Britons be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd. MR. DRYDEN

Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:
Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, et orbis erat.
VET. POET. APUD SCALIG. CATUL.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbes.
ID. DE BRITANNIA ET OPPOSITO CONTINENTE.

———nostro diducta Britannia mundo. CLAUD.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,
Vincendos alio quæsivit in orbe Britannos. IDEM

The feet of Britannia are washed by the waves, in the same poet

———————cujus vestigia verrit
Cærulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.
ID. DE LAUD. STIL. lib. 2.

She bears a Roman ensign in one of her hands, to confess herself a conquered province.

——————— victricia Cæsar
Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos.
SIDON. APOL.

But to return to Achaia,[a] whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor Adrian. She has a pot before her with a sprig of parsley rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of Hercules's eating a sallad of parsley for his refreshment, after his encounter with the Nemean lion. It is certain, there were in Achaia the Nemean games, and that a garland of parsley was the victor's reward. You have an account of these games in Ausonius.

Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaïa Ludos,
Cœlicolûm duo sunt, et duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis, Phœbique, Palæmonis, Archemorique;
Serta quibus pinus, malus, oliva, apium.
AUS. DE LUSTRAL. AGON.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For heroes two, and two for gods ordain'd:
Jove bade the olive round his victor wave;
Phœbus to his an apple garland gave:
The pine, Palæmon; nor with less renown,
Archemorus conferr'd the parsley crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ.
ID. DE LOCIS AGON.

———Alcides Nemeæ sacravit honorem.
DE AUCT. AGON. ID.

One reason why they chose parsley for a garland, was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure, as Horace opposes it to the short-lived lily.

Neu vivax apium, nec breve lilium. Lib. 1, od. 36.

Let fading lilies and the rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose;
Let long-liv'd parsley grace the feast,
And gently cool the heated guest. MR. CREECH.

[a] Fig. 10.

Juvenal mentions the crown that was made of it, and which here surrounds the head of Achaia.

———Graiæque apium meruisse coronæ. JUV. Sat. 8.

And winning at a wake their parsley crown.
MR. STEPNEY.

She presents herself to the emperor in the same posture that the Germans and English still salute the imperial and royal family.

———jus imperiumque Phraates
Cæsaris accepit genibus minor.——
HOR. Epist. 12, lib. 1.

The haughty Parthian now to Cæsar kneels. MR. CREECH.

Ille qui donat diadema fronti
Quem genu nixæ tremuere gentes. SENEC. THYEST. act. 3.

——— Non, ut inflexo genu,
Regnantem adores, petimus. IDEM.

Te linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum
Fœdera Persarum proceres cum patre sedentem,
Hac quondam vidêre domo; positâque tiarâ
Submisere genu.——————— CLAUD. AD HONORIUM.

Thy infant virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspir'd:
Thee next the sovereign seat, the Persians view'd,
When in this regal dome for peace they su'd:
Each turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd:
And every knee confess'd the boon they crav'd.

Sicily appears before Adrian in the same posture.[a] She has a bundle of corn in her hand, and a garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to Ceres.

Utraque frugiferis est insula nobilis arvis:
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ullæ,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terræ.
DE SICILIA ET SARDINIA. LUC. lib. 2.

[a] Fig. 12.

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With Sicily her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the Roman coast. MR. ROWE.

Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in æquor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adepta loci,
Grata domus Cereri, multas ibi possidet urbes:
In quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo.
OV. DE FAST. lib 4.

To Ceres dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall capes, and thence Trinacria nam'd:
There Henna well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest champion of the fairest isle.

We find Judea on several coins of Vespasian and Titus, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity.[a] The first figure of her is drawn to the life in a picture that Seneca has given us of the Trojan matrons bewailing their captivity.

——————— paret exertos
Turba lacertos. Veste remissâ
Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus
Pateant artus ———————
——————— cadat ex humeris
Vestis apertis: imumque tegat
Suffulta latus. Jam nuda vocant
Pectora dextras. Nunc nunc vires
Exprome, dolor, tuas.
HECUBA AD TROJANARUM CHORUM. SEN. TROAS, act. ..

——————— Bare
Your arms, your vestures slackly ty'd
Beneath your naked bosoms, slide
Down to your wastes ———————
——————— Let
From your divested shoulders slide
Your garments down on either side.
Now bared bosoms call for blows,
Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose.
SIR EDW. SHERBOURN

[a] Fig. 13

——————apertæ pectora matres
Significant luctum ——————— Ov. Met lib. 13.

Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow:
The signs of grief, and mark of public woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief

——— ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput
Velata, juxta præsides astat Deos. Sen. Herc. Fur. act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,
Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis
Delituit: sævumque aretè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.
Luc. lib. 9, de Cornelia.

So said the matron; and about her head
Her veil she draws, her mournful eyes to shade:
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below:
There lonely left, at leisure to complain,
She hugs her sorrows, and enjoys her pain:
Still with fresh tears the living grief would feed,
And fondly loves it, in her husband's stead. Mr. Rowe

I need not mention her sitting on the ground, because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy, says Eugenius, the Romans might have an eye on the customs of the Jewish nation, as well as of those of their country, in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the Jews lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. 'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion!' But what is more remarkable, we find Judea represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground, in a passage of the prophet that foretels the very captivity recorded on this medal. The covering of the head, and the rending of garments, we find very often in holy scripture, as the expressions of raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these medals? We find, says Philander, not only on these, but on several other coins

that relate to Judea, the figure of a palm tree, to show us that palms are the growth of the country. Thus Silius Italicus, speaking of Vespasian's conquest, that is the subject of this medal,

> Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen. SIL. IT. lib. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of Judea, and had generally something of the palm tree in them. It begins an epigram on the death of Scorpus, a chariot driver, which in those degenerate times of the empire was looked upon as a public calamity.

> Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;
> Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.
> MART. lib. 10, epig. 50.

The man by the palm tree in the first of these medals is supposed to be a Jew with his hands bound behind him.

I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other medal is a Victory.[a] She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a Victory touched upon in Virgil, and Silius Italicus.

> Ære cavo clypeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
> Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;
> Æneas hæc de Danaïs victoribus arma. VIRG. ÆN. lib, 3.

> I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
> The brazen shield, which vanquish'd Abas bore;
> The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
> "These arms Æneas took from conqu'ring Greeks."
> MR. DRYDEN.

> Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt;
> Hasdrubalis spolium Gradivo Scipio victor.
> SIL. IT. lib. 15.

[a] Fig. 14.

High on Pyrene's airy top they plac'd
The captive shield, with this inscription grac'd:
"Sacred to Mars, these votive spoils proclaim
The fate of Asdrubal, and Scipio's fame."

Parthia has on one side of her the bow and quiver which are so much talked of by the poets.[a] Lucan's account of the Parthians is very pretty and poetical.

——————— Parthoque sequente
Murus erit, quodcunque potest obstare sagittæ ——
Illita tella dolis, nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus, sed longè tendere nervos,
Et, quo ferre velint, permittere vulnera ventis.
LUC. lib. 8.

Each fence that can their winged shafts endure,
Stands, like a fort, impregnable, secure—
To taint their coward darts is all their care,
And then to trust them to the flitting air. MR. ROWE.

——————— Sagittiferosque Parthos. CATUL.

The crown she holds in her hand, refers to the crown of gold that Parthia, as well as other provinces, presented to the Emperor Antonine. The presenting a crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,
Cum sceptro misit. VIRG. ÆN. lib. 8.

Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament. MR. DRYDEN.

Antioch has an anchor by her, in memory of her founder Seleucus,[b] whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe historians. Ausonius has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

——————— Illa Seleucum
Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit anchora signum,

[a] Fig. 15. [b] Fig. 16.

Qualis inusta solet; generis nota certa, per omnem
Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.
AUS. ORDO. NOBIL. URBIUM.

Thee, great Seleucus, bright in Grecian fame!
The tow'rs of Antioch for their founder claim:
Thee Phœbus at thy birth his son confess'd,
By the fair anchor on the babe impress'd;
Which all thy genuine offspring wont to grace,
From thigh to thigh transmissive through the race.

Smyrna is always represented by an Amazon,[a] that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here entering into a a league with Thyatira. Each of them holds her tutelar deity in her hand.

Jus ille, et icti fœderis testes Deos
Invocat.——————————— SEN. PHŒNISSÆ. act. 1.

On the left arm of Smyrna, is the Pelta or buckler of the Amazons, as the long weapon by her is the *bipennis* or *securis*.

Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.
Ov. lib. 3, epist. 1, EX PONT.

Lunatis agmina peltis. VIRG.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
MR. DRYDEN

Videre Rhæti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, et Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi
Dextras obarmet quærere distuli. HOR. od. 4, lib.

Such Drusus did in arms appear,
When near the Alps he urg'd the war:
In vain the Rhæti did their axes wield,
Like Amazons they fought, like women fled the field.
But why those savage troops this weapon chuse,
Confirm'd by long establish'd use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

[a] Fig. 17.

The dress that Arabia appears in,[a] brings to my mind the description Lucian has made of these eastern nations.

> Quicquid ad Eoos tractus, mundique teporem
> Labitur, emollit gentes clementia cœli.
> Illic et laxas vestes, et fluxa virorum
> Velamenta vides. ———————— Luc. lib. 3.

> While Asia's softer climate, form'd to please,
> Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease;
> Her silken robes invest unmanly limbs,
> And in long trains the flowing purple streams.
> Mr. Rowe.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense.

> ————Solis est thurea virga Sabeis. Virg.

> And od'rous frankincense on the Sabæan bough.
> Mr. Dryden.

> Thuriferos Arabum saltus. Claud. de 3. Cons. Honor.

> Thurilegos Arabas. ———————— Ov. de Fast. lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed, as the garland on her head may be supposed to be woven out of some other part of her fragrant productions.

> Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
> Delicias, variæque novos radicis honores;
> Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus,
> Et terræ mare nomen habet.—
> De Sinu Arabico, Manil. lib. 4.

> More west the other soft Arabia beats,
> Where incense grows, and pleasing odour sweats:
> The bay is call'd th' Arabian gulf; the name
> The country gives it, and 'tis great in fame. Mr. Creech.

> Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
> Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs.
> Tibul. lib. 2, el. 2.

> ———————— sit dives amomo,
> Cinnamaque, costumque suam, sordataque ligno

[a] Fig. 18.

Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaïa tellus,
Dum ferat et Myrrham. Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast;
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd so bless'd, that Myrrha bears?
Mr. Dryden.

—— Odoratæ spirant medicamina Sylvæ. Manil.

The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
Health sits, and makes it sovereign as it flows.
Mr. Creech

Cinnami sylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit —————— Sen. Œdip. act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, says Cynthio? a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are made of it. The camel is in Arabia, I suppose, a beast of burden that helps to carry off its spices. We find the camel, says Philander, mentioned in Persius on the same account.

Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo. Pers. sat. 5.

—————— The precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back.
Mr. Dryden.

He loads the camel with pepper, because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
Rugosum piper —————— Pers. sat. 5.

The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies and the rising sun:
From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for spices their Italian ware. Mr. Dryden.

You have given us some quotations out of Persius this morn-

ing, says Eugenius, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this author. He fancies the description of a wreck that you have already cited, is too good for Persius, and that he might be helped in it by Lucan, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says Cynthio, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's opinion in this particular, that I fancy Persius a better poet than Lucan; and that, had he been engaged on the same subject, he would at least in his expressions and descriptions[a] have outwrit the Pharsalia. He was, indeed, employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like description, but where he has an occasion of showing himself, we find very few of the Latin poets that have given a greater beauty to their expressions. His obscurities are, indeed, sometimes affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the customs, persons, and things he alludes to: as satire is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same age with it, than any other kind of poetry. Love verses and heroics deal in images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into satire, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their medals and Latin poets. Philander told them it was now too late to enter on another series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his medals before them.[b] Cynthio and Eugenius were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of

[a] Certainly, because his *expressions* and *descriptions* are more pointed and peculiar, in which the essence of poetry consists. The style of Lucan, is not the style of poetry, but of declamation. It was impossible that the Virgilian taste of Mr. Addison should approve it.

[b] It appears from the close of this dialogue, that the author intended *another* before he came at his *parallel*, which now makes the third, in this

the subject, that they would not refuse the offer Philander made them.

DIALOGUE III.

——— causa est discriminis hujus
Concisum Argentum in titulos faciesque minutas. Juv. sat. 14.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the Thames. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful allies, which, terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The

collection. And it is not difficult to guess what the topics of it were to be. He had divided the whole subject into two parts. 1. *Persons of a shadowy allegorical nature.* 2. *Things and persons of a more real existence.* p. 449. The first part, makes the subject of the second dialogue, and is explained by three series of medals: the *first* representing *the virtues;* the *second*, *moral emblems;* and the *third*, *cities*, *nations*, *provinces*, &c. The *second* general division was, then, to furnish matter for the third dialogue; and probably in three or four series more. 1. Of the heathen gods. 2. Of the monsters of antiquity, chimæras, sphinxes, gorgons, &c. 3. Of the Roman emperors, and other illustrious persons:—and possibly, a 4th, Of miscellaneous customs, actions, ornaments, and other antiquities, (see the two last pages of the first dialogue). The whole to conclude in a *fourth* dialogue, which is now the third; containing a parallel between the ancient and modern medals.

It is strange, that the editor, Mr. Tickell, should overlook this design of his friend, so necessary to the integrity of his plan, and so clearly pointed out in the place to which I have referred. We now see, why the work itself was not published by the author; for one half of it, and that the most considerable, was not printed. And indeed, so far as he had gone, the composition, though beautiful in the main, appears not to have been touched with that supreme elegance, which was to be expected from the last hand of such a writer.

It may be proper to add, that if the plan of these dialogues, so complete and masterly in itself, had been fully executed according to the intention of the author, (and especially, if he had taken real characters, instead of fictitious, for the speakers in them) the whole would not only have done great honour to the learning and taste of Mr. Addison; but would have saved Mr. Spence the trouble of projecting a supplement to it in his voluminous work, entitled "*Polymetis*"

banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at sun-rising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the writer's barrenness of invention. It is Cicero's observation on the plane-tree that makes so flourishing a figure in one of Plato's dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the style that describes it. For my own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joined by Cynthio and Eugenius. Cynthio immediately fell upon Philander for breaking his night's rest. You have so filled my head, says he, with old coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a Caduceus or a Cornu-copiæ. You will make me believe, says Philander, that you begin to be reconciled to medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says Eugenius, something like avarice in the study of medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in part cular that Cynthio, as well as myself, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the ancient and modern medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You

have a mind to engage me in a subject, says Philander, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews itself in their metals, in the occasion of stamping them, in the inscriptions, and in the figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject,[a] says Cynthio, be so kind as to enter on it without further preface.

We should first of all, says Philander, consider the difference of the metals that we find in ancient and modern coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were coins of iron or lead among the old Romans; and if a man is well acquainted with the device of a medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the medal itself be of copper or Corinthian brass. There is, however, so great a difference between the antique and modern medals, that I have seen an antiquary lick an old coin, among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its taste. I remember when I laughed at him for it, he told me, with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnip. It is pity, says Eugenius, but they found out the smell too of an ancient medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the sight, and the ringing of a medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says Philander, we may observe the prudence of the ancients above that of the moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might

[a] The method of this dialogue very elegantly contrived and introduced.

fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the device they bore, but for the metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths' hands, before they came to be collected together by the learned men of these two or three last centuries. Inscriptions, victories, buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in these barbarous ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your medalists look on this destruction of coins as on the burning of the Alexandrian library, and would be content to compound for them with almost the loss of a Vatican. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clipper's hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern medals are most in silver or gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at Vienna, of Philip the Second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep itself long out of the furnace, when it leaves the emperor's treasury I remember another in the king of Prussia's collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The princes who struck these medals, says Eugenius, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their wealth than of their virtues. They fancied, probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different occasions that have given birth to ancient and modern medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says Philander, I must tell you, by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no dif-

ference between money and medals. An old Roman had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in cabinets. As soon as an emperor had done any thing remarkable, it was immediately stamped on a coin, and became current through his whole dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says Cynthio, to spread abroad the virtues of an emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh coin was a kind of a gazette, that published the latest news of the empire. I should fancy your Roman bankers were very good historians. It is certain, says Eugenius, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient Romans in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kind of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction and interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laughed at. We shall think, says Cynthio, you have a mind to fall out with the government, because it does not encourage medals. But were all your ancient coins that are now in cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says Philander, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call medalions. These, in respect of the other coins, were the same as modern medals, in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by emperors for presents to their friends, foreign princes, or ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the Romans took care generally to stamp the subject of their medalions on their ordinary coins that were the

running cash of the nation. As if in England we should see, on our halfpenny and farthing pieces, the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our medals.

If we now consider, continued Philander, the different occasions or subjects of ancient and modern medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a coin. It is indeed a kind of justice, says Eugenius, that a prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place, to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his bombs and cannons. In the next place, says Philander, we see both on the ancient and modern medals the several noble pieces of architecture that were finished at the time when the medals were stamped. I must observe, however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of medals agree as to their subject. But old coins go farther in their compliments to their emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing virtues; not as they showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour

went so far, that we see Nero's fiddling, and Commodus's skill in fencing, on several of their medals. At present, you never meet with the king of France's generosity, nor the emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the Romans used to register the great actions of peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of war. The remission of a debt, the taking off a duty, the giving up a tax, the mending a port, or the making a highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a victory, or the conquest of a nation. In England, perhaps, it would have looked a little odd, to have stamped a medal on the abolishing of chimney-money in the last reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pounds a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, said Eugenius, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient Romans, we should have had medals on the fitting up of our several docks, on the making of our rivers navigable, on the building our men of war, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, says Philander, may possibly be this. Our princes have the coining of their own medals, and, perhaps, may think it would look like vanity to erect so many trophies and monuments of praise to their own merit; whereas, among the ancient Romans, the senate had still a watchful eye on their emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that might furnish out a medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable an offering. It is true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men And here, by the way, we may observe, that you never find any thing like satire or raillery on old coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The emperors often jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their coins. Had we no other histories of the Roman emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are, therefore, so many compliments to an emperor, that ascribe to him all the virtues and victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy Claudius as great a conqueror as Julius Cæsar, and Domitian a wiser prince than his brother Titus. Tiberius on his coins is all mercy and moderation, Caligula and Nero are fathers of their country, Galba the patron of public liberty, and Vitellius the restorer of the city of Rome. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious Commodus, the pious Caracalla, and the devout Heliogabalus, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with irony and satire. Our kings no sooner fall out, but their mints make war upon one another, and their malice appears on their medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of raillery, but as we have no instance of it among the ancient coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I must confess, says Cynthio, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients, because their practice is for the most part grounded upon reason. But if our forefathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their

posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of raillery as a refinement on medals: and do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a victory may be celebrated in an epigram as well as in an heroic poem. Had the ancients given place to raillery on any of their coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the Roman empire. There is no doubt, says Philander, but our forefathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity. But I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satire, we should not have thought they had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says Eugenius, that the Romans stamped several coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity; since the more serious sort of medals may serve as comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the ancients. But hitherto you have only mentioned such coins as were made on the emperor, I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says Philander, that, during the time of the Roman emperors, were coined in honour of the senate, army, or people. I do not remember to have seen in the upper empire, the face of any private person that was not some way related to the imperial family. Sejanus has, indeed, his consulship mentioned on a coin of Tiberius, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the legend or in-

scription of our medals, which, as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have chosen a very short text to enlarge upon, says Cynthio: I should as soon expect to see a critic on the posie of a ring, as on the inscription of a medal.

I have seen several modern coins, says Philander, that have had part of the legend running round the edges, like the *decus et tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says Eugenius, the moderns may have chosen this part of the medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together that one would think the coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says Philander, for your milled medals, if they carried the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern designers cannot contract the occasion of the medal into an inscription that is proper to the volume they write upon: so that having scribbled over both sides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault, therefore, that I shall find with a modern legend, is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a medal overrun with it. One would fancy the author had a design of being Ciceronian in his Latin, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a coin stamped by the present emperor of Germany, on the raising of the siege of Vienna. VIENNA AVSTRIAE $\frac{4}{14}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{2}{12}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DE

tion run like a piece of a verse when it is not taken out of an old author. But I would fain have your opinion on such inscriptions as are borrowed from the Latin poets. I have seen several of this sort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your medals.

Whichever side I take, says Philander, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who have formed their relish on old coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation; on the contrary, your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient medals. You will oblige us, however, to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations, since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with art. You must know then, says Eugenius, I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact, unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed, if a great action, that seldom happens in the course of human affairs, is exactly described in the passage of an old poet, it gives the reader a very agreeable surprise, and may therefore deserve a place on a medal.

Again, if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation, it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out as it were by a modern, and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place, when the quotation is not only apt, but has in it a term of wit or satire, it is still the better qualified for a medal, as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no inscription fitter for a medal, in my opinion than a quotation that, beside its aptness, has something in it lofty and sublime: for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul, and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates, which is one of the principal designs of a medal.

It is certainly very pleasant, says Eugenius, to see a verse of an old poet, revolting, as it were, from its original sense, and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord, without being forced to it by any change in the words, or the punctuation: for, when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says Philander; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern medals, may be very well applied to the mottoes of books, and other inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the legends of medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of Gustavus Adolphus. ChrIstVs DVX ergo trIVMphVs. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find the amount of 1627, the year in which the medal was coined; for, do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious German wits will turn you over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. You would fancy, perhaps, they were searching after an apt classical term, but, instead of that, they are looking out for a word that has an L, an M, or a D, in it. When, therefore, you see any of these inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in England for being an excellent philosopher or poet, it is an ordinary character among them to

be a great chronogrammatist. These are, probably, says Cynthio, some of those mild provinces of acrostic land, that Mr Dryden has assigned to his anagrams, wings, and altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the legend of a medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a coin, replied Philander, in our discourse on the usefulness of ancient medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the ancient and the modern differ. In the first place, the Romans always appear in the proper dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the mode in the drapery of the medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an emperor of Rome in a Grecian cloak or a Phrygian mitre. On the contrary, our modern medals are full of *togas* and *tunicas*, *trabeas*, and *paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a king of England or France dressed up like a Julius Cæsar. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for Roman emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern coins. Nothing is more usual than to see allusions to Roman customs and ceremonies on the medals of our own nation. Nay, very often they carry the figure of a heathen god. If posterity takes its notions of us from our medals, they must fancy one of our kings paid a great devotion to Minerva, that another was a professed worshipper of Apollo, or at best, that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old Romans been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their antiquities, that their coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on medals as so many monuments consigned over to eternity, that may possibly last

when all other memorials of the same age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of present that those who are actually in being make over to such as lie hid in the depths of futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says Eugenius, a medallic history of the present king of France. One might expect, methinks, to see the medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says Philander, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them: but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place then, I think it is impossible to learn from the French medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the French nation. You see on some of them the cross of our Saviour, and on others Hercules's club. In one you have an angel, and in another a Mercury. I fancy, says Cynthio, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of Louis le Grand, were they to learn it from his medals, as we are at present on that of Constantine the Great. It is certain, says Philander, there is the same mixture of Christian and Pagan in their coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a bull and the planting of a French colony in America? The Romans made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony. But for the French a

ram, a hog, or an elephant would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to see a king of France dressed like an emperor of Rome, with his arms stripped up to his elbows, a laurel on his head, and a *chlamys* over his shoulders? I fancy, says Eugenius, the society of medalists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You yourself allow the legend to be Latin, and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the learned. I own to you, says Philander, if they only design to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their great monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for future ages, to see the dresses and customs of their ancestors, as their buildings and victories. Besides, I do not think they have always chosen a proper occasion for a medal. There is one struck, for example, on the English failing in their attempts on Dunkirk: when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a fort, and bombard the town. What have the French here done to boast of? A medal, however, you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæsa*, the whole medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the French as of the English.

——————quos opimus
Fallere et effugere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this series of medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns in the beauty of the work, the aptness of the device, and the propriety of the legend. In these and other particulars, the French medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other

country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the medallic history of the popes, where there are many coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding set. They are always Roman-catholic in the device and in the legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the prince they represent. Thus when Innocent XI. lay under terrible apprehensions of the French king, he put out a coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and St. Peter ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in Latin. "Help Lord, or else I perish." This puts me in mind, says Cynthio, of a pasquinade, that at the same time was fixed up at Rome. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the workmanship of each. You must know then, says Philander, that, till about the end of the third century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a Roman emperor drawn with a full face. They always appear in *profil*, to use a French term of art, which gives us the view of a head, that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a medal. Besides that it shows the nose and eye-brows, with the several prominences and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower empire you have abundance of broad Gothic faces, like so many full moons on the side of a coin. Among the moderns, too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In

the next place, you find the figures of many ancient coins rising up in a much more beautiful relief than those on the modern. This, too, is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the Roman emperors, so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the empire, till, about Constantine's time, it lies almost even with the surface of the medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the coiner looked on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture. I fancy, says Eugenius, the sculptors of that age had the same relish as a Greek priest that was buying some religious pictures at Venice. Among others he was shown a noble piece of Titian. The priest having well surveyed it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the relief, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry: we admit of no images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: the figure you have here shown me, stands so much out to the eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in my church than a statue. I could recommend your Greek priest, says Philander, to abundance of celebrated painters on this side of the Alps that would not fail to please him. We must own, however, that the figures on several of our modern medals are raised and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the most finished among the ancients, your men of art declare universally for the latter.

Cynthio and Eugenius, though they were well pleased with Philander's discourse, were glad, however, to find it at an end for the sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places Philander had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finishing my dialogue.

REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS OF ITALY, ETC.,

IN THE YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo, id est, si quis in cælum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset. CICERO DE AMICITIA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS work deserves the attention of the scholar for the favorable view which it gives of the writer's habits of observation, and its beautiful illustrations of classic literature.

Johnson says—"At his return he published his Travels, with a dedication to Lord Somers. As his stay in foreign countries was short," (what would the great lexicographer have said to our three months' views not of Italy only, but of England and the Continent, with Egypt and the Holy Land to boot?) "his observations are such as might be supplied by a hasty view, and consist chiefly in comparisons of the present face of the country with the descriptions left us by the Roman poets, from whom he made preparatory collections: though he might have spared the trouble, had he known that such collections had been made twice before by Italian authors." (An observation savoring more of Johnson's acknowledged indolence than of his unquestionable classic spirit.) "The most amusing passage of the book is his account of the minute republic of St. Marino; of many parts it is not a very severe censure to say, that they might have been written at home. His elegance of language, and variegation of prose and verse, however, gains upon the reader; and the book, though awhile neglected, became in time so much the favorite of the public, that before it was reprinted, it rose to five times its price." If we consider the difference in Addison's position, we shall attribute this rise to the reputation of his other works rather than to this. Hume tells us that his second volume "helped to buoy up its unfortunate brother;"[1] and Gibbon, in speaking of his "Essays on the Pursuits of Literature," attributed the interest of the public, after an interval of fifteen years, to the success of his history. "The publication of my history fifteen years afterwards, revived the memory of my former performance, and the essay was eagerly sought in the shops."[2]

Ogle says—"Of his travels, published after his return, and dedicated to Lord Somers, higher praise cannot be given than saying that they are elegant and interesting. The comparative descriptions between the

[1] Hume's life by himself. [2] Gibbon. Memoirs of My Life and Writings—p. 58

appearances of ancient and modern Italy, in which he indulged, have no claims to originality, since two writers had treated the same subject, and Sandys had left scarce a nook unexamined or unnoticed. Yet, even in the present day, when "tours," "travels," and "reminiscences" abound, the classical and descriptive work of Addison would stand pre-eminent, and must ever be highly appreciated for purity of diction, precision of collocation, attractive variety of prose and poetry, and for tasteful remark and judicious reflection.

"The motto to this work is uncommon, because it seems to convey the feeling of the writer, and not, as is usual, an idea of the structure of the contents. It is taken from Cicero's celebrated treatise on friendship, and quoted by him, 'a Tarentino Archyta,' 'Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narret habuisset.'"—OGLE—*Life of Addison*, pp. 22, 23.

Addison presented a copy of his Travels to Swift with the following inscription:—

"To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age, this book is presented by his humble servant the author." G.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

My Lord,

There is a pleasure in owning obligations which it is an honour to have received, but should I publish any favours done me by your lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.

I had a very early ambition to recommend myself to your lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your lordship some account: for whatever great impressions an Englishman must have of your lordship, they who have been conversant abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your lordship's admirers every where, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, when I passed through most of the Protestant governments in Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your lordship's interest and authority in England.

I here present your lordship with the remarks that I made in a part of these my travels; wherein, notwithstanding the variety of the subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing new to your lordship, and can have no other design in this address than to declare that I am, My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged, and

Most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

PREFACE.

THERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of music and painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of governments, that are so different in their constitutions, and so refined in their politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in history, nor so much as a mountain or a river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe, among those who have written on Italy, that different authors have succeeded best on different sorts of curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of pictures, statues, and buildings; some have searched into libraries, cabinets of rarities, and collections of medals, as others have been wholly taken up with inscriptions, ruins, and antiquities. Among the authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the religion and governments of Italy Lassels may be useful in giving us the names of such writers as

have treated of the several states through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his observations on the natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several places and antiquities that nobody else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places and curiosities that I met with; for before I entered on my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess, it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes that the poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare name of it to recommend them.

REMARKS ON ITALY.

MONACO, GENOA,[a] &c.

On the twelfth of December, 1670,[1] I set out from Marseilles to Genoa in a Tartane, and arrived late at a small French port called Cassis, where the next morning we were not a little surprised to see the mountains about the town covered with green olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as wild-thyme, lavender, rosemary, balm, and myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene,[2] who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseilles, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks

[1] All the editions read 1699—which, as Macaulay observes, "throws the narrative into inextricable confusion:" though neither Tickell nor Hurd ever perceived it.—G.

[2] It is upon this tradition that Correggio's picture is founded.—G.

[a] These travels are entertaining; especially to the classical reader. But the expression in this agreeable narrative is frequently careless; or possibly, the author, in the time of his travels, had not acquired the habit of that exact style, for which he was afterwards so famous. However, the general cast of the composition is elegant, and is even marked occasionally, with that vein of humour, which characterizes the best works of Mr. Addison; as the reader will observe, more especially, in the chapter on the little republic of St. Marino, and that of Meldingen in Switzerland.

and mountains. It is so romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks in the following description:

> Est locus extremum pandit quà Gallia littus
> Oceani prætentus aquis, quà fertur Ulysses
> Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentûm,
> Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm
> Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
> Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.
>
> CL. IN. RUF. lib. 1.

> A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
> Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.
> Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
> And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
> Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
> Of melancholy ghosts that hover round;
> The lab'ring plowman oft with horror spies
> Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
> (A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the learned than the voyage of Ulysses; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the poet's own making: though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Gaul.

> Incultos adiit Læstrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
> Atque hæc ceu nostras intersunt cognita terras,
> Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem. TIB. l. 4. el. 1.

> Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
> On real seas to real shores he stray'd:
> Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
> In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way, till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very

pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of December, had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable. There are at St. Remo many plantations of palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

——————————Atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare—— Hor. Sat. 2, lib. 2.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls.
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days,[1] and our captain thought his ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confessed himself to a capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as Monaco. Lucan has given us a description of the harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

[1] This storm is alluded to in the "Divine Ode," Vol. I. p. 203.- G.

Quàque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monæci. Lib 1.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great Alcides takes its name:
Fenc'd to the west, and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the promontory where the town of Monaco now stands was formerly the temple of Hercules Monæcus, which still gives the name to this small principality.

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
Descendens.——————————— Virg. Æn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature.[1] It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniard,—but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer who showed me the palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the king of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the

[1] The proverb says—

Son Monaco sopra uno scoglio,
Non semino e non raccoglio,
E pur ruangiar voglio.

Addison's description would answer very well for our own days, except that the palace is still more dilapidated, the fortifications which were built at the expense of Louis XIV, occupied by a Sardinian, instead of a Swiss garrison, and the Prince himself a resident of Paris instead of Rome. In 1848 Monaco was united by a decree of Charles Albert to Sardinia.—G.

reigning beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: for this road is much more difficult than that over mount Cennis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians, which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change: since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work than want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith.[5] The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem. VIRG. Georg. 2

The hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur. SIL. IT. el. 8.

Fallaces Ligures. AUS. Eid. 12.

Apenninicolæ bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant. ÆN. 11.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst fortune favour'd his deceit.)

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentâsti lubricus artes. ID.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.

[5] The Tuscan proverb says of Genoa—Mare senza pesci, montagne senza alberi, uomini senza fede, e donne senza vergogna; and Dante—

Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pieni d'ogni magagna
Perché non siete voi del mondo spersi.—Inf. 33.—G.

On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire. DRYDEN.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city[1] itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot, however, be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: but instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only show us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a mile distance from Genoa, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is

[1] The lover of fine descriptions should read Arnold's description of Genoa in the fourth lect. of his Lect. on Modern History.—G.

hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe, that can shew a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Common-wealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms, where the great and little council, with the two colleges, held their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendor and magnificence in particular persons' houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe, that the people show the greatest marks of poverty,[1] where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful on the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old rostrum of a Roman ship,[2] that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had not it been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the columna rostrata in Rome. I saw at Genoa Signior Micconi's famous collection of shells, which, as Father Buonani the jesuite has since told me, is one of the best in Italy. I know nothing more remarka

[1] Privatus illis census erat brevis
Commune magnum. Hor. Carm. Lib. 11, carm. xv.—G.

[2] This rostrum is still shown in the land arsenal, and is supposed by some to have belonged to a Carthaginian ship. Both suppositions are equally conjectural, but it is doubtless a genuine fragment of antiquity.—G.

ble, in the government of Genoa, than the bank of St. George, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the common-wealth. Whatever inconveniences the state has laboured under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the Genoese, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of senate, that break the uniformity of government, and destroy, in some measure, the fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: so that it is no small check upon the aristocracy, and may be one reason, why the Genoese

[1] The bank of St. George was founded in 1346, while the republic was engaged in a troublesome war with the exiled nobles, who had fortified Monaco, and held the whole territory in constant alarm. To provide the means of reducing them, the government borrowed large sums of the merchants, pledging the revenues of the state as security. Upon this basis grew up a mixed institution, between a bank of deposit, and a trading company; in which widows, orphans, and charitable institutions placed their money with implicit confidence, and which administered through a board of eight directors, the colonies of Caffa, the ports of Asia Minor, and the island of Corsica. Spain and other states were among its debtors. Its income was over ten millions of French livres. When Genoa was united to the French Empire the bank of St. George was abolished, and its obligations, amounting to 3,400,000 Genoese livres, assumed by France. It was restored again in 1815, when Genoa was transferred to Sardinia by the Congress of Vienna, the prompt imitator of every precedent for treating men and states like make-weights in the distribution of territory. G.

senate carries it with greater moderation towards their subjects than the Venetian.

It would have been well for the republic of Genoa, if she had followed the example of her sister of Venice, in not permitting her nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the greatest among the Genoese, are in part subjects to the monarchy of Spain, by reason of their estates that lie in the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under the necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all the other states of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the insult of the French, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please,[1] for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provisions. Their fleet that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks and Spaniards, that made them masters of Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minor-

[1] The siege of Genoa in 1799, is one of the most memorable in modern history—Arnold makes it, in his fourth lecture, the occasion of some very important remarks concerning the laws of war, and Botta has described it with all that graphic power for which Italian historians are so much distinguished, in the 19th book of his history of Italy.—G.

ca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta, that settled them in Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia, and several towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to six gallies. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer-season. The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that monarchy is the more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

From Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the saint, that gives the name to their order.[1] King Luit-

[1] The church of St. Pietro in Cœlo Aureo, which has since been destroyed. Addison says nothing of the monument of St. Augustine, classed by Cicognara among the 'most magnificent works' of the fourteenth century, and which was removed to the cathedral after the destruction of the church; and what is more strange, while he finds time to copy the long inscription from the monument of the Duke of Suffolk, he forgets, all scholar as he is, that the same edifice holds the ashes of Boethius.

We cannot help regretting that he did not follow up this subject of

prand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognized by the Pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the

relics, which would have afforded such a fine occasion for the display of his peculiar wit. Early in the same century, a great number of bones of martyrs had been discovered in Sardinia, and a learned historian of Piacenza boasts that between 1643 and 1646, his native city had been enriched by not one alone, but twenty of those holy bodies—*venuti per nostra buona ventura quasi in un medesimo tempo, a protegger anch' essi questa città* (Campi Stor. Eccl. di Piacenza Tom. 1, Lib. vi. anno 725)—A zeal which reminds us of Theodoric of Metz, who in the ninth century, as the old chronicle tells, *corpora et pignora multa sanctorum de diversis Italiæ locis quocunque modo potuit collegit.* This discovery of the Augustinians gave rise to long and bitter discussions which continued many years after Addison's death. A large collection of them was published in Venice, in 1729. Fontanini was among the advocates of the authenticity of the body—and Muratori found time in the midst of his innumerable researches, to write an essay in 1728, with the title, *Motivi di credere tuttavia ascoso e non iscoperto in Pavia nell' Anno M.DCXCV. il sacro corpo di Santo Agustino Dottore della chiesa.* The learned names of Baronius, Tillemont, and Montfaucon are found on the same side with Muratori. Historians acknowledge, I believe, that when the African Bishops took refuge in Sardinia (500, A.D.) they carried the bones of St. Augustine with them. It is said, too, that in 721 Luitprand transported them to Pavia: which by no means seems improbable, when we recall the account which is given by Anastasius, of Astolphus. one of Luitprand's successors—*multa corpora sanctorum, effodiens eorum cimiteria, ad magnum animæ suæ detrimentum abstulit.* The rest is still matter of grave dispute, and the worthy fathers never reaped the full reward of what Gibbon sarcastically calls, their *useful* discovery.—G.

altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the duke of Suffolk, and the duke of Lorrain, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia. Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos 57, sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elizabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit 5. Sept. 1582. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.

This pretended duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, brother to the earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great duke of Suffolk under the reign of Henry the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavia, and was magnificently interred by the duke of Bourbon, who, though an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is buried in the same place with the following inscription:

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Des, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxx. peregrinatus ab Invictiss. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ

præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis, M. D. C. XI. Men. Septembris.

In Pavia is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Borromée, very large, and neatly built. There is also a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.[1]

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus which runs by it, and is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. LIB. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
And through the crystal stream the shining bottom shows:
Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
So wond'rous slow amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon

[1] This is another curious subject, which Addison might have made a good deal of, particularly if he had read the story in the old *notitia urbis:* where, among other things, we are told that the statue of Marcus Aurelius is not Constantine, but a strange man, who, for liberating Rome from a dangerous siege, by seizing, with the guidance of an owl, the king of the besieging army, was rewarded, at his own request, with thirty thousand sesterces and a bronze horse, which he immediately mounted, and sits there to this day, with his arm stretched out just as when he seized the king, and the owl perched between the horse's ears.—G.

the clearness and transparency of the stream,[1] but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains *that make*[a] their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the Tesin is only an outlet of that vast lake which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished,[2] and the inside is so smutted with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That

[1] A beautiful illustration of the manner in which the study of the physical aspect of a country may be applied to the interpretation of poetry.—G.

[2] Since Addison's time the front has been made Gothic, the central tower and spire completed, and the work continued at intervals, down to our own days. But it is still far from being finished. During the reign of Napoleon, three millions and a half of francs, raised from the sale of the lands of the cathedral, and the property of the suppressed convents, were spent upon it.—G.

[a] *Mountains that make.* A *mountain* does not *make* a river *troubled* and *muddy*, but the *fall* of its waters from the mountain. He might have said, "Most of them falling down from the mountains, and, *of course*, *having* their waters very troubled and muddy."

side of the church, indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statutes about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history pieces, and several little images which make up the equipage of those that are larger.[1] There are, indeed, a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a St. Bartholomew, new-flead, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: it is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the pedestal, to shew the value they have for the workman.

> Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.
>
> Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess
> 'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromée, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-crystal.[2] His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver work: he was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen

[1] There are 3000 in all, besides the basso-relievos, and will be 4500.—G.

[2] It has been supposed that this *crystal* might be *glass*. The body is much decayed, the sunken and shrivelled face looking out from amidst the rich robes and ornaments, with a frightful condemnation of all this mockery.—G.

archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago; and, indeed, if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints. Miracles, indeed, are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they say an hypocrite may imitate a saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the Roman church not to allow this honour, ordinarily, 'till [1] fifty years after the death of the person, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the saint. One would wonder that Roman Catholics, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of saints than those of a modern date,[2] but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families,

[1] Fifty for *beatification*, and a hundred for canonization—the *beato* not enjoying the full privileges of saintship.—G.

[2] Addison apparently had not read Boccacio, who, though he ridicules, in the story of the old usurer, the abundance of the Roman catalogue, still finds an eloquent apology for the invocation of saints in the sympathy which we may naturally ask from those who had once to struggle with the same temptations that beset us.—G.

religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their canonizations. When I was at Milan I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromean family, and entitled 'A Discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Barromée.'

The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of episode) is finely cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as, indeed, there are very few treasuries of relics in Italy that have not a tooth or a bone of this saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amass'd together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in fresco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: they show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, 'till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacreing the inhabitants of Thessalonica.[1] That emperor was, however, so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters

[1] This remarkable scene is finely described by Gibbon, though not without a certain mixture of that covert satire with which he always speaks of religion. How little did Pascal think for what a purpose his *inimitable letters might one day* be used.—G.

of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same saint baptized St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *lapis-lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a father of the convent. It is very lucky for a religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical geniuses, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman-catholic countries, which are all texts of scripture, and regard either the penitent or the father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem—Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne deinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ æternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius,[1] they

[1] The expression is equivocal. Pictures and statues are the natural ornaments of a library, and no real scholar ever complained of having a fresco or a fine figure to rest his eyes upon in the intervals of labor. Had Addison remained long enough in Italy, he would have seen how essential art is to the free play of the Italian mind. This notice of the Ambrosian is very hasty for so important an institution, the earliest public library in Europe, rich in manuscripts and printed works, containing the palimpsest from which Mai drew the Republic of Cicero, that curious record of Petrarch's industry, the manuscript of Virgil, original drawings of Michael Angelo, and the cartoon of the school of Athens, with other treasures of

have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry the eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are, indeed, the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

——————— Plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum
Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas. JUV. Sat. 2.

Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
Who makes his study finest is most read;
The dolt, that with an Aristotle's head
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Strait sets up for a Stagyrite himself. TATE.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers, as Brugeal's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vincius, which King James the first could not procure, though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough.

art and literature. The Josephus which he mentions is on papyrus: the manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci formed twelve volumes. During the reign of Napoleon they were carried to Paris, where eleven still remain in the library of the Institute; one only having been returned to the Ambrosian. A few months earlier Addison would have found Muratori among the librarians, laying the foundation of his great collection.—G.

Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though, perhaps, they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan, the bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictin convent,[1] which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
  Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
  Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
  Et conservatæ plus meruistis aquæ.

Deep in the snowy Alps a lump of ice
By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price;
Proof to the sun, it now securely lies,
And the warm dog-star's hottest rage defies:
Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water shines,
That through the crystal darts its spurious rays,
And the proud stone's original betrays;

[1] Literature unquestionably owes much to the Benedictines: but one is almost tempted to forget the obligation, when we think they could employ the learning of such a man as Mabillon upon a thing so ridiculous in itself, and so useless even if it had been true.—G.

But common drops, when thus with crystal mixt,
Are valued more, than if in rubies fixt.

As I walked through one of the streets of Milan, I was surprised to read the following inscription, concerning a barber that had conspired with the commissary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a pillar, superscribed *Colonna Infame.*[1] The story is told in handsome Latin, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens est,
Surgebat olim Tonstrina
Jo' Jacobi Moræ:
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspiratione,
Dum pestis atrox sæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aspersis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,
Excelso in Plaustro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
Publicatis bonis

[1] From the manner in which Addison speaks of this, he would seem to have believed the story, which, though told in handsome Latin, is none the less a striking instance of popular delusion. During the plague of 1630, there was a general persuasion that certain persons were employed to propagate the disease by means of ointments, and other preparations. Mori was one of the victims of this error, which we have seen revived during the cholera in our own times; so natural is it to attribute great calamities to human corruption. The column has since been destroyed. Manzoni, who had already treated the subject at some length in the "Promessi Sposi," has since written a separate work upon it, under the title of "La Colonna Infame," a painful but instructive record of human weakness.—G

Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus jussit:
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti.
Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptistâ Vicecomit.

The citadel of Milan[1] is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from Milan there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay. There are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Bartolin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded

[1] This citadel is still standing, but the fortifications were destroyed in 1800 by order of Napoleon Part of the space is now covered by the Arena and Piazza d'Armi. G.

by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: indeed, if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it.[1] For as the Alps at one end, and the long range of Appenines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and common-wealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; till the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others in Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the French.[2] One may, however, observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air

[1] Addison seems here to have thrown out almost unconsciously a fine thought, which is now generally accepted by the modern school of history. It lies at the basis of the XIVth book of the Esprit des Loix, and has been fully developed by Leo in the 1st chapter of his "Geschichte von Italien;" not to name several other writers by whom it has been adopted, none of whom perhaps ever read Addison's Italy. The origin of theories, like the origin of nations, is a fertile and amusing enquiry,—but seldom leading to any positive conclusion.

[2] The best commentary on these remarks is the opening sentence of Sismondi's introduction to the History of the Italian republics of the middle ages—"L'une des plus importantes conclusions que l'on puisse tirer de l'étude de l' histoire, c'est que le gouvernement est la cause la plus efficace du caractère des peuples." The Milanese, it will be remembered, was then in the hands of the Spaniards.—G.

and climate. The French are always open, familiar, and talkative: the Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious, and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: the Italians, notwithstanding their natural fieriness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: in France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: besides, that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride, in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain, therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and free

doms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country.[1] The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politics[2] than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the king of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war.[3] The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to

[1] This feeling which subsequently underwent a great change under the influence of the French literature of the eighteenth century, was never wholly eradicated even under Napoleon, and has become a deep-rooted and inveterate hatred since the siege of Rome and restoration of the Pope.—G.

[2] A remarkable fact strikingly confirmed by the rapid progress of the lower classes during the revolution of 1848.—G.

[3] Between Vittorio Amedeo II. Duke of Savoy and Louis XIV.; ended by the treaty of Aug. 29, 1696, known as the "*Neutrality of Italy.*" But in the same month in which Addison went to Italy, Philip V., the French candidate for the throne of Spain, set out on his journey to Madrid, and soon after, the Duke of Savoy, in the hope of getting hold of the Milanese as his portion of the Spanish spoils, acknowledged Philip and joined the French alliance to renounce it again as soon as he saw that there was nothing to hope from the grasping ambition of Louis XIV.—G.

their deceased king, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection.[1] The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their doge, and his bombarding their city.[2] The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans of his threats to Pope Innocent the eleventh, whose memory they adore.[3] It is true, that interest of state and change of circumstances, may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That, however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly

[1] Here the English whig speaks—History preserves no traces of this "honor and affection" of the Milanese and Neapolitans for the feeble Charles II. In Naples the warmth of the anti-Gallican feeling might more naturally be attributed to the conduct of Henry II. Duke of Guise after the revolution of Massaniello in 1648.—G.

[2] The Genoese had sold powder and bombs to the Algerines with whom Louis was at war, and were building four galleys for the Spaniards. Louis forbade them to launch their galleys, and on their refusal to comply with his orders, sent a fleet to bombard their city. Fourteen thousand bombs were thrown into the city, and the faubourg of St. Pietro dell' Arena was burnt by the French troops. The Doge was compelled to go with four of the principal senators and ask pardon of Louis in his palace of Versailles. "What strikes you as the most remarkable thing in Versailles?" said the marquis of Seignelay, who had accompanied the expedition, to the Doge. "C'est de m'y voir," was the witty but sad reply.—G.

[3] With all his devotion Louis had treated the Pope but little better than the republic, and persisted in maintaining the right of asylum which made the vicinity of the residences of foreign ambassadors not very unlike "Alsatia" in the London of a couple of centuries ago.—G.

dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of public blessings that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.[1]

To return to Milan: I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, bless'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse;
A Circus and a theatre invites
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta, consecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace;
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rise between;
Here circling colonnades the ground inclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor Rome itself her beauteous neighbour fears.

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

From Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into

[1] A remarkable sentence for a confirmed royalist, and worthy of a place in the 58th chapter of the 1st book of Machiavelli's Discorsi.—G.

the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: it was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

> Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
> Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

> Here vex'd by winter storms Benacus raves,
> Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
> Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
> So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

> ——— Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.
>
> VIRG. GEORG. iii. v. 14.

> Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays;
> Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
> And reeds defend the winding waters brink. DRYDEN.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situa

tion of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus his time.

——— Verona Athesi circumflua. Lib. 8.

Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

——————— Venetosque erectior amnes
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cærulus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.
SEXTO CONS. HON.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,
The blue transparent Adda next appears,
The rapid Adige then erects her head,
And Mincio rising slowly from his bed,
And last Timavus, that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

———Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. DE BEL. GET.

The Larius here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at Verona the famous amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladia

tors. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre.

> Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
> Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
> Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
> Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
> Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
> Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.
>
> In. Ruf. lib. 2.

> So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
> That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
> His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
> Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
> His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
> Bent on his knee, the savage glares around,
> Scar'd with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound.
> Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
> And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of.[1] The Italians fall as short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must, however, be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest: its chief orna-

[1] Addison seems to have taken great interest in gardening, which has supplied him with the subject of several fine pages in the Spectator.—G.

ment is the martyrdom of the saint, drawn by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome.[1] I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his Maker, *summa necessitudo, summa similitudo.* The Italian epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole.[2] From Verona to Padua we travelled through a very pleasant country; it is planted thick with rows of white mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of silk-worms with their leaves, as the swine and poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many stays for their vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which, in these warm countries, ripens much better among the mulberry shades, than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Vicenza, that we had not time to

[1] Addison passes through Verona without remembering Shakspeare, which taken with the omission of Shakspeare's name in the "account of the greatest English poets," might suggest the doubt whether he had yet read him, but for the mention of Falstaff in one of his letters.—G.

[2] This is unjust—exaggerated epitaphs are to be found in every country; but no graveyard contains more touching appeals to the feelings than those of Italy. Byron collected several beautiful specimens during his visit to Bologna, and the list might easily be enlarged. Indeed, great attention has been paid to the subject of epitaphs and inscriptions, by many of the best Italian writers. Giordani, in particular, has displayed great taste and judgment in this difficult branch of composition.—G.

take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived about five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at Padua the life of St. Anthony, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

"Non curando gli heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero a sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti secondo le specie loro, e con bell' ordine, quasi che di ragior

capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodarono per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto, il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altrettanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature, così cominciò loro a parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, et amati pesci) si scuopre la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel cielo, nel sole, nella luna, nelle stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nell' huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perchè se bene siete chiamati rettili, mezzi fra pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggianti acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi all' udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, nè mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo sacramento; credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi pesci? Credete voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto che di voi pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia a caso questo, che dovendo il redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo a Cesare lo volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri e sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi ha dato il liquido elemento dell' acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene ivi ha fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi a voi più che sale regie, e regal palazzi, cari, e grati:

et per propria sede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, transparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e vetro; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua o si fa, o nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di lince, o di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce; havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le spetie vostre; fate, oprate et camminate ove natura vi detta senza contrasto alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, o nuoce; siasi pur sereno, o turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de' suoi tesori, o scarsa de' suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampeggi, e subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l'autunno, et assideri l' inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar dell' hore nè correr de' giorni, nè volar de' mesi, nè fuggir d'anni, nè mutar di tempi, nè cangiar di stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivete: O quanto, O quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre! O quanto mirabile la potenza sua! O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza! poi che fra tutte le creature dell' universo voi soli non sentiste il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provaste i danni, che egli fece al mondo; e tutto questo ch'io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi a lodar Dio, a ringratiare sua divina maestà di tanti e così singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti, di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degni; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua a ringratiar il vostro benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fategli segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete sembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come se

quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinarono la testa, blandiro col corpo, quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio."

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he be took himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disem bogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitude. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words:

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his crea tion, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these *natural disadvantages*, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you

after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes: you have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey in all your actions, works, and motions, the dictates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"*The colds of* winter and the heats of summer, are equally

incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world!

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

"He had no sooner done speaking, but behold, a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father St. Antonio."

The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument, in a very fine basso relievo.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor peasant, who fancied the saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
  Lilio candidiori delicio,
Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
  Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, lepræ, dæmonis,
Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotorum et naufragantium salvatori
    Præsentissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
  Periculorim omnium profligatori
    Magno, mirabili,
      Ter Sancto,
  Antonio Paduano,
Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
  Protectori et sospitatori suo, &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy. The long nef consists of a row of five cupolas, the cross-one has on each side a

single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the altar, and is a piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone superscribed *Lapis Vituperii.* Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pound, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that nobody has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The university of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sunset. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought great revenues into the republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants, indeed, are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.[1]

[1] Livy was born at Abano, in the Paduan territory, and tradition points out the site of his house at Padua, in the strada di san Giovanni. In 1413 a leaden coffin with a skeleton in it was discovered under a tessellated pavement, which, from an inscription bearing the name of Titus Livius, which had been found near the same spot about half a century before, gave rise to the belief that these were the bones of the great historian himself. They were carried to the Palazzo with great solemnity; the jaw-bone deposited in the Cancelleria; an arm bone given to Alfonso, king of Naples, who sent an ambassador to ask for it; and the rest placed over one of the side doors that lead to the Uffizio della sanità.

The Antenor relic is still more remarkable. In 1274 some workmen who were digging upon the foundations of the Foundling Hospital, came upon a marble sarcophagus with two others inside of it, the first of lead and the other of cypress wood. Within it was the skeleton of some one

The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil's description, which gives us the original of Padua.

Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare præruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti;
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troïa; nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit. ÆN. 1.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure; and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
And there in quiet lies,————————

From Padua I went down to the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

VENICE.[1]

Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists; and these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most im-

larger than the common race of men, and with a sword in his hand. An inscription on the cypress wood coffin was thought to say that these were the bones of Antenor. The whole was transferred with pompous ceremony to the church of San Lorenzo. The sword was given in 1334 to Alberto Della Scala; but the sarcophagus, for the church has been destroyed, now stands at the corner of a street, under a brick canopy.—G.

[1] There is a great deal of good sense in these observations upon Venice. But the changes which have taken place since he wrote are too numerous *to be compressed into* notes like these.—G.

pregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the *terra firma*, nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux or reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little islands that lie at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *terra firma;* and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the state's geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows, but that they are in no

danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as as are not used to them, for the deep canals run between them, which the Venetians are at a great expense to keep free and open.[1]

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniences, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition, for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes[a] and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade and as a noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a free port, for they look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think

[1] It is well known that since the fall of the Republic, the canals are rapidly filling up.—*E.*

[a] *New charges.* Every *change* is *new.* The proper word is measures.

the great duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a gondola with two oars at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses with a large equipage in another country; besides that it makes all carriages* extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than Venice. One would, indeed, wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best masters of the Lombard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret. The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other

* *All carriages. Carriages*, in the plural, means, the *instruments* of carriage; as *coaches*, &c. The act of carrying, or transportation, is always expressed in the singular number. He should have said, "Makes *carriage*," or "*carriage of all sorts* extremely cheap."

parts of Italy. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their commonwealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many eulogiums that are given to the Doge Pisauro, who had been ambassador in England, his epitaph says, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ callidlitate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence The arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallies and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seems to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old fashioned and un

wieldy in a very great number,[a] and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience, in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallies, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this state to affect so many conquests on the *terra firma*,[39] which[b] has only served to raise the jealousy of the christian princes, and about three hundred years ago[40] had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the commonwealth; whereas, had they applied themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the islands of the Archipelago in their hands, and by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most seamen of any other state in Europe. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen[c] so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman empire.

This republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Creme, Brescia, and Bergame, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it,

[39] Machiavelli in the 2d book of the Discorsi, ch. 19, says that they were much weaker when they held Lombardy than when they confined themselves to the sea.—G.

[40] The league of Cambrai in 1508.—G.

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[a] *In a very great number*, i. e. of *those suits of armour*. But the expression is careless. Better thus: "the swords are, *very many of them*, old fashioned and unwieldy."

[b] *Which*, i. e. which *affecting so many conquests*.—The antecedent is a whole sentence. Negligently expressed.

[c] *To have seen*. Certainly, *to see*.

and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery[a] of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The pope disputes with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. 'Tis surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon[d] force; for it is certain the Venetian senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the

[a] *Endeavour at the recovery*] We say *to aim at* the recovery; but, we *endeavour* to recover.

[b] *Prevail upon*] i. e. the sense of *gaining an influence*, simply; and not *a superiority*, for then he should have said *prevail over*.

common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the *terra firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.[1]

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The senate is generally as numerous as our house of commons, if we only reckon the sitting members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, till he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the electors of the empire, and but one degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties[a] as are laid on them by the republic,[2] for their whole lives

[1] There is some exaggeration in this picture: such a policy, literally carried out, could never have formed the men who accomplished the marvels of Venetian history. Still the Venetian government was an inexorable government: and was distinguished from all modern states by rigorously sacrificing, like the ancients, the individual to the state.—G.

[2] The Venetian ambassadors were required, on their return home, to make a full report on their embassy. These reports have been carefully preserved from early in the sixteenth century, and form a collection of

[a] *Embassies and treaties laid upon*] An embassy being an office, may be *laid* upon a man: a *treaty*, the *object* of such office, cannot.

are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of kings and princes, of which the ministers of other nations are only the representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons in his time, two thousand five hundred nobles that had voices in the great council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venetians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the Venetian nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have operas within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and are [a] very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is, indeed, one of the Cornaras, that not long ago refused to see any under a prince.

The carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons,

documents of the highest value, for the illustration of almost every part of modern history. Ranke was among the first to employ them for this purpose: Tommaseo published a portion of those that relate to French history: and in Florence the publication of a complete collection was begun in 1839, under the title of "Relazioni degli Ambasciadori Veneti."—G.

[a] *And are*] To avoid the ambiguity, it had been better to say, "and *they are*"

when disguised in a false personage. They are, indeed, under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice, than in those of other countries, and I question but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may chuse a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter.[1] Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. "Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo." The daughter gives the preference to Cæsar which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs.

[1] As Addison had already sketched if not written, the first part of "Cato," this play could not have suggested his subject; but the opening scene of the 5th act, which was not added till just before he brought it out, may have something of the same relation to this that Andreini's Adam has to the Paradise Lost.—G.

that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid, acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman *personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of showing some of their characters in masks, from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattei an antick statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians[a] should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble, indeed, are generally pleased at the first entry

[a] *Romans and Athenians.* They had, without doubt, their reasons for this practice, for they were sensible of its inconvenience.

of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso.[1] They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of artisans, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

> Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
> Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
> Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
> Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
> Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.
>
> CLAUD. de Pros. et Olyb. Cons.

[1] "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier.—CHILDE HAROLD.—G.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the Veneti in the old poets, the city of Venice is too modern to find a place among them. Sannazarius's epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his poems.[1]

——Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ansoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet! Lib. 3, el. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a world within herself is found.
Hail, queen of Italy! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
Nations and seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She sits a sov'reign, unenslav'd and free;

[1] There can be no greater proof of Addison's limited knowledge of Italian literature, than his citing Sannazaro and making no mention of Della Casa, whose beautiful sonnet he would certainly have known if he had extended his reading beyond the merest elements.

Questi palagi e queste logge, or colte
D'ostro e di marmi e di figure elette,
Fur poche e basse case insieme accolte,
Deserti lidi e povere isolette;
Ma genti ardite, d'ogni vizio sciolte,
Premeano il mar con picciole barchette,
Che qui non per domar provincie molte,
Ma fuggir servitù s'eran ristrette.
Non era ambizion ne' petti loro;
Il mentire abborrian più che la morte;
Nè vi regnava ingorda fame d'oro.
Se 'l ciel v'ha dato più beata sorte,
Non sien quelle virtù che tanto onoro,
Dalle nove ricchezze oppresse e morte.—G

By thee, the rude barbarian chas'd away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
Ne tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis. Lib. 2, el. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whose circling walls the sev'n fam'd hills inclose;
And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it empties itself into the Adriatic.

——Quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit Amnis. VIRG. Georg. 4.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perustâ,
Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas. Lib. 2.

The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And rising from Hesperia's wat'ry veins,
Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as sings the fable, first convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surviving streams supply'd,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dry'd,

And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
Ægypti Libyeas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas

Nor would the Nile more wat'ry stores contain,
But that he stagnates on his Lybian plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is: for before its fall into the gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable rivers of Piemont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the *phænomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quáque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cùm refugis se fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet
Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuat horis:

Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Ut superi voluere, late.———————— Lib. 1.

Wash'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in distant regions blow.
Moving the world of waters to and fro:
Or waining moons their settled periods keep
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
Or the tir'd sun, his vigour to supply,
Raises the floating mountains to the sky,
And slakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
Do you who study nature's works decide:
Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire,
Nor, into what the gods conceal, presumptuously inquire.

At Ferrara[1] I met with nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more soldiers to defend it, than the pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The Benedictines have the finest convent of the place. They showed us in the church Ariosto's monument: his epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna.[2] All this space lies miserably uncultivated

[1] He evidently did not visit the library, where the manuscripts of Ariosto and Tasso are preserved, nor Ariosto's house, nor Tasso's prison If he had seen Ariosto's house he would certainly have copied the inscription—

Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen aere domus.—G.

[2] We come to Ravenna and have not a word of Dante—no allusion to

till you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martial's

> Meliûsque Ranæ garriant Ravennates. Lib. 3.
>
> Ravenna's frogs in better music croak.

and the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it.

> Quàque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
> Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ. Lib. 8.
>
> Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
> With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the

the early Christian monuments which are very numerous, not a word even about "Theodore and Honoria," the most perfect of Dryden's poems, and what is equally remarkable, no mention of Gaston de Foix, though he must have seen the monument—but in their stead, a Latin inscription with a very ingenious interpretation—certainly an amusing illustration of the *exclusive hold which his* Latin studies had taken of his mind.—G

town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which[a] notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though it is probable they[b] took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanile, and is probably the high tower mentioned by Pliny, lib. 36, cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little church called the Rotonda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwrecked, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus:

———Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the same indulgent master bless'd,
On the same day their liberty possess'd:
A shipwreck slew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'rals to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both

[a] *Which*] i. e. what now *appear* to be their foundations.
[b] *They*] Who? This whole sentence is wretchedly expressed.

having been made freemen on the same day. If, therefore, we suppose they had been formerly shipwrecked with their master, and that he made them free at the same time, the epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little cupola a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve apostles; but in the war that Louis the twelfth made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though the inhabitants say it was cracked by thunder that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an abbot[1] that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar." There is a convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a dove, and to have settled on one of the candidates for the bishopric. The dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy. I should not, indeed, think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and, by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favoring a competitor,

[1] He probably meant an Abbe.—G.

especially if he had many friends among the electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: but they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. As. Trid. consilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of Alexander the Seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the Blessed Virgin, arrayed like a queen, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the Holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glued to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines I saw three huge chests of marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it, according to Lucan.

> Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
> Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
> Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
> Limes ab Ausoniis disterminat arva colonis:
> Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
> Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
> Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes. Lib. 1

> While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon
> From their spent source in a small current run,

Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And Italy from neighb'ring Gaul divide;
But now, with winter storms increas'd, they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called Pisatello.[1]

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: a marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic:[2] it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary the ancient Suggestums, as I have often observed on medals, as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood like a little kind of stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a

[1] It is strange that this should ever have been mistaken for the Rubicon, which is a larger river, a few miles beyond Savignano, about twenty-five miles long, emptying a full stream into the Adriatic, and bearing to this day the name of *il Rubicone*.—G.

[2] Addison's doubts were well-founded.—G.

confirmation to the learned Fabretti's conjecture on Trajan's pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the camps, intrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of earth, turf, or the like materials; for there are on the pillar some of these Suggestums which are figured like those on medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from Rimini stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great governments, and form from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.[1]

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and

[1] This is one of the best specimens of Addison's qualifications for personal inquiry, the information which it contains having been gathered on the spot, not copied from guide books.

Few changes have taken place in this singular little republic since Addison wrote his description of it. In 1739 it was invaded by Cardinal Alberoni, whose restless spirit, cut off from the broad field of European politics, found a vent in the administration of the Bolognese as papal legate. Under the pretext that the government had degenerated into an oligarchy, he resolved to reduce it under the subjection of the Holy See, planned an attack with all the subtlety and secrecy with which he had formed his great scheme for the restoration of the Spanish monarchy, and with 200 soldiers and a troop of *sbirri*, seized the unsuspecting little state,

warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good,* and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Appenines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage which renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly is-

and declared it a forfeiture to Rome. An appeal was made to the Pope, who, less daring than his minister, gave the inhabitants permission to decide for themselves, whether they would remain free, or pass under the dominion of Rome. The question was solemnly brought before the citizens in public assembly, and the republic preserved.

During Napoleon's campaigns in Italy, he sent Monge to offer the sister republic an increase of territory, a complimentary present of two cannon, and the protection of France. The ambassador was received with due solemnity, his somewhat pedantic speech listened to with respectful attention, the enlargement of territory judiciously refused, and the complimentary gift courteously accepted. It was impossible even for Napoleon to do violence to so modest a people, and though he never sent the cannon, he suffered the little republic to live on in tranquil obscurity. Much credit is due to Antonio Onofri, who displayed great judgment and firmness in his intercourse with Napoleon, and subsequently defended his country successfully before the congress of Vienna. His tomb and bust now form one of the most touching memorials in this instructive history.

In 1847, some important changes were made in the constitution—the general council transformed into a house of representatives, chosen by universal suffrage, and deliberating with open doors. This is the legislative body. They vote by ballot, and no act becomes valid unless supported by two-thirds of the votes. The executive power still remains with the two captains, who are chosen every six months, one for the town and one for the country. Between them and the legislative body there is a council of twelve, of which two-thirds are changed every year.—G.

* *Extraordinary good*, for, extraordinarily good. This way of using an adjective adverbially, is allowed in the narrative, or familiar style; and seems to have taken its rise from the ease and dispatch of pronunciation.

sues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.[1]

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three[2] convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the Commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the common-

[1] He probably means the remarkable cavern at Borgo, a village of 500 inhabitants, at the foot of the mountain, and the residence of the principal citizens.—G.

[2] Four convents—seventeen square miles of territory, less than 7000 inhabitants, and an army of forty men, though strictly speaking all the citizens, like our own, are soldiers.—G.

wealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look upon him as the greatest saint next the blessed virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years' distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the popes and emperors names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this, they assisted pope Pius the second against one of the Malatestas, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is bat one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council, in which every house nad its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The Arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ* In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists of but forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and chuse the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides, that no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they chuse

for three years, and maintain out of the public stock.[1] He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recorder of London under the lord-mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is dispatched from the republic to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value

[1] Addison does not seem to have been aware that this, for the same reasons which he has adduced, was the prevalent usage in the Italian republics of the middle ages. This officer bore the title of *Podestà*, was generally chosen for a year, was accompanied by two or three doctors of civil and criminal law, who assisted him as judges, had the command of the troops as well as the power of enforcing the execution of his sentences; and at the expiration of his office was held to a severe account of his administration, a process of inquiry expressed by the Italian word *sindacato*.—G

of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest vallies of the world. Nothing, indeed, can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.[a]

PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. TO ROME.

From Rimini to Loretto the towns of note are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia and Ancona. Fano received its name from the Fane or temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal arch erected there to Augustus: it is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of Pesaro is handsomely designed. Ancona is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The port was made by Trajan, for which he has a triumphal arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this arch[b] looks very white and fresh, as being

[a] The author has paid this little republic the compliment to tell its story in very good English.

[b] *The marble of this arch.* This whole sentence, as it stands, is very faulty. To make the expression exact, we should either read "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours; *so* that, by *continual* fretting, it preserves itself," &c. or

exposed to the winds and salt sea vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the Italians and voyage writers call these of Rimini, Fano, and Ancona triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the Romans between such honorary arches erected to emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly triumphal arches. This at Ancona was an instance of gratitude to Trajan for the port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may, however, observe the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who to encourage their emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of Galba's with a triumphal arch on the reverse, that was made by the senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a port with a chain running across it, and betwixt them both a boat with this inscription,

S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this medal to another occasion, but Bellorio, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loretto I inquired for the English Jesuists' lodgings, and on the staircase that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two Garnets, Old-

rather, thus: "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours, that, by continually fretting it, preserve it from that mouldy colour, *so generally contracted by the same materials, in other buildings.*"

corn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the holy house and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the queen dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would, indeed, be an easy thing for a christian prince to surprise it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the holy house, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the catholic princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery, as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the pope[1] would

[1] Addison's conjecture was confirmed in 1797, when Pius VI. employed

make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The case of the holy house is nobly designed, and executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about an hundred years ago. The statues of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix, very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage, has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass, with many scripture stories rising on them in *basso relievo.* The pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar and its furniture, and the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay.

the treasures of Loretto to meet the exigencies of the treaty of Tolentino. Since then, new gifts have poured in, and the treasury is once more well filled.—G.

Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Manlius's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus.

> In summo custos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
> Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat;
> Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo. Æn. lib. 8.

> High on a rock heroic Manlius stood
> To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
> Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
> The palace thatch'd with straw.——————— DRYDEN.

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Foligni. In the last there is a convent of nuns called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael.[1] At Spoletto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an aqueduct of a gothic structure, that conveys the water from mount St. Francis to Spoletto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Mevania that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy.

[1] Now in the Vatican, in the same hall with the Transfiguration, but still known as the "Madonna di Foligno."—G.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. PROP. lib. 2.

Hinc albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos. GEORG. 2. VIRG.

There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

——— Patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros. SIL. ITAL. lib. 2.

——— Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis
Explicat ——————————— LUC. lib. 1.

——————— Atque ubi latis
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi ——————————— IDEM, lib. 6.

——— Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam ——————————— STAT. SYL. lib. 1

Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus et ipsâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et â grandi cervix ferienda ministro. JUV. Sat. 12.

A bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size:
Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus whitest sacred breed:
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food;
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.

MR. CONGREVE.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Claudian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called Interamna, for the same reason that a part of Asia was named Mesopotamia. We enter at the gate of the three monuments, so called, because

there stood near it a monument erected to Tacitus the historian, with two others to the emperors Tacitus and Florianus, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shown a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following inscription.

Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno post
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum. ———————— Coss. providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris Augusti nati ad Æternitatem Romam nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C. *that is*, pecunia sua fieri curavit.

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sejanus. After the name of Ahenobarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *coss.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus was consul under the reign of[a] Tiberius, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the emperor Claudius; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not, therefore, improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sac-

[a] Vide Fast. Consul. Sicul.

rifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous cascade about three miles from Terni. It is formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Æneid.—*Rosea rura Velini.*

The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's *rosea rura* (dewy countries). The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade, than in all the water-works of Versailles, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his Emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar, which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell: for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encom

pass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the cascade is not far off that part of Italy, which has been called *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus memoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Invisum numen terras cælumque levabat. Æn. 7

In the midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal gate the fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.

Dryden.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her *exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long

space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage; so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names

> Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
> Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
> Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
> Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini. ÆN. 7.

> The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
> The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
> Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. DRYDEN.

He makes the sound of the fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other poets seldom fail of copying after him.

> ——————— Sulphureus Nar. AUSON.

> ——————— Narque albescentibus undis
> In Tibrim properans ——————— SIL. IT. lib. 8.

> ——————— Et Nar vitiatus odoro
> Sulfure ———————
> CLAUD. DE PR. ET OLYB. CONS.

> ——————— The hoary Nar,
> Corrupted with the stench of sulphur, flows,
> And into Tiber's streams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narni. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its great height, it

does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial mentions, though Mr. Ray takes them to be the remains of an aqueduct.

> Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,
> Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui! Lib. 7.

> Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;
> So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of Ocriculum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old Ocriculum, that lie near the banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon inquiry found it to be Mount Soracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S., St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February.

Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the Via Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravenna to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

———Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deserit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;
Lætior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
Despiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,
[a] Quâ mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,
Admisitque viam sectæ per viscera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes
Appeninigenis cultas pastoribus aras;
Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ latiis præbent armenta triumphis
Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis [b]
Prætereunt: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
Lentus erat; si voce gradum majore citâsset,
Commistis fervebat aquis cùmque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: hæc sola novam janctantia sortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.

[a] A highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Oscuro near Naples.
[b] This fountain is not known.

Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi.

De 6 Cons. Hon.

They leave Ravenna and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And spreading round in one continu'd lake,
A spacious hospitable harbour make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives 'em, in her ancient fane enshrin'd;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow;
'Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty Rome;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arriv'd from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,
Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome th' admiring nations leads:
While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
And show the world's metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the geography of Italy than any other of the Latin poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which Macro bius has objected to Virgil, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

———Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perstringit mænia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.——————————— SIL. IT. lib. 8.

Since I am got among the poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.[1]

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cùm possim multo vendere pluris aquam. MAR. lib. 5.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum. Id.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

[1] It seems strange that while he quotes so freely from Claudian, and Silius Italicus, and the writers of that class, Addison should have made so little use of Horace's odes. He passes the Metaurus without recalling Hannibal's lamentation:

Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit
Spes omnis, et fortuna nostri
Nominis, Asdrubale interempto. Lib. iv. Carm. 4.

and looks up at Soracte without repeating,

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte———

which, as the modern reader will remember, awakened such bitter recollections in Byron. Indeed, he would seem intentionally to have omitted the more familiar passages of the classics as well as the objects most commonly recorded by other travellers.—G.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio.——————————— SIL. IT. lib. 8.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Upon my arrival at Rome, I took a view of St. Peter's, and the Rotunda, leaving the rest till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment.[1] The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular, makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by

[1] St. Peter's—Vide, for a beautiful application of this fact so generally confirmed by the experience of travellers, the first paragraph of Arnold's Inaugural lecture—(Lec. on Mod. history). Cooper in his letters on Italy, says, that he did not receive this impression, and attributes the circumstances to his nautical experience in judging by the eye of heights and distances.—G.

which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the Pantheon, have been changed into what they are at present. This author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the rotund. I must confess the eye is better filled at first entering the rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects.[1] Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can

[1] The church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, built by Michael Angelo, in the form of a Greek cross, is a still more striking illustration of this.—G.

possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the architects themselves never thought of,[1] as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways that lead from Rome, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv. S. 1.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.[2]

Our christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or church-yards, begin often with a *Siste Viator. Viator precare salutem, &c.* probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a

[1] He might have extended this remark to painting and sculpture also, and indeed, all works of imagination, for the poor poet often fares full as badly at the hands of his commentators.—G.

[2] Burial within the city was prohibited by the laws of the "Twelve Tables"—as we see by a fragment preserved in Cicero de Legibus *Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito*—which has been used by local antiquarians in deciding the position of the Porta Ratumena, by the tomb of Caius Bibulus. Cicero adds, however, in answer to Atticus, who asks—Quid, qui post xii. in urbe sepulti sunt, clari viri? Credo, Tite, fuisse, aut eos, quibus hoc ante hanc legem virtutis causa tributum est, ut Publicolæ, ut Tuberto, quod eorum posteri jure tenuerunt: aut eos, si qui hoc, ut C. Fabricius, virtutis causa, soluti legibus, consecuti sunt. Sed in urbe sepeliri lex vetat. V. Cicero de Legibus, L. ii., c. 22–23, for some very interesting remarks on the ancient laws and ideas of burial.—G

great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.[1]

In my way from Rome to Naples, I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman emperors,[2] and notwithstanding the removal of the imperial seat, the irruptions of barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome, than are now in all Italy.[3] And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears no

[1] This was particularly the case with the Appian.—G.

[2] He should have said the early republic, for the depopulation of Italy began even before the empire, by the extension of the large farms (latifundia) and the substitution of slaves to the original free cultivators of the soil. The history of the Gracchi is a striking illustration; for as Caius wrote, it was in passing through Etruria on his way to Numantium, that the attention of Tiberius was called to the destruction of the free population; and at a later period Livy says in speaking of the territory of the Volsci—innumerabilem multitudinem liberorum capitum in iis fuisse locis, quæ nunc, vix seminario exiguo mititum relicto, servitia Romana ab solitudine vindicant. V. Livy, L. vi. c. 13.—G.

[3] This is a very natural exaggeration, for the subject of statistics had made but little progress when Addison wrote. But there can be no doubt but that the population of ancient Italy was very great: and even Hume in his pyrronic Discourse on the populousness of ancient nations, makes frequent exceptions in favor of Italy. It is Pliny, I believe, who tells us that there were fifty cities in Latium alone. They probably were very small ones.—G.

where greater than in the pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in Europe.[1] Their prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither encumbered with wife, children, or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state is lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour, but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the

[1] Sismondi, in the second part of his Études sur les Sciences Sociales, falls into the same train of thought.—G.

pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman catholic religion, which here shows itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old, and decrepid. The many hospitals that are every where erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out[a] so many

[a] It should have been "*to furnish out*"

glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons: as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the emperors.[1] It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage:[2] whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the people's treasury.[3]

[1] In the times of which Valerius Maximus says, Lib. iv. c. 4, Anguste se habitare nunc putat, cujus domus tantum patet quantum Cincinnati rura patuerant.—G.

[2] Another reason is that government is constantly interfering with the exportation of grain, and the farmer, never knowing when he breaks up his ground, what law will prevail when harvest comes, seldom ventures to sow more grain than he is sure of finding a market for at home. The history of Papal legislation for the cultivation of the Campagna is a very singular chapter of Political Economy. It begins with a *motu proprio* of Gregory XII. in 1407, and continues at intervals to our own days, often more to the credit, it must be confessed, of the government than of the landholder. When we remember that there are only 177 proprietors to the whole Agro Romano, and that out of these 64 are corporations, we can hardly wonder at its depopulation. One single individual owns 54,000 acres—verumque fatentibus latifundia perdidere Italiam; jam vero et provincias. Were Pliny to come back again, he would find a new confirmation of the truth of this celebrated passage. V. Pliny, L. 18, chapter iii.—G.

[3] There can be no better proof of the soundness of Addison's judgment, than the fact that nearly every word of this excellent paragraph may be applied to the Rome of our days—Quousque tandem abutere?—G.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns, and rivers, that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is, indeed, very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.[1]

Minûs est gravis Appia tardis.——— Hor.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not, indeed, the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quà Pontinas [a] via dividit uda paludes,
Quâ sublime nemus, Scythicæ quà regna Dianæ:
Quâque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam.
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem. Lib. 3.

He now had conquer'd Anxur's steep ascent,
And to Pontina's watry marshes went,
A long canal the muddy fen divides,
And with a clear unsullied current glides;

[1] Tivoli, a morning's ride, was a day's journey for Augustus, and yet the imperial messengers easily travelled a hundred miles a day by post.—G

[a] A canal, the marks of it still seen.

Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades
Ascends high Alba, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

———Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis, HOR. lib. 1. od. 30.

Liris————qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas. SIL. IT. lib. 4.

————Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas———— IDEM, lib. 8.

Where the smooth streams of Liris stray,
And steal insensibly away.
The warlike Arpine borders on the sides
Of the slow Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Vulturnusque rapax———— CL. DE PR. ET. OL. CON.

Vulturnusque celer———— LUC. lib. 2, 28.

————Fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum———— SIL. IT. lib. 8.

The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and

by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis! MAR. lib. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies cover'd with a smooth unstinking sand!

Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
Et propius Baïas littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus
Dum colui &c. ————————

On the cool shore, near Baja's gentle seats,
I lay retir'd in Anxur's soft retreats,
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around;
The grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur. HOR. S. 5, l. 1.

Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur. SIL. IT. lib. 4.

————Scopulosi verticis Anxur. IDEM. lib. 4.

Capuæ Luxum vide apud———— IDEM. lib. 11.

Murranus came from Anxur's show'ry height,
With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
Seated on hills————

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near Terracina, increase still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon

them. Silius Italicus has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
Servabant; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma,
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola.
Alliphe, et Clanio contemtæ semper Acerræ.
Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,
Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Tiphæa
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus servare secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. Sil. It. lib. 8.

NAPLES.

My first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the holy week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of Anjou to the crown of Spain, in which the viceroy bore his part at the left hand of Cardinal Cantelmi. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the

blood of St. Januarius, which liquified at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman church, and that Monsieur Paschal has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

———Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego——————————— SAT. 5, l. 1.

At Gnatia next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,
That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the Roman catholics are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a Roman catholic country, I was surprised to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Naples, that are not so much as thought of in France. But as it is certain there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the Roman catholic church, since the spreading of the protestant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the reformed churches. For this reason the French are much more enlight

ened than the Spaniards or Italians, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the Huguenots; and we find many of the Roman catholic gentlemen of our own country, who will not stick to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of Naples, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven gallies, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides, that the sea, which lies near it, is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux and reflux, and is so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat roofed to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Naples, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of Italy; for the viceroys take care to send into Spain every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazarius's tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas relief, Neptune among the Satyrs, to show that this poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues.[1] I remember Hugo Grotius de-

[1] "While I am speaking of the Italians it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea calves in the room of kids and lambs; sea mews for the lark and

scribes himself in one of his poems, as the first that brought the muses to the sea-side, but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expence.

———Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
Diva mone——————————— Lib. 1.

Thou bright celestial goddess, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flow'rs and freshest garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring rocks, whence Margellinè spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
Guide thou the pious poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent.[1] The cupolas of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The marquis of Medina Cidonia, in his viceroyalty,

the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he has few or no followers, or if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten." Steele in the Guardian, No. 28. Sannazaro was born at Naples, in 1458, and died there in 1533—counting upon his Latin poems for the preservation of his name, as Petrarch had counted upon his "Africa."—G.

[1] If any one doubts it, let him take a walk over the Alban mount.—G

made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain, that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Capera, the sea enters by a streight of about three miles wide. This island stands as a vast mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies longways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves which enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from this its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his Æneids, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.

Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ. 1. Æn.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,

And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a Sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green. DRYDEN.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius would have to the front of his palace, of seeing the setting sun.[1]

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the barons, who are the harshest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals, indeed, are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the viceroy, who to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the barons. Insomuch, that when the king has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the king, that they might keep out of so insupportable a sla-

[1] Many of the remarks upon Naples still hold good, though great changes were made by the Bourbon princes, and still greater ones by the French. The number of lawyers is as great as ever—the taxes very high and the government, next to that of Rome, the worst in Italy.—C.

very. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the odium from themselves, has been by erecting several courts of justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the marquis answered him, that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

> Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis
> Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus æquum. Sil. lib. 3.

> By love of right and native justice led,
> In the straight paths of equity they tread;
> Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
> Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The gabels of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank, or worn. There

would have been one on fruit, had not Massianello's rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers' meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the king of Spain has had occasion for money, he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often, that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and at the same time, no prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their state, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their prince; but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard, however, reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in Naples, are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no

question but the king of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the barons, by cancel ling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of Charles the Fifth something like our statute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

——————Improba Siren
Desidia——————————— Hor. Sat. 3, l. 2,

Sloth, the deluding Siren of the mind.

——————Et in otia natam
Parthenopen——————————— Ov. Met. l. 15

——————Otiosa Neapolis. Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemtum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis. Sil. It. lib 12.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
A Siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. STAT. SIL. lib. 3.

These are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold Scythia's undissolving snows,
Nor the parch'd Libyan sands thy husband bore,
But mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

THE ANTIQUITIES AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES THAT LIE NEAR THE CITY OF NAPLES.

At about eight miles distance from Naples lies a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call Virgil's tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this poet was buried at Naples, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards

Vesuvio.[1] By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of Pausilypo. The common people of Naples believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that Virgil was the magician; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having made the grotto, than the Æneid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's Park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of Naples. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the German

[1] Cluverius is of the same opinion in his Italia Antiqua, that mine of classic learning—and both found their opinions upon a passage in Statius—

> Hæc ego Chalcidicis, ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
> Litoribus, fractas ubi bosbius egerit vias,
> Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.—STA. SYLVA. L. 4—4.

But the old tradition has prevailed.—G.

Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Pausilypo lie the remains of Puteoli and Bajæ, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lucrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfullest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered

with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman commonwealth. embellished by many of the Roman emperors, and celebrated by the best of their poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Act. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio.* &c. *quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs*, Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum sumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace[a] has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries.[b] But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue

[a] L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 24. Epist. 1. 1.
[b] Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Bulifon, &c.

erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the genius. There are two medals of Tiberius stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis.* The emperor is represented in both sitting, with a patera in one hand and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the *Centum cameræ*, the sepulchre of Agrippina, Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottoes, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immedi

ately surprised when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral in England, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked Jupiters and Gladiators, Tritons and Centaurs, &c so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open niches, as an eminent author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Proculus's sepulchre seems to have a kind of mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would, indeed, wonder to find such a multitude of niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Bajani Soles, and the Mollis

Lucrinus; as on the contrary, Tibur, Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajeta, Mons Circeius, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
  Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni *
  Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
  Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.
Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
  Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidà vos vincite brumâ,
  Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus. MAR. lib. 1 Ep. 116.

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where steams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the sun to the bright lion turns,
And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewel,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The com mon experiments are as follow: A dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he

* Vide Hor. lib. 2, od. 6

immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. Connor made a discourse in one of the academies at Rome upon the subject of this grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of animals, and the extinction of lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great a quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a weather glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the stagnum was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk, after half an

hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it, finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in water, because it wraps itself in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it, however, are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of gunpowder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different baths to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call Cicero's bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true

the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the arch about a man's head, and are, therefore, much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of Agnano, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular. The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The Sulfatara is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvio. But there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain[a] stands at about six English miles distance from Naples, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new-plowed land, but, as you come near it you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable cavities and interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running mat

[a] The following description of Mount Vesuvio, is surprisingly clear and graphical. One could scarce have a better idea of it, from surveying it on the spot.

ter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think, therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were it not made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a

stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvio, which goes shelving down on all sides till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red, and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not, but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before-mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely, had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.[1]

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the

[1] In fact every eruption changes the appearance of the crater as well as of the mountain.—G.

midst of them, so that it increases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A gentleman of Naples told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with snow, which they here use instead of ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in Fresco, and every body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch, that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country. To prevent this, the king has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sun-shine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea-side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several

shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of Naples. While the banditti continued their disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which Silius Italicus has given us of this great bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes
Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratâque viscera terræ
Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, et spiramine anhelo
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cælum.

Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ
Mons circùm, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos. Lib. 12

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
Averno now with milder virtues bless'd;
Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood;
Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high,
The flutt'ring bird entangled in the sky,
Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
That mingles with the baleful streams below,
And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
Opens a dismal passage to the dead,
Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
And startle at the sudden flash of day.
The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
Describing all its old inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd,
Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:
Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall
Here, as 'tis said, the rebel giants lie,
And, when to move th' incumbent load they try
Ascending vapours, on the day prevail,
The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
Next, to the distant isle his sight he turns,
That o'er the thunderstruck Tiphæus burns:
Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies, and fire,

Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the gods.
On mount Vesuvio next he fixt his eyes,
And saw the smoking tops confus'dly rise;
(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
A second Ætna to the view present.
Miseno's cape and Bauli last he view'd,
That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Averno in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his poem; because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silius, had cut down the woods that inclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.[1]

THE ISLE OF CAPREA.

Having staid longer at Naples than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the residence of Tiberius for several years. The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock, vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has, however, the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil.

[1] The discoveries in the neighborhood of Naples since Addison wrote, have been too numerous and too important to be mentioned in detail. Every reader knows that neither Herculaneum nor Pompeii had yet been discovered; and that consequently the Museo Borbonico had not yet been formed. Chemistry, too, gives a very simple explanation of the vapor of the Grotto del Cane, leaving Addison's conjectures no other value than as a proof of the interest which, like Johnson, he took in experimental science.—G

The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not, indeed, seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reservoirs of water. An old hermit lives at present among the ruins of this palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found medals and pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea side, which was afterwards con-

firmed to me by a gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Surrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plùs Bacchus amavit:
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ:
Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi. Lib. 2, Ep. 105.

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
And his own native Nisa less admir'd;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits danc'd;
Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
Nor lov'd her fav'rite Lacedæmon more:
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared, to those who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices, particularly on that which looks towards the south there

is a little kind of mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a palace; unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the silvæ.

> Nec desunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ,
> Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
> Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
> Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
> Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
> Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
> Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula lunæ,
> Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. Lib. 3.

> The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
> Whether to Baja's sunny shores you go,
> And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
> Or the dark grot of the prophetic maid,
> Or steep Miseno from the Trojan nam'd,
> Or Gaurus for its flowing vintage fam'd,
> Or Caprea, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
> Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
> While by its beams the wary sailor steers:
> Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in Ano-Caprea, some years ago, a statue, and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors; but what recommended it most to Tiberius was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his different residences, according as the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. Suetonius says, *duodecim villas totidem no*

minibus ornavit. The whole island was probably cut into several easy ascents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were, however, more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottos, galleries, bagnios, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the emperor. One would, indeed, very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this island, were we not told that the Romans, after the death of Tiberius, sent hither an army of pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the island.

In sailing round Caprea we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottos, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call *grotto oscuro*, and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The inhabitants and Neapolitans who have heard of Tiberius's grottos, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chissel, the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of

the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which Virgil and Ovid mention in Æneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south side of the island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of Caprea.

> Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
> Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
> Tum rauca assiduo longè sale saxa sonabant. ÆN

> Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
> Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
> And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
> And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores. DRYDEN.

I have before said that they often find medals in this island. Many of those they call the Spintriæ, which Aretin has copied, has been dug up here. I know none of the antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Patin's edition of Suetonius, illustrated by medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which Suetonius calls *monstrosi concubitûs repertores*, and on the other the number of the medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the emperor, because raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the upper empire, besides the *Spintriæ*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one

of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment to the emperor and empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.

> ———Quoniam belli fera mænera Mavors
> Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
> Rejicit, æterno devinctus volnere amoris. Luc. Lib. 1.

The Venus has Faustina's face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

> Tu scabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
> Qui tegitur, parmâ et galeâ——— Juv. Sat. 5.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire. But besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine that the fathers would have dared affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they would think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other medal is a golden one of Gallienus, preserved in the French king's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, pax ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the emperor's father was in bondage, and the empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have been overstocked with medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each other's character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These medals of Tiberius's were never current money

but rather of the nature of medallions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in operâ edendâ exemplar impenetratæ schemæ deesset.* The elephantis here mentioned, is probably the same Martial takes notice of for her book of postures

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c.——— Lib. 12, Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco. De Trist. lib. 2.

There are several of the sigilla, or seals, Suetonius speaks of, to be met with in the collections of ancient *intaglios.*

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these coins were rather made by the emperor's order, than as a satire on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts.

———Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni?——— Cl. de 4to Cons. Hon

Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore
Polluted by the rank old emperor

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, BY SEA.

I took a felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome, that I might not be forced to run over the same sights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not so particularly described.[a] As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is, indeed, much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount Pausilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above the other in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large terrace-garden. It has two little ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that Lucan mentions.

> ————Tali spiramine Nesis
> Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis. Lib. 6.

> Nesis' high rocks such Stygian air produce,
> And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic and Archipelago. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps

[a] Did Mr. Addison forget, that our countryman, Mr. Sandys, had described this route, *very particularly?*

might occasion Virgil's burying Misenus under it. I have seen a grave Italian author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that from Virgil's description of this mountain, concludes it was called Aërius before Misenus had given it a new name.

> At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
> Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
> Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
> Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen. Æn. lib. 6.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the Piscina Mirabilis. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others, more probably, suppose them to have been Nero's baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of Procita, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis De Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of Ischia, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient poets call it *Inarime*, and lay Typhæus under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and overrun with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are, indeed, several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake of

about three-quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of the island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of Bajæ, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

> Qualis in Euböico Bajarum littore quondam
> Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
> Constructam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
> Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
> Miscent se maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
> Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
> Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhæo. ÆN. 9.

> Not with less ruin than the Bajan Mole
> (Rais'd on the seas the surges to control)
> At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
> Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
> Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
> Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingl'd mud arise.
> The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
> Trembles high Prochyta, and Ischia roars:
> Typhæus roars beneath, by Jove's command,
> Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
> Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
> With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
> DRYDEN.

I do not see why Virgil in this noble comparison has given the epithet of *alta* to Procita, for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than Ischia, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place, the lame imitation Silius Italicus has made of the foregoing passage.

Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cærula pulsu
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquore montem. Lib. 4.

So a vast fragment of the Bajan Mole,
That fix'd amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,
And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to Cumæ through a very pleasant path, by the Mare Mortuum, and the Elisian Fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cumæ is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since Lucan's time, if the poem to Piso be his.

——— Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros
Euboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful Naples lie,
That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo's Temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same Virgil describes in his sixth Æneid, as built by Dædalus, and that the very story which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe sacravit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnossia tellus, &c. Æn. 6

To the Cumean coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high

The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeo's death, and off'rings to his ghost,
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast. DRYDEN.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the Sibyl's grotto. It lies, indeed, in the same line with the entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the *opus reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto. I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as, perhaps, thought it a better shelter against the sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expense. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it, but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
They shun th' approaches of the cheerful light:
The sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals! ——————— ODYSS. lib. 10.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Ænëia nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam Cajeta dedisti.

Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperiâ in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat. ÆN. 7.

And thou, O matron, of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains. DRYDEN.

I saw at Cajeta the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel door, that leads into the creek, the words of the evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus.* I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeio, which Homer calls Æëa, whether it be that it was formerly an island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which, perhaps, gave the first rise to the howlings of wolves, and the roarings of lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. Virgil's description of Æneas passing by this coast, can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description,

he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of Cajeta's funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quiérunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus he
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent
Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vex . ÆN. lib. 7

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun)
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailor's ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)

With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' inchanted coast;
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight. DRYDEN.

Virgil calls this promontory Æëæ Insula Circes in the third Æneid, but 'tis the hero, and not the poet that speaks. It may, however, be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an island in Æneas's time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil, but Homer mentions, in the beautiful description that Plutarch and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil leans[a] that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lie the ruins of Antium, that are spread over a great circuit of land.[1] There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous grottos and passages of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three-quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same emperor has a medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which in reality was a work of

[1] It was here that the Apollo was found towards the end of the fifteenth century.—G.

[a] *The natural inclination of the soil leans*] i. e. *inclination inclines*—he should have said—*lies* that way—or, the *nature* of the soil leans that way.

his predecessor Claudius. The last pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand duke, to divert his holiness from his project of making Civitavecchia a free port. There lies between Antium and Nettuno, a cardinal's villa, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortunæ Antiates, and Martial the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddess who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which, indeed, may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu

Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos, &c.

Great goddess, Antium's guardian power,
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place:
Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c. CREECH.

If we take the first interpretation of the two fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it, for the *clavi trabales*, *cunei*, *uncus*, *liquidumquæ plumbum*, were actually used in the punishment of criminals.[1]

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the Tiber, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in these parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the muddiness of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that Virgil has given us when Æneas took the first view of it.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætus fluvio succedit opaco. ÆN. lib. 7.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea;
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,

[1] It is strange that this ingenious interpretation should not have been noticed by our modern commentators.—G.

That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

DRYDEN.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of Ostia, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall therefore, set down the medal that I have before mentioned which represents it as it was formerly.[1]

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio longèque relinquunt
Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit——— JUV. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tyrrhene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd. DRYD. JUV

The seas may very properly be said to be inclosed (*inclusa*) between the two semicircular moles that almost surround them. The Colossus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

——— Porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam ———————————

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, 'till

[1] Subsequent excavations have thrown new light upon the city and port of Ostia, which now stands three miles inland, though the traces of the original line of coast can be easily distinguished near Torre Bovacciana.—G.

man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest, one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs, and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen deities, and the descriptions that the Latin poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancienter of the two, I question not but the Roman poets were the copiers of the Greek statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets. The Laocoon is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with at Rome. In the villa Aldabrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the Cæstus, who are probably the Dares and Entellus of Virgil; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient Cæstus, that it only consisted of so many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old poets hint at several parts of sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the author s contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal, that his commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus:

Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato ——————— Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard. DRYDEN.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this god with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us who have no such idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the city a temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called *Templum Vœjovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis.*[a] Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth.

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis. Sat. 3.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise
You'd think they were describing Hercules
Lifting Antæus——————— DRYDEN.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near Rome? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which Juvenal here describes, on antique intaglios and medals. Nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues.

———Luctantum in pulvere signa
Herculis Antæique——————— Lib. 3, cap. 1.

Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

[a] Vid. Ov. de Fastis, lib. 3, ecl. 71.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace, we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
  Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
  Fervens difficile bile tumut jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
  Certâ sede manent: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
  Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

While Telephus's youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears,
In rising sighs and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal without taking notice that his

Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ. Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight. DRYDEN.

was not anciently so great an hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old Roman rings so very thick about, and with such large

tones in them, that 'tis no wonder a fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that satire delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: when therefore we see any thing in an old satirist that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient basso relievos, and on the sides of the Sarcophagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

———Quibus aspirantibus orti
Te Meleagre colunt——— MANIL. lib. 1.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth satire of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans.

——Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Spumat aper——— JUV. Sat. 5.

A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, smokes upon the board. MR. BOWLES.

In the beginning of the ninth satire, Juvenal asks his friend why he looks like Marsya when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi Nævole tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, seu Marsya victus?

Tell me, while saunt'ring thus from place to place,
I meet thee, Nevolus, with a clouded face? DRYD. JUV.

Some of the commentators tell us, that Marsya was a lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the satyr Marsyas, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of Apollo fleaing Marsya in the midst of the Roman forum, as there are still several ancient statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth satire of Juvenal, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bellorio's ancient basso relievos.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis
Romuleæ simulacra feræ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hastâ,
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti. JUV. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death to each resisting foe. DRYD. JUV.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Rhemus; the second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the commentators tell us, that the god here mentioned is Mars, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of

representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *pendentis;* some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *alto relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes that the god Mars was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *pendentis* ought to be *perdentis;* but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the god of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending upon the priestess Ilia, or as others call her, Rhea Silvia. The occasion required his body should be naked.

> Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
> Cepit: ut huic urbi semina magna dares. Ov. DE FAS. lib. 3

> Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
> When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charm'd,
> That Rome's high founder bore————

Though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ.* The sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medalists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his

figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *basso relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as a compliment to that emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of Rome, the senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
  Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
  Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
Dum sedet; umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
  Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ.
Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis,
  Et cadit a mento languida facta manus.
Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ;
  Et sua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
  Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.

Ov. de Fast. lib. 3, eleg. 1

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus she rested on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye,
And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in Seneca the tragedian.

> ——————Primus emergit solo
> Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
> Zetus—————————————— SEN. ŒDIP. act. 3.

> ———First Zetus rises through the ground,
> Bending the bull's tough neck with pain,
> That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the poet had here in view the posture of Zetus in the famous group of figures, which represents the two brothers binding Dirce to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the Apollos, muses, fauns, satyrs, bacchanals, and shepherds, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern music. It would, perhaps, be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they make in marble, there is not one string-instrument that seems comparable to our violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the plectrum, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings, and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The Syringa, for example, has some

times four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as the twelve The same variety of strings may be observed on their harps, and of stops on their Tibiæ, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who, from a verse perhaps in Virgil's Eclogues, or a short passage in a classic author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings, and stops. It is, indeed, the usual fault of the writers of antiquities, to streighten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a single passage; as the learned German author, quoted by Monsieur Baudelot, who had probably never seen any thing of a household god, more than a canopus, affirms roundly, that all the ancient lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the system-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of antiquity that are still to be seen in Rome. How many dresses are there for each particular deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient urns, lamps, lachrymary vessels, Priapuses, household gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any of them has been described with in an ancient author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts of Terence, fancies that the larva, or the persona of the Roman actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at

Rome, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of actors, which are both in the Villa Mattei. One sees on them the fashion of the old sock and larva, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of Thalia, the comic muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little frizze, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

> Personam tragicam fortè vulpes viderat:
> O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!
>
> Lib. 1. Fab. 7

> As wily Renard walk'd the streets at night,
> On a tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,
> Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
> How vast a head is here without a brain?

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

> Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
> Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo. Lib. 3, ep. 43

> Why shouldst thou try to hide thyself in youth?
> Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
> And, laughing at so fond and vain a task,
> Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the bust of a young Nero, which shows us the form of an ancient Bulla on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that without estab-

lishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retiarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnirapus. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a cardinal. The Retiarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, according to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnirapus, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retiarius, as some learned men have supposed: on the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two Pinnæ, that stand up on either side like the wings in the petasus of a Mercury, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient *basso relievos*, statues, and medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attend the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior Antonio Polito's collection, a patera without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I had ever seen cut in marble

and I have observed, perhaps, several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the discus, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated Castor at Don Livio's, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

> Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus
> Tollere Tænarides *orbem* properabat———
> ——— De Hyacinthi disco. Ov. Met. lib. 10.

> Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
> Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding, there are so great a multitude of cloathed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides that, the Roman garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chissel. I observed, in abundance of *bas reliefs*, that the *cinctus gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that Ferrarius has made of it. *Cinctus gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio sudducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et strictiorem reddidit. De re Vestiar.* L. 1. c. 14. Lipsius's description of the Samnite armour, seems drawn out of the very words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of

armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence Fabretti* concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who, after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince Cesarini, I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where is supposed to have stood a villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustinas, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for, doubtless, there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old authors, as the places where such particular statues or obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the Palatine mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis

* Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis ———————————

CLAUD. DE SEXTO CONSULAT. HONORII.

The Palatine, poud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds to learn their doom;
To Delphi less th' inquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidst her guardian gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the prince Farnese, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up 'till he sees one of his own family in the chair.[1] There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made essays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However, they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the

[1] Important discoveries have been made on the Palatine since Addison wrote. Indeed so much of the old city has been brought to light within the last sixty years, that any commentary upon this section would run into a volume of itself.—G.

present architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers, are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a public register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches, for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine of all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water: besides, what the insolence of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new

channel for it, 'till they had cleared the old for its reception. The pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of Rome would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence free them from those frequent inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.[1]

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular deities and emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the gods or goddesses, as several of the Roman empresses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent emperor Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleopatra, the Narcissus, the Fawn leaning against the trunk of a tree,

[1] This project has been frequently revived, and was among those by which Pius VI. proposed to distinguish his pontificate.—G.

the boy with the bird in his hand, the Leda and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always look upon figures of this kind, as the copies of some celebrated masterpiece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes.[1] What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis, the Silenus with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Farnese, the Antinous, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the Venus of Medicis than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. It has always been usual for sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *basso relievos.* I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the rape of Proserpine for his device, where in one end you might see the god of the dead (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (Proserpine), and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several sarcophagi, that have inclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the sculp-

[1] The same custom obtains among modern sculptors, and there can be no doubt but that in ancient, as in modern Rome, there was a large class of artists who did nothing but copy the works of great masters.—G.

tors applied it promiscuously. I know there are authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprised to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus, and in the villa Pamphilia is seen a satyr coupling with a goat. There are, however, many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the basso relievos, without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's apotheosis, and consists of a groupe of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another by four or five different ascents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

> Ευρον δ' ἐυρυοπα χρονίδην ἄτερ ἥμενον ἄλλων·
> Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Ουλύμποιο.

> High on the topmost eminence sublime
> Of the deep-forked Olympian she perceived
> The Thunderer seated from the gods apart. COWPER.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles, as the other has an Aplustre to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the poet's feet are creeping a couple of mice, as an emblem of the Batrachomyomachia. Behind the chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper attributes, and putting a garland on the poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he

has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new god, and behind the victim a train of the several virtues that are represented in Homer's works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus, as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus, and Septimius Severus, the temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter tonans, Apollo and Faustina, the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla, or, according to Fabretti, of Galienus, of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Alexander Severus's baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious: nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Monsieur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman medalists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of medals with a very curious one, as large as a medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the Temple of

Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur Strozzi, brother to the duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great pieces of architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adriani, the Septizonium of Severus, the baths of Dioclesian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out, scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient statues, who compares them with medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in history and antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decypher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the kings and consuls, emperors and empresses, the deities and virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's cloathes, which the antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an hermaphrodite; but a learned medalist in Rome has lately fixed it to Clodius, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the Bona Dea in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a medal of the Clodian family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face, for I have seen this reverse on a medallion of Don Livio's cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marc. Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honour to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made too about this age, for he

died towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This entire figure, though not to be found in medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chausse, the author of the Museum Romanum, showed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest *intaglio* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners, than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of granite, serpentine, or porphyry, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Egypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is, indeed, a Milanese at Rome who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of porphyry worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of mines and quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental jaspe in St. Paulina's

chapel at St. Maria Maggiore; two of oriental granite in St. Pudenziana; one of transparent oriental jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco, in St. Cecilia Transtevere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental agate in Don Livio's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antique in the Villa Pamphilia. These are all entire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars, I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monsieur Desgodetz, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Egypt, and other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: others say that the ancients, knowing architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the *gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say the ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a

narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria in Transtevere, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that Palladio learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars, I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, of Trajan and Antonine. There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of Trajan's pillar. Where could an emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece of Antonine's pillar is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged.[1] The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the Æneid, which gives just such another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter.

> Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
> Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
> In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
> Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cælo cava nubila rumpit. Æn. 9.

> The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
> From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:

[1] It proves the storm unquestionably, but the story of the thundering legion had been rejected by the best critics even in Addison's day.—G.

Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground. DRYDEN.

I have seen a medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The emperor is entitled on it Germanicus, (as it was in the wars of Germany that this circumstance happened) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their legion. *Fulmen de cœlo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cùm sitî laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it.

——————————— Ad templa vocatus,
Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
Decidit: hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; seu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.
DE SEXTO CONS. HON

So mild Aurelius to the gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
When Latium from unnumber'd foes was freed:
Nor did he then by his own force succeed;
But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
The wild barbarian in the storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horse-man rag'd,
And spurr'd the steed, in equal flames engag'd:
Another pent in his scorch'd armour glow'd,
While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;

Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battle fought;
Whether dark magic and Chaldean charms
Had fill'd the skies, and set the gods in arms;
Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
Deserv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Egyptian histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world.[1] Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them heathens. There is, however, something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the emperor's vision. *Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod* instinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quàm*

[1] And yet how rich Champollion has shown them to be in history.—G

de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit. There is no statue of this emperor at Rome with a cross to it, though the ecclesiastical historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crown'd by a victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, shows us that architecture held up its head [1] after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprised not to find the cross in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the Roman churches and chapels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, sculp-

[1] Not very high, however, as the arch itself shows by the striking contrast between the workmanship of the age, and the parts which were taken from the arch of Trajan.—G.

ture, and architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave. For as the pope[1] is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at Rome any of these arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.[2]

I shall conclude my observations on Rome, with a letter of King Henry the Eighth to Ann of Bulleyn, transcribed out of the famous manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of Salisbury assures us is written with the king's own hand.

"The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your sister's mother, I have consigned to Walter Welsh to write to my Lord Manwring my mind therein, whereby I trust he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs take his natural daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours.

"HENRY."

[1] Clement XI. of the Albani family.—G.

[2] Fontenelle has a similar thought in his life of Corneille, "Les princes

These letters are always shown to an Englishman that visits the Vatican library.

TOWNS WITHIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME.

I spent three or four days on Tivoli, Frescati, Palestrina, and Albano. In our way to Tivoli I saw the rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he does the rivulet itself in the first.

> Quod siccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
> Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. 4. ep. 4.

> The drying marshes such a stench convey,
> Such the rank steams of reeking Albula.

> Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
> Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis. Lib. 1. ep. 5.

> As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
> Where Albula's sulphureous waters flow.

The little lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural curiosities about Rome. It lies in the very flat of Campania, and as it is the drain of these parts, it is no wonder that it is so impregnated with sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurf rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the islands, for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

et les ministres n'ont qu'à commander qu'il se forme des poètes, des peintres, tout ce qu'ils voudront, et ils se forment." But the history of art and literature tells a very different story.—G.

I question not but this lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the islands have been formed on it.[1] Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our horses' feet. I could not discover the least traces of the Sibyls Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this lake. Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supinum, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, entitles it Superbum. The [2] Villa de Medicis with its water-works, the cascade of the Teverone, and the ruins of the Sibyls temple (of which Vignola[3] has made a little copy at Peters de Montorio) are described in every itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, where the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and valleys. But the most enlivening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cas-

[1] In fact, the lake has already contracted from a mile in circumference to 134 metres.—G.

[2] I have let the name stand as it reads in the text both in Hurd's and Tickell's edition, though the villa meant is the Villa d'Este.—G.

[3] Addison probably meant to speak of the Tempietto built by Bramante Lazzaro, in 1502, in the court of the Convent of St. Pietro in Montorio upon the spot which an old tradition points out as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom.—G.

cades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

> Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
> Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
> Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. 1. Od. 7.

> Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
> Nor Lacedæmon charms me more,
> Than high Albunea's airy walls
> Resounding with her water-falls,
> And Tivoli's delightful shades,
> And Anio rolling in cascades,
> That through the flowery meadows glides,
> And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley before-mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to understand Silius Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus quà serpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud Anio's boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire the Tiber——————

At Frescati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was set thick with towns, villas, and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrata,[1] about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to Frescati. Nardini says, there was found among the ruins at Grotto Ferrata a piece of sculpture which Cicero himself mentions in one of his familiar epistles. In going to Frescati we had a fair view of Mount Algido.

On our way to Palæstrina we saw the lake Regillus,[2] famous for the apparition of Castor and Pollux, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the son-in-law of Tarquin. At some distance from it we had a view of the Lacus Gabinus, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for Rome, seeing it had occasion for so many aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expense of such

[1] Modern excavations have assigned a different position to this celebrated villa, higher up the hill and close to the walls of Tusculum.—G

[2] Now little more than a pool filled with weeds.—G.

an engine as that of Marli. Thus the Claudian aqueduct ran thirty-eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source, and the low situation of Rome. Palæstrina stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it *Altum*, and Horace, *Frigidum Præneste*. Statius calls it *Præneste Sacrum*, because of the famous Temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful Mosaic pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble.[1] The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a rhinoceros, of elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes, which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman Mosaic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses which the Italians call Smalti. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the workman pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of Mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the Nemus Dianæ. The whole country thereabouts is still overrun with woods and thickets. The lake of Nemi lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which, perhaps, together with the

The subject of this mosaic has given rise to long and learned discussions between the greatest archæologists from Montfaucon down to Fea. It is generally acknowledged that the scene is in Egypt.—G.

clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass.

——Speculumque Dianæ. VIRG.

Prince Cæsarini has a palace at Jensano,[1] very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through La Riccia, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi. There is nothing at Albano so remarkable as the prospect from the Capuchin's garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the Alban Lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circle of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the area of some vast amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Albano keeps up its credit still for wine, which, perhaps, would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives, there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli.[2]

[1] Properly *Genzano:* but I have been unwilling to change Addison's orthography of these names.—G.

[2] The modern traveller still admires the same view from the same spot, the Capuchin convent at the top of the long hill above Albano. The lake, however, is less than six Italian miles in circumference, and the expression, "continued circuit of high mountains" is incorrect. The banks are very high, steep, and covered with trees, except in that part which lies below the road from Castel Gandolfo to Marino. But the mountain lies on one side, and there indeed it rises grandly from the water's edge to the summit of Monte Cavi. The olive orchards are more abundant than they would seem to have been when Addison wrote, and the oil of a very fine quality. Most

——————Albani pretiosa senectus Juv. Sat. 13.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ.* Idem. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine;
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown. Bowles.

———Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ. Mar. lib. 5, ep. 1.

Albanæ——————Olivæ. Idem. lib. 9, ep. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Bajæ was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cœlum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. Sil. 4, 1.

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ. Mar. lib. 1, ep. 123.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat·
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculum or Algido repair;
Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

of the towns on this (the western) side of the mountain are celebrated for their wines, particularly Genzano and Marino.—G.

On the contrary, at present, Rome is never fuller of nobility than in summer time; for the country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last.[1] There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of October, in my way to Sienna, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient Veii.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: so literally is that noble prophecy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium.[2]

——————Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veïosque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coactâ
Invitus———————————————— Lib. 7

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lie;
Almighty Latium, with her cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated fable sound;
The Veïan and the Gabian tow'rs shall fall,
And one promiscuous ruin cover all.
Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay:

[1] The Italian season of villeggiatura is in spring and autumn; but Frascati, Albano, Ariccia, are thronged during the summer.—G.

[2] Now, however, the situation is ascertained, and extensive excavations have been made, bringing to light walls, tombs, inscriptions, and all the usual records of departed greatness.—G.

High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
(A lonely desert, and an empty land)
Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the lake Bacca, that gives rise to the Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abstulit una dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas. SIL. IT. lib. 1.

Fabius a num'rous-ancestry could tell,
Three hundred heroes that in battle fell,
Near the fam'd Cremera's disast'rous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit,[1] and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of islands, that are perhaps the two floating isles mentioned by Pliny, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Rome. At one end of this lake stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Æqui Falisci, Æn. 7, and on the side of it the town of the Volsinians, now called Bolsena.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis. JUV. Sat. 3.

——————Volsinium stood
Cover'd with mountains, and inclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they call a sarcophagus) very entire,

[1] 26¾ according to the measurement of Calindri.—G.

and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Aquapendente, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the pope's dominions from the great duke's. The frontier castle of Radicofani is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful vallies, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked psospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, that 'the pope has the flesh, and the great duke the bones of Italy.' Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a convent.

SIENNA, LEGHORN, PISA.

Sienna stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of gothic

architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense, that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raised either before or since that time.[1]

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and scripture stories: and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and overrun with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over-against this church stands a large hospital, erected by a shoemaker who has been beatified, though never sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed *sutor ultra crepidam.* I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the duke of Florence, so is it still supposed to retain many hankerings after

[1] Addison evidently had no taste for Gothic architecture, or he would not have spoken so slightingly of this masterpiece of art.—G

its ancient liberty: for this reason, when the keys and pageants of the duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. John Baptist's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctancy it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. Catherine of Sienna, who is the great saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: a traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Leghorn, where the two ports, the bagnio, and Donatelli's statue of the great duke,[1] amidst the four slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expense to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the duke of Tuscany receives from this single place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a free port. But, it is very well known how the great duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the merchants, drew

[1] A singular mistake. The statue of Ferdinand is by Giovanni dell opera, and the four slaves in bronze by Pietro Tacca.—G.

no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our English factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very ice merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pound sterling annually for his privilege, and the tobacco merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the great duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful vallies of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughters' portions, &c., increase, in all which the great duke comes in for a considerable share. The Lucquese, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Florentines long re

gretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their commonwealths. The town of Leghorn has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about,[a] for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: and as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder, therefore, that the great duke has such apprehensions of the pope's making Civita Vecchia a free port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to Leghorn. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The great duke's money was so well bestowed in the conclave, that several of the cardinals dissuaded the pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he had made at Antium, near Nettuno. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia were bought off, and when a poor capucin, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The present pope, however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our English merchants from Sicily and Naples, they would

[a] *To bring about.*

settle here His holiness has told some English gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at Rome, told me the pope has this design extremely at his heart; but that he fears the English will suffer nothing like a resident or consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no public character. This gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the French and Spanish cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal Janson refused to see him when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the pope on this subject. There is one great objection to Civita Vecchia, that the air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of inhabitants, the air of Leghorn having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the duke of Florence from his free port, have set several of the states of Italy on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the Genoese, who lie more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more inviting form of government than that of the church, or that of Florence. But as the port of Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from Leghorn into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, lest it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From Leghorn I went to Pisa, where there is still the shell of a great city, though not half furnished with inhabitants. The great church, baptistery, and leaning tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of Sienna. Half a day's journey more brought me into the republic of Lucca.

THE REPUBLIC OF LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *libertas.*

This republic is shut up in the great duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna.[1] The occasion is as follows.

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The great duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Lucquese to be seized that were found on a market-day in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the re-

[1] Lucca has at last become a part of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, thanks to the Congress of Vienna.—G.

public. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the great duke of what had passed, and approved of his proceedings, with orders to the Lucquese, by his governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to prince Eugene to desire the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The great duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low spirited, as they pretend, by the great duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty.[1] They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is

[1] The reader will remember the part which Lucca bears in the "Specimen of a newspaper in the Citizen of the World." "However, certain it is, we shall be able to bring into the field, at the opening of the next campaign, seventy-five armed men, a commander in chief, and two drummers of great experience."—G.

possible the great duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The great dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured, that should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremities, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak state within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the French king, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all public affairs: but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the fates, deities, or destinies; and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real

sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama t. ovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace[1] is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any where in Rome. I mean an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are, perhaps, the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel, but, if it needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek Π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their

[1] Palazzo Pitti.—G.

kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus, extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals, are also rare in marble, and, indeed, one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors' reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceased emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation, however, does not always hold. An Agrippa or Caligula, for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The Tiberius in Tiberim is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is in the same gallery a beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and

posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also, in porphyry, the head of a faun, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's *majoris pondera gemmæ.* There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto.* I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild boar, the Gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures, there is a fine one of Morpheus in touchstone. I have always observed, that this God is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands.

——————— Qualia namque
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, sed nè faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras Ov. Met. lib. 10

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loade quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the god of sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

> Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divûm,
> Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
> Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c.
>
> SILV. lib. 5.

> Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
> Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
> While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
> In the dead silence of the night complain,
> Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of sleep that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Ethiopians; which shows us that the statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

> Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.
>
> VIRG. GEORG. 4. DE NILO.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it

that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which, perhaps, is not to be met with any where else but on medals. She is cloathed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Capriná, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique model of the famous Laocöon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maimed. It was by the help of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocöon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt, however, whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac, and others to the labours of Hercules

——————— Ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circùm
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen ——————— VIRG. ÆN 12

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. DRYDEN.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last, stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: it is, notwithstanding, as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus puts me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams.

Γυμνὴν οἶδε Πάρις μὲ καὶ Ἀνχίσης καὶ Ἄδωνις
Τοὺς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνους. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked and expos'd to view;
All these I frankly own without denying:
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman statues, several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which, from the shoulders upwards, is incom

parable The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here, likewise, a very curious bust of Annius Verus, the young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The great duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the busts of Tranquillina, mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argenteria, the tabernacle of St. Lawrence's chapel, and the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Lawrence will be, perhaps, the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when compleated, but it advances so very slowly, that 'tis not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial place is finished.[1]

The great duke has lived many years separate from the duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the dukedom of Tuscany. The great prince has been married several years without any children, and notwithstanding all the précautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the prince his younger brother (as the finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and

[1] It is not yet finished.—G.

flower of her age and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples; the head of it has been owned as a kinsman of the great duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the princes, his sons, die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the commonwealths that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.[1]

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Lawrence, of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the "*Ille ego qui quondam*," &c. and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram.*——I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least, not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for, without such a machine to draw him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

> Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
> Culpatusve Paris——————— Æn. 2.

[1] It is well known that the *Great powers* took this question into their own hands, and placed a prince of the house of Austria on the Ducal throne.—G.

Florence, for modern statues, I think excels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bolonia runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Appennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

> Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
> Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
> Sese aperit, fessis, et nascitur altera moles. Lib. 3.

> From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
> In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
> But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
> And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Appennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

> ———Nubifer Appenninus. Ov. Met. lib. 2.

> ———Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.
> Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
> Italiæ, geminumque latus stringentia longè
> Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.
> Claud. de Sexto Cons. Hon.

> ———————————Mole nivali
> Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Appenninus. Sil. It. lib. 2

> Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
> Piniferum cœlo miscens caput Appenninus:
> Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celso
> Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ. Lib. 4. Id

Umbrosis mediam quà collibus Appenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quà vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiùsque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti. Luc. lib.

In pomp the shady Appennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
And see the billows rise on either side;
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continu'd streams the double sea supply.

BOLONIA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

After a very tedious journey over the Appennines, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river, we arrived in a short time at Bolonia.

————Parvique Bononia Rheni. Sil. It. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver me

dal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed Id. Mar. for the Ides of March, the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giouanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul, and St. John; and on the other, of Mary Magdalen and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new staircase that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me pass through the duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy, with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery, is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnish

ed with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a Pescennius Niger on a medallion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this emperor trifled away his time 'till he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus.* There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the reverses of the emperor Claudius. I saw two medallions of Plotina and Matidia, the reverse to each a Pietas; with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus;* and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent; and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The duke of Parma, however, is much richer than the duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry, upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect, in these small governments, a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy, may be easily put out

of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind, to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavoring, at his subjects' cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to out-vie[a] those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan on my right hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaëton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell us the poets have

[a] *Out-vie. To vye*, is to contend with; to *out-vye*, to *out-do* any one, in *vyeing* with him. But the word seems to be of an ill composition, and should not, I think, be used thus *absolutely*.—If employed at all, it should be in some such way as this: "in the affectation of pomp and pageantry he *outvied* others, *i. e.* in *this respect*, he strove or contended *beyond* them. I know not if Mr. Addison had any authority for the use of it:—he had, perhaps, done better to use the common word "*out-strip*."

not rightly followed the traditions of antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaëton into poplars, who ought to have been turned into larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cycnus into a swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaëton's family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

———Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultæque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans.
Clara noti convexa rigat.———————

CLAUDIAN, DE SEXTO CONS. HONORII.

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set th' unhappy Phaëton to view:

The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
And the whole fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies,
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the constellation wrote his tale.
A swan in memory of Cycnus shines:
The mourning sisters weep in wat'ry signs:
The burning chariot and the charioteer,
In bright Boötes and his wane appear;
Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the duke's palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes' warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through

their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piedmont and Savoy, at a time when the duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva,[1] and had a very easy journey over mount Cennis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabouts pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice, three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Appennines. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial basons; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinus, by the emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of

[1] It was on this occasion that he wrote the "Letter from Italy."—G.

history. In all our journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Appennines. The poet, perhaps, would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Appennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternùm grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratus nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores:
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes. SIL. IT. lib. 8.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'ns upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;

Thither the loud tempestuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrowds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

GENEVA AND THE LAKE.

Near St. Julian in Savoy the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the Alps may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the Leman lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The king of France is master of the whole country of Gex; and the canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are, however, at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the Alps surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of bason, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places

of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the kingdom of France, the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Berne, tne bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface; "Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts; which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of

woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine, however, on this side of the lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the duke keeps his gallies, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular, mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the fifth. He had been duke of Savoy, and, after a very glorious reign, took on him the habit of a hermit, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*, and the French, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the fourth. This promised fair at

first, but by the death of the emperor, who favored Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope, however, was still supported by the council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of pope Nicholas the fifth, but on the following conditions, that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal-legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. And lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognised by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Rapaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say that it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake, the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stone shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very

much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps that bordered upon us, vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If, therefore, it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the lake till its going out again at Geneva, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as clear as rock water at its going out. Besides that, it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river, indeed, preserves it-

self for about a quarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream till within about a quarter of a mile of Geneva. From the end of the lake to the source of the Rhone, is a valley of about four days' journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesins to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of Sion. We lodged the second night at Ville Neuve, a little town in the canton of Berne, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door.

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches with the following epitaph.

Siste gradum et respice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et protestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eidem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus

apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Depositorium.

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687, ætatis suæ 84.

The inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The duke of Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under the canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a baily, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own

body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened, that a cobbler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Berne, and made over to it by the treaty of St. Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris*, that Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town, I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several old Roman inscriptions, that there was such an one. Lucan, indeed, speaks of a part of Cæsar's army, that came to him from the Leman lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Deseruere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the King of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence

directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are near Geneva several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square inclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and, notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever winding it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the emperor's dis-

pleasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the States of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the King of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

FRIBOURG, BERNE, SOLEURRE, ZURICH, ST. GAUL, LINDAW, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton. Its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience, however, gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college

of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest, many Englishmen whom we name rebels, and they martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins, I saw the escargatoire, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a ragout of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a hermit these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several

parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Berne, a great part of them through woods of fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country, makes them mend their highways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the make of several of their barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was, their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is, perhaps, the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic architecture.

I saw the arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is, indeed, no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its history. Thus in that of Geneva, one meets with the ladders, petard, and other utensils which they made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French, in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Berne, you have the figure and armour of the count who founded the town, of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here, likewise, saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show, too, abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Æneid.

> Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
> Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is, indeed, no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the Duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from among the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Berne."

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuits' church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are

the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Comptè.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Berne, to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprise to find in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. * What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevy, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the soldiers of the Catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and, therefore, forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little Roman catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a republic of itself, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils

and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons their protectors. They have three councils, the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there, the reigning avoyer, or the doge of the commonwealth, was son to the inn-keeper where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pound a year. The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped overhead like the rest in Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pound sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Switzerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the arsenal, the library, and the town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found

in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of anagram and acrostic. The library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge map of the country of Zurich drawn with a pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich we entered onthe territories of the abbot of St. Gaul. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. He is always chosen out of the abby of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was cardinal Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about two years before his death. The abbot takes the advice and consent of his chapter, before he enters on any matters of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the grand *maître d' hôtel*, or high steward of the household, who is named by the abbot, and has the management of all affairs

under him. There are several other judges and distributers of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich Bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state is its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about them, furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artisans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand souls, of which there are sixteen hundred bourgeois. They chuse their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the bourgeois, as in the other governments of Switzerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abby and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general diet of the cantons their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The abbot deputes

his grand *maître d' hôtel*, and the town one of its burgomasters.

About four years ago the town and abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back door of the convent, that immediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town, that had appeared too forward in the dispute, to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that, as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the abby. The citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants, for so many the abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestants, subjects of the abby, who, they say, make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their

prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches, proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abby is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the ancient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and. in short, the superstition, credulity, and childishness of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the King of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abby of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not ac

knowledging the Duke of Anjou for King of Spain. The town and abbey of St. Gaul carry a bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country a little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and, at his departure, was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the monk, the bear lived irreproachably, and observed, to his dying day, the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reigns in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union, and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the inhab-

itants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so, indeed, it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequences of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for, notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the ministers are always preaching, and the governors putting out edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many refugees settled among them; for, though the Protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of

manners, than those of the same quality who are of the Roman Catholic communion, they have, however, too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expences out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a common-wealth to sale, if they find any foreign power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a republic more than in that of the ancient Romans, who[a] immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their common-wealth strange instances of the contempt of money, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the common-wealth. It is no wonder, therefore, the poor common-wealths of Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppressing and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the sev-

[a] *Who.* The relative, "*Who*" has a *person* for its antecedent—it should, therefore, have been: "*Who* found *herself* poor," or, "*which* found *itself* poor."

eral fines that are set upon plays, games, balls, and feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black cloak and a band. The women's dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Berne, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation so that it is common enough to see a country man in doublet and breeches of his great-grand-father.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the Protestant cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court

to the King of France at present, may some time or other give him inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little common-wealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the little council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue at a small expence of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and public houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the common-wealth, which pays the pensions of most of its officers and ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at taverns and public houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to divide their

estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the republic, for, as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year, might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the French king, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the reformation. The ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have, indeed, the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those of the church of England, who followed their master to St. Germains, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have

often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the canton of Berne there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds, indeed, the same humour prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or, whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and, perhaps, too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at present is the Prince of Conti's succession to the Duchess of Nemours in the government of Neuf-Chatel. The inhabitants of Neuf-Chatel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a prince who is a Roman Catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neuf-Chatel. But, notwithstanding[a] it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in the country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and, particularly in the

[a] *Notwithstanding. Notwithstanding*, may be followed by a whole sentence, or by a substantive; but it is not right to turn the several parts of the same period, so differently. It should be,—"Notwithstanding the interest he had, and the assurances he had given," or, "Notwithstanding [that] it was so much his interest to manage, and, that he had given the strongest assurances to protect."

free exercise of their religion, he made over his principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the King of France. It is, indeed, generally believed the Prince of Conti would rather still have kept his title to Orange, but the same respect which induced him to quit this government, might, at another time, tempt him to give up that of Neuf-Chatel on the like conditions. The King of Prussia lays in his claim for Neuf-Chatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the Duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The Protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies whilst the King of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compté to be seized on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the Protestant cantons. The professors of it call themselves Pietists, and as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of Christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret elapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour

all his secret intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniences and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope and delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Protestants of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has occasioned several edicts against it in the duchy of Saxony. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both sexes under pretence of devout conversation visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman Catholics who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Roman Catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all

those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a fanatic, is in the Roman church a religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English merchant at Lisbon, who after some great disappointments in the world was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake at Lindaw, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehen

sions of the Duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their bridge they could hold out against his army; but, in all probability a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to surren der. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Ausburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tirol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tirol, and following the course of the river Inn we came to Inspruck; that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tirol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the arch-dukes who were counts of Tirol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest menage that I have met with any where else At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They shewed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was de-

signed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Modena to Vienna. The compliment which the fathers made her majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court. For the arms of Hanover being a horse, the fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let nobody get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace, which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they shewed us the portrait of Mary Queen of the Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an Arch-duke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of jetteaus at a small expence in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late Duke of Lorrain had this palace, and the government of the Tirol, assigned him by the emperor, and his lady the queen dowager of Poland lived here several years after the death of the duke her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the Duke of Lorrain used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They shewed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was arch-duke and count of Tirol about fourscore years ago. This prince at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigor and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private

lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fretwork, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and shew in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the First, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grandson Ferdinand the First, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low Countries to the house of Austria, so by matching his son to Joane of Arragon, he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and by the marriage of his grandson Ferdinand got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bas-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty-four square pannels of sculpture in bas-relief; the subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the Eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents King Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question, therefore, but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused Catharine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the First. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture, but at the same time that the architect has shewn his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see

very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments, indeed, are taken from them, but so put together that you see the volutes of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the uovali of the Doric mixed without any regularity on the same capital. So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with so many little tricks in sculpture. It is, indeed, supported with single columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in Gothic cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shewn the little Notredame that is handsomely designed, and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the empire after having overrun most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stands the castle of Amras, furnished with a prodigious quantity of medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his letters to the Duke of Wirtemberg, having myself had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its saltworks. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they

have hewn down any quantities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of Hall, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt, that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt-works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tirol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt-works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor: the rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above Hall, and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt-works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals

which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuffstain, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from Kuffstain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tirol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tirol lies inclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distribution of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to Vienna.

The inhabitants of the Tirol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c., a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides that their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of his mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which are so advantageously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the vallies and avenues that lie about them. Besides, that the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was, therefore, generally thought the Duke of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince Eugene; or the forcing his way through the Tirol into Italy. The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through Bavaria, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS TO THE ESSAY ON THE GEORGICS.

This piece was originally published as a preface to Dryden's Translation, with a compliment to the "ingenious" author, who had requested that his name should be concealed. Tickell republished it in his edition, with a very ill-timed hint that Dryden meant to take the credit of it to himself (v. Tickell's Preface, p. —). Steele, who was watching for an opportunity to fall upon Tickell, immediately took up the cudgel for Dryden in his epistle to Congreve, and very easily showed that the great poet had done every thing that the occasion required and Addison would let him. And there the question remained.

Still this little piece was destined to be the subject of further discussion, or rather of contradictory opinions. The ground only was changed Tickell calls it an "exquisite piece of criticism." Johnson says, "It is juvenile, superficial, and uninstructive, without much either of the scholar's learning or the critic's penetration. (v. Johnson's Addison, p 72). Ogle, after telling us that this difference of opinion "is a lesson of warning to those who either allow the predilections of friendship to overrule the judgment, or permit their opinions of the works of others to be formed by the fiat of an individual critic, whatever may be his character," gravely concludes that "Perhaps the truth is to be found between these conflicting opinions." (Ogle's Life of Addison, pp. 16, 17). Miss Aikin is more decided:—"The Essay on the Georgics, though interesting almost solely as the trial piece of Addison in a kind of writing of which he afterwards became so eminent a master, has nothing, however, in the style to mark it as a juvenile composition. The diction is very elegant, but rather tame. The tone of the remarks is calm, judicious, and tasteful; and though the piece exhibits no depth of thought or of learning, it answers the most valuable end of popular criticism: that of recommending and pointing out to the observation of inexperienced readers the characteristic excellences of a great master and a noble work."

The last opinion is probably the nearest to the truth. The remarks in this Essay are judicious and suggestive, if not profound, and prepare you to enter with pleasure upon the perusal of the poem. The style shows how carefully Addison had cultivated the art of writing, and it will always be read with interest as the earliest printed specimen of his prose.—G

ESSAY[a] ON VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

VIRGIL may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three of the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics, but I thing all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The truth of it is, the sweetness and rusticity of a pastoral cannot be so well expressed in any other tongue as in the Greek, when rightly mixed and qualified with the Doric dialect; nor can the majesty of an heroic poem any where appear so well as in this language, which has a natural greatness in it, and can be often rendered more deep and sonorous by the pronunciation of the Ionians. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pas-

[a] It is to be observed, that this agreeable essay was written so early as 1693, that is, when the author, at most, was but in his *one-and-twentieth year;* yet the style is so exact, that it wants but little of being absolutely faultless. One or two *words* have, indeed, lost the grace, and, in some degree, the sense which they had in the writer's days: and in one, or two *expressions,* there is some degree of inaccuracy.—But I leave it to the reader, as an exercise of his taste, to discover these instances.

torals and Æneids, but the Georgics are a subject which none of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration, most of them passing it over in silence, or casting it under the same head with pastoral; a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the style of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd is in pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place; the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a poet. No rules, therefore, that relate to pastoral, can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry, which consists in giving plain and direct instructions to the reader; whether they be moral duties, as those of Theognis and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of subjects, that which the Georgics go upon, is I think the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. Precepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from ideas of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has indeed sensible objects to work upon, but then it often puzzles the reader with the intricacy of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, addresses itself wholly to the imagination: it is altogether conversant among the fields and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, whilst it teaches us; and makes the dryest of its precepts look like a description. A Georgic, therefore is some part of the science of

husbandry put into a pleasing dress, and set off with all the beauties and embellishments of poetry. Now since this science of husbandry is of a very large extent, the poet shews his skill in singling out such precepts to proceed on, as are useful, and at the same time most capable of ornament. Virgil was so well acquainted with this secret, that to set off his first Georgic, he has run into a set of precepts, which are almost foreign to his subject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the signs in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be so much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them; that they may fall in after each other by a natural unforced method, and shew themselves in the best and most advantageous light. They should all be so finely wrought together in the same piece, that no coarse seam may discover where they join; as in a curious brede of needle-work, one colour falls away by such just degrees, and another rises so insensibly, that we see the variety, without being able to distinguish the total vanishing of the one from the first appearance of the other. Nor is it sufficient to range and dispose this body of precepts into a clear and easy method, unless they are delivered to us in the most pleasing and agreeable manner: for there are several ways of conveying the same truth to the mind of man; and to chuse the pleasantest of these ways, is that which chiefly distinguishes poetry from prose, and makes Virgil's rules of husbandry pleasanter to read than Varro's. Where the prose-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a description, and represents his countryman performing the action in which he would instruct his reader. Where the one sets out as fully and distinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth, which he would communicate to us; the other singles out the most pleasing circumstance of this truth, and so conveys the whole in a more di-

verting manner to the understanding. I shall give one instance, out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may see the different ways Virgil has taken to express the same thing, and how much pleasanter every manner of expression is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the second Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other.

> Et sæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
> Vertere in alterius, mutatamque insita mala
> Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.
> ——— Steriles Platani malos gessere valentes
> Castaneæ fagos, ornusque incanuit albo
> Flore pyri: Glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
> ——— Nec longum tempus: et ingens
> Exiit ad cælum ramis felicibus arbos;
> Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Here we see the poet considered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the most surprise, and by consequence, the most delight in it, to express the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in use among the poets, and is particularly practised by Virgil, who loves to suggest a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us see just so much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the understanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters as it were through a by-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own discoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and seems to work out the rest by the strength of her own faculties.

But since the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tiresome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment,

the poet must take care not to encumber his poem with too much business; but sometimes to relieve the subject with a moral reflection, or let it rest awhile for the sake of a pleasant and pertinent digression. Nor is it sufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digressions (as it is generally thought) unless they are brought in aptly, and are something of a piece with the main design of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance, at least, to the subject, that so the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We should never quite lose sight of the country, though we are sometimes entertained with a distant prospect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's descriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulness of Italy, of a country-life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally rise out of the principal argument and design of the poem. I know no one digression in the Georgics that may seem to contradict this observation, besides that in the latter end of the first book, where the poet launches out into a discourse of the battle of Pharsalia, and the actions of Augustus: but it is worth while to consider how admirably he has turned the course of his narration into its proper channel, and made his husbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in those inimitable lines,

> Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
> Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
> Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:
> Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
> Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

And afterwards speaking of Augustus's actions, he still remembers that agriculture ought to be some way hinted at through the whole poem.

> ——————— Non ullus aratro
> Dignus honos: squalent abductis arva colonis:
> Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.

We now come to the style which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet must lay out all his strength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he describes may immediately present itself, and rise up to the reader's view. He ought in particular to be careful of not letting his subject debase his style, and betray him into a meanness of expression, but every where to keep up his verse in all the pomp of numbers, and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk, should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, have any place in such a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse; and every where else abounds with metaphors, Grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more strong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been by the very sight of what he describes.

I shall now, after this short scheme of rules, consider the different success that Hesiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us some further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Hesiod; if we may guess at his character from his writings, he had much more of

the husbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was probably for his great prudence the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction, avoids all manner of digressions, and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanac in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sun-shine in the next description. His descriptions, indeed, have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her simplicity and undress. Thus when he speaks of January; "The wild beasts," says he, "run shivering through the woods with their heads stooping to the ground, and their tails clapt between their legs; the goats and oxen are almost flea'd with cold; but it is not so bad with the sheep, because they have a thick coat of wool about them. The old men too are bitterly pincht with the weather, but the young girls feel nothing of it, who sit at home with their mothers by a warm fire-side." Thus does the old gentleman give himself up to a loose kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a just poetical description. Nor has he shewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are sown so very thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often so minute and full of circumstances, that they weaken and unnerve his verse. But after all, we are beholden to him for the first rough sketch of a Georgic: where we may still discover something venerable in the anticness of the work; but if we would see the design en-

larged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finished, we must expect it from a greater master's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such a variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other, something of a rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur, he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images which he found in the original.

The second book has more wit in it, and a greater boldness in its metaphors than any of the rest. The poet with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, desire, and the like, to his trees. The last Georgic has, indeed, as many metaphors, but not so daring as this; for human thoughts and passions may be more naturally ascribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleasures of a country life, as they are described by Virgil in the latter end of the book, can scarce be of Virgil's mind in preferring even the life of a philosopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his description, for he seems to have been in a sweat at the writing of it.

> ————O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi
> Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleasures, the

coolness of his shades and rivers, vales and grottos, which a more northern poet would have omitted for the description of a sunny hill, and fire-side.

The third Georgic seems to be the most laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and spirit in the description of the horse and chariot-race. The force of love is represented in noble instances, and very sublime expressions. The Scythian winter-piece appears so very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can scarce look on it without shivering. The murrain at the end has all the expressiveness that words can give. It was here that the poet strained hard to out-do Lucretius in the description of his plague, and if the reader would see what success he had, he may find find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil seems no where so well pleased, as when he is got among his bees in the fourth Georgic: and ennobles the actions of so trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the most important concerns of mankind. His verses are not in a greater noise and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two swarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to those of bees and pismires, here he compares the labours of the bees to those of the Cyclops. In short, the last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well shewed what the poet could do in the description of what was really great, by his describing the mock-grandeur of an insect with so good a grace. There is more pleasantness in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the spacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The speech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was, indeed, very fit to conclude so divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics I should in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are some few parts in it

that are not so beautiful as the rest, I shall not presume to name them, as rather suspecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay so long under Virgil's correction, and had his last hand put to it. The first Georgic was probably burlesqued in the author's life-time; for we still find in the scholiasts a verse that ridicules part of a line translated from Hesiod. *Nudus ara, sede nudus*—And we may easily guess at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever he was, from his censuring this particular precept. We may be sure Virgil would not have translated it from Hesiod, had he not discovered some beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before observed to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept so indirectly, and singling out the particular circumstance of sowing and plowing naked, to suggest to us that these employments are proper only in the hot season of the year.

I shall not here compare the style of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may see already done in the preface to the second volume of Miscellany Poems; but shall conclude this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind, but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but those of the Georgic are more exquisite. In short, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity

A DISCOURSE

ON

ANCIENT AND MODERN LEARNING.[a]

[Originally printed in 1739 from a MSS. that had belonged to Lord Somerset.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[THIS Discourse is not in Tickell's edition, a somewhat remarkable circumstance, when we consider the pains he took to procure the Essay on the Georgics. Hurd attributes it to Addison by the internal evidence The subject was probably suggested by the dispute started by Temple's essay, which was still fresh in every body's memory, and which was followed by the still memorable controversy between Bentley and Boyle.—G.]

THE present age seems to have a very true taste of polite learning, and perhaps takes the beauties of an ancient author, as much as 'tis possible for it at so great a distance of time. It may, therefore, be some entertainment to us to consider what pleasure the cotemporaries and countrymen of our old writers found in their works, which we at present are not capable of; and whether at the same time the moderns may not have some advantages peculiar to themselves, and discover several graces that arise merely from the antiquity of an author.

[a] There can be no doubt of the genuineness of this piece. The internal marks of its author are many and unequivocal; as must, I think, appear to every attentive reader who has any acquaintance with Mr. Addison's style and manner. But I should guess that it was drawn up by him in his younger days, and that it was not retouched, or at least finished by him. The reason might be, that he had afterwards worked up the principal observations of this piece into his critical papers on Milton.

And here the first and most general advantage the ancients had over us, was, that they knew all the secret history of a composure: what was the occasion of such a discourse or poem, whom such a sentence aimed at, what person lay disguised in such a character: for by this means they could see their author in a variety of lights, and receive several different entertainments from the same passage. We, on the contrary, can only please ourselves with the wit or good sense of a writer, as it stands stripped of all those accidental circumstances that at first helped to set it off; we have him but in a single view, and only discover such essential standing beauties as no time or years can possibly deface.

I do not question but Homer, who in the diversity of his characters has far excelled all other heroic poets, had an eye on some real persons who were then living, in most of them. The description of Thersites is so spiteful and particular, that I cannot but think it one of his own, or his country's enemies in disguise, as on the contrary his Nestor looks like the figure of some ancient and venerable patriot: an effeminate fop, perhaps, of those times lies hid in Paris, and a crafty statesman in Ulysses: Patroclus may be a compliment on a celebrated friend, and Agamemnon the description of a majestic prince. Ajax, Hector, and Achilles, are all of them valiant, but in so different a manner as perhaps has characterized the different kinds of heroism that Homer had observed in some of his great cotemporaries. Thus far we learn from the poet's life, that he endeavoured to gain favour and patronage by his verse; and it is very probable he thought of this method of ingratiating himself with particular persons as he has made the drift of the whole poem a compliment on his country in general.

And to shew us, that this is not a bare conjecture only, we are told in the account that is left us of Homer, that he inserted

the very names of some of his cotemporaries. Tychius and Mentor in particular are very neatly celebrated in him. The first of these was an honest cobler, who had been very kind and serviceable to the poet, and is therefore advanced in his poem, to be Ajax's shield-maker. The other was a great man in Ithica, who for his patronage and wisdom has gained a very honourable post in the Odysses, where he accompanies his great countryman in his travels, and gains such a reputation for his prudence, that Minerva took his shape upon her when she made herself visible. Themius was the name of Homer's schoolmaster, but the poet has certainly drawn his own character under, when he sets him forth as a favourite of Apollo, that was deprived of his sight, and used to sing the noble exploits of the Grecians.

Virgil too may well be supposed to give several hints in his poem, which we are not able to take, and to have lain[a] many bye designs and under-plots, which are too remote for us to look into distinctly at so great a distance: but as for the characters of such as lived in his own time, I have not so much to say of him as Homer. He is indeed very barren in this part of his poem, and has but little varied the manners of the principal persons in it. His Æneas is a compound of valour and piety, Achates calls himself his friend, but takes no occasion of shewing himself so; Mnesteus, Sergestus, Gyas, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the same stamp and character.

———Fortemq; Gyan, fortemq; Cloanthum.

Besides, Virgil was so very nice and delicate a writer, that probably he might not think his compliment to Augustus so great, or so artfully concealed, if he had scattered his praises

[a] *To have lain.* The perfect participle of *lay* is *laid*, not *lain*, which is the perfect participle of the verb *lie*. The same blunder occurs in his notes on Ovid, "—till he had *lain* aside the circle of rays"—speaking of Phœbus in the story of Phaeton. But see the note on that place

more promiscuously, and made his court to others in the same poem. Had he entertained any such design, Agrippa must in justice have challenged the second place, and if Agrippa's representative had been admitted, Æneas would have had very little to do; which would not have redounded much to the honour of his emperor. If, therefore, Virgil has shadowed any great persons besides Augustus in his characters, they are to be found only in the meaner actors of his poem, among the disputers for a petty victory in the fifth book, and perhaps in some few other places. I shall only mention Iopas the philosophical musician at Dido's banquet, where I cannot but fancy some celebrated master complimented, for methinks the epithet Crinitus is so wholly foreign to the purpose, that it perfectly points at some particular person; who, perhaps, (to pursue a wandering guess) was one of the Grecian performers, then in Rome, for besides that they were the best musicians and philosophers, the termination of the name belongs to their language, and the epithet is the same [Καρηκομόωντες] that Homer gives to his countrymen in general.

Now that we may have a right notion of the pleasure we have lost on this account, let us only consider the different entertainment we of the present age meet with in Mr. Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, from what an English reader will find an hundred years hence, when the figures of the persons concerned are not so lively and fresh in the minds of posterity. Nothing can be more delightful than to see two characters facing each other all along and running parallel through the whole piece, to compare feature with feature, to find out the nice resemblance in every touch, and to see where the copy fails, and where it comes up to the original. The reader cannot but be pleased to have an acquaintance thus rising by degrees in his imagination, for whilst the mind is busy in applying every particular, and adjusting the several parts of the description, it is not a little delighted with

its discoveries, and feels something like the satisfaction of an author from his own composure.

What is here said of Homer and Virgil holds very strong in the ancient satirists and authors of dialogues, but especially of comedies. What could we have made of Aristophanes's clouds, had he not told us on whom the ridicule turned; and we have good reason to believe we should have relished it more than we do, had we known the design of each character, and the secret intimations in every line. Histories themselves often come down to us defective on this account, where the writers are not full enough to give us a perfect notion of occurrences, for the tradition, which at first was a comment on the story, is now quite lost, and the writing only preserved for the information of posterity.

I might be very tedious on this head, but I shall only mention another author who, I believe, received no small advantage from this consideration, and that is Theophrastus, who probably has shown us several of his cotemporaries in the representation of his passions and vices; for we may observe in most of his characters, something foreign to his subject, and some other folly or infirmity mixing itself with the principal argument of his discourse. His eye seems to have been so attentively fixed on the person in whom the vanity reigned, that other circumstances of his behaviour besides those he was to describe insinuated themselves unawares, and crept insensibly into the character. It was hard for him to extract a single folly out of the whole mass, without leaving a little mixture in the separation: so that his particular vice appears something discoloured in the description, and his discourse, like a glass set to catch the image of any single object, gives us a lively resemblance of what we look for; but at the same time returns a little shadowy landscape of the parts that lie about it.

And, as the ancients enjoyed no small privilege above us, in

knowing the persons hinted at in several of their authors; so they received a great advantage, in seeing often the pictures and images that are frequently described in many of their poets. When Phidias had carved out his Jupiter, and the spectator stood astonished at so awful and majestic a figure, he surprised them more, by telling them it was a copy: and, to make his words true, showed them the original, in that magnificent description of Jupiter, towards the latter end of the first Iliad. The comparing both together probably discovered secret graces in each of them, and gave new beauty to their performances: thus in Virgil's first Æneid, where we see the representation of rage bound up, and chained in the temple of Janus:

——————————— Furor impius intus
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

Though we are much pleased with so wonderful a description, how must the pleasure double on those who could compare the poet and the statuary together, and see which had put most horror and distraction into his figure. But we, who live in these lower ages of the world, are such entire strangers to this kind of diversion, that we often mistake the description of a picture for an allegory, and do not so much as know when it is hinted at. Juvenal tells us, a flatterer will not stick to compare a weak pair of shoulders to those of Hercules, when he lifts up Antæus from the earth. Now, what a forced, unnatural similitude does this seem, amidst the deep silence of scholiasts and commentators? But how full of life and humour, if we may suppose it alluded to some remarkable statue of these two champions, that perhaps stood in a public place of the city? There is now in Rome a very ancient statue entangled in a couple of marble serpents, and so exactly cut in Laocoon's posture and circumstances, that we

may be sure Virgil drew after the statuary, or the statuary after Virgil: and if the poet was the copyer, we may be sure it was no small pleasure to a Roman, that could see so celebrated an image outdone in the description.

I might here expatiate largely on several customs that are now forgotten, though often intimated by ancient authors; and particularly, on many expressions of their cotemporary poets, which they had an eye upon in their reflections, though we at present know nothing of the business. Thus Ovid begins the second book of his elegies, with these two lines:

> Hæc quoque scribebam Pelignis natus aquosis,
> Ille ego nequitiæ Naso poeta meæ.

How far these may prove the four verses prefixed to Virgil's Æneid genuine, I shall not pretend to determine: but I dare say Ovid in this place hints at them if they are so, and I believe every reader will agree that the humour of these lines would be very much heightened by such an allusion, if we suppose a love adventure ushered in with an *Ille Ego*, and taking its rise from something like a preface to the Æneid. Guesses might be numberless on this occasion, and though sometimes they may be grounded falsely, yet they often give a new pleasure to the reader, and throw in abundance of light on the more intricate and obscure passages of an ancient author.

But there is nothing we want more direction in at present than the writings of such ancient authors as abound with humour, especially where the humour runs in a kind of cant, and a particular set of phrases. We may indeed in many places, by the help of a good scholiast, and skill in the customs and language of a country, know that such phrases are humorous, and such a metaphor drawn from a ridiculous custom; but at the same time the ridicule flags, and the mirth languishes to a modern reader, who is not so

conversant and familiar with the words and ideas that lie before him; so that the spirit of the jest is quite palled and deadened, and the briskness of an expression lost to an ear[a] that is so little accustomed to it. This want of discerning between the comical and serious style of the ancients, has run our modern editors and commentators into a senseless affectation of Terence's and Plautus's phrases, when they desire to appear pure and classical in their language: so that you often see the grave pedant making a buffoon of himself, where he least designs it, and running into light and trifling phrases, where he would fain appear solemn and judicious.

Another great pleasure the ancients had beyond us, if we consider them as the poet's countrymen, was, that they lived as it were upon the spot, and within the verge of the poem; their habitations lay among the scenes of the Æneid; they could find out their own country in Homer, and had every day, perhaps, in their sight the mountain or field where such an adventure happened, or such a battle was fought. Many of them had often walked on the banks of Helicon, or the sides of Parnassus, and knew all the private haunts and retirements of the muses: so that they lived as it were on fairy ground, and conversed in an enchanted region, where every thing they looked upon appeared romantic, and gave a thousand pleasing hints to their imaginations. To consider Virgil only in this respect: how must a Roman have been pleased, that was well acquainted with the capes and promontories, to see the original of their names as they stand derived from Misenus, Palinurus, and Cajeta? That could follow the poet's motions, and attend his hero in all his marches from place to place? that was very well acquainted with the lake Amsanctus, where the fury sunk, and could lead you to the mouth

[a] *The briskness of an expression lost to an ear.* One may swear to the author from this mode of expression.

of the cave where Æneas took his descent for hell? Their being conversant with the place where the poem was transacted, gave them a greater relish than we can have at present of several parts of it; as it affected their imaginations more strongly, and diffused through the whole narration a greater air of truth. The places stood as so many marks and testimonies to the veracity of the story that was told of them, and helped the reader to impose upon himself in the credibility of the relation. To consider only that passage in the 8th Æneid, where the poet brings his hero acquainted with Evander, and gives him a prospect of that circuit of ground, which was afterwards covered with the metropolis of the world. The story of Cacus, which he there gives us at large, was probably raised on some old confused tradition of the place, and if so, was doubly entertaining to a Roman, when he saw it worked up into so noble a piece of poetry, as it would have pleased an Englishman, to have seen in Prince Arthur any of the old traditions of Guy varied and beautified in an episode, had the chronology suffered the author to have led his hero into Warwickshire on that occasion. The map of the place, which was afterwards the seat of Rome, must have been wonderfully pleasing to one that lived upon it afterwards, and saw all the alterations that happened in such a compass of ground: two passages in it are inimitably fine, which I shall here transcribe, and leave the reader to judge what impressions they made on the imagination of a Roman, who had every day before his eyes the capitol and the forum.

Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et capitolia ducit
Aurea nunc, olim silvestribus horrida dumis.
Jam tum Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes
Dira loci, jam tum silvam saxumq; tremebant.
Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
Quis Deus, incertum est, habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
Credunt se vidisse Jovem: Cum sæpe nigrantem
Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosq; cieret.

And afterwards,

———ad tecta subibant
Pauperis Evandri, passimq; armenta videbant
Romanoq; foro et lautis mugire carinis.

There is another engaging circumstance that made Virgil and Homer more particularly charming to their own countrymen, than they can possibly appear to any of the moderns; and this they took hold of by chusing their heroes out of their own nation: for by this means they have humoured and delighted the vanity of a Grecian or Roman reader, they have powerfully engaged him on the hero's side, and made him, as it were, a party in every action; so that the narration renders him more intent, the happy events raise a greater pleasure in him, the passionate part more moves him, and in a word, the whole poem comes more home, and touches him more nearly, than it would have done, had the scene lain in another country, and a foreigner been the subject of it. No doubt but the inhabitants of Ithaca preferred the Odysses to the Iliad, as the Myrmidons, on the contrary, were not a little proud of their Achilles. The men of Pylos probably could repeat word for word the wise sentences of Nestor: and we may well suppose Agamemnon's countrymen often pleased themselves with their prince's superiority in the Greek confederacy. I believe therefore, no Englishman reads Homer or Virgil with such an inward triumph of thought, and such a passion of glory, as those who saw in them the exploits of their own countrymen or ancestors. And here, by the way, our Milton has been more universally engaging in the choice of his persons, than any other poet can possibly be. He has obliged all mankind, and related the whole species[a] to the two chief actors in his poem. Nay, what is

[a] *Related the whole species*, &c. We say, one man is *related* to another, but we do not use the verb *relate* actively, in the sense here given to it. He should have said—"he has obliged all mankind by making the whole species related to the two chief actors of his poem."

infinitely more considerable, we behold in him, not only our ancestors, but our representatives. We are really engaged in their adventures; and have a personal interest in their good or ill success. We are not only their offspring, but sharers in their fortunes; and no less than our own eternal happiness, or misery, depends on their single conduct: so that every reader will here find himself concerned, and have all his attention and solicitude raised, in every turn and circumstance of the whole poem.

If the ancients took a greater pleasure in the reading of their poets than the moderns can, their pleasure still rose higher in the perusal of their orators; though this I must confess proceeded not so much from their precedence to us in respect of time, as judgment. Every city among them swarmed with rhetoricians, and every senate-house was almost filled with orators; so that they were perfectly well versed in all the rules of rhetoric, and perhaps knew several secrets in the art that let them into such beauties of Demosthenes, or Cicero, as are not yet discovered by a modern reader. And this I take to have been the chief reason of that wonderful efficacy we find ascribed to the ancient oratory, from what we meet with in the present; for, in all arts, every man is most moved with the perfection of them, as he understands them best. Now, the rulers of Greece and Rome had generally so well accomplished themselves in the politer parts of learning, that they had a high relish of a noble expression, were transported with a well-turned period, and not a little pleased to see a reason urged in its full force. They knew how proper such a passage was to affect the mind, and by admiring it, insensibly begot in themselves such a motion as the orator desired. The passion arose in them unawares, from their considering the aptness of such words to raise it. Accordingly, we find the force of Tully's eloquence shewed itself most on Cæsar, who probably understood it best; and Cicero himself was so affected with Demos-

thenes, that 'tis no wonder when he was asked, which he thought the best of his orations, he should reply, The longest. But now the generality of mankind are so wholly ignorant of the charms of oratory, that Tully himself, who guided the lords of the whole earth at his pleasure, were he now living, and a speaker in a mod ern assembly, would not, with all that divine pomp and heat of eloquence, be able to gain over one man to his party. The vulgar, indeed, of every age, are equally moved by false strains of rhetoric, but they are not the persons I am here concerned to account for.

The last circumstance I shall mention, which gave the ancients a greater pleasure in the reading of their own authors than we are capable of, is that knowledge they had of the sound and harmony of their language, which the moderns have at present a very imperfect notion of. We find, even in music, that different nations have different tastes of it, and those who most agree have some particular manner and graces proper to themselves, that are not so agreeable to a foreigner; whether or no it be that, as the temper of the climates varies, it causes an alteration in the animal spirits, and the organs of hearing; or as such passions reign most in such a country, so the sounds are most pleasing that most affect those passions; or that the sounds which the ear has ever been most accustom'd to, insensibly conform the secret texture of it to themselves, and wear in it such passages as are best fitted for their own reception; or, in the last place, that our national prejudice and narrowness of mind, makes every thing appear odd to us that is new and uncommon; whether any one, or all of these reasons may be looked upon as the cause, we find by certain experience, that what is tuneful in one country is harsh and ungrateful in another. And if this consideration holds in musical sounds, it does much more in those that are articulate, because there is a greater variety of syllables than of notes, and the ear is more ac

customed to speech than songs. But had we never so good an ear, we have still a faultering tongue, and a kind of impediment in our speech. Our pronunciation is without doubt very widely different from that of the Greeks and Romans; and our voices in respect of theirs, are so out of tune, that, should an ancient hear us, he would think we were reading in another tongue, and scarce be able to know his own composure, by our repetition of it. We may be sure, therefore, whatever imaginary notions we may frame to ourselves of the harmony of an author, they are very different from the ideas which the author himself had of his own performance.

Thus we see how time has quite worn out, or decayed, several beauties[a] of our ancient authors; but to make a little amends for the little graces they have lost, there are some few others which they have gathered from their great age and antiquity in the world. And here we may first observe, how very few passages in their style appear flat and low to a modern reader, or carry in them a mean and vulgar air of expression; which certainly arises, in a great measure, from the death and disuse of the languages in which the ancients compiled their works. Most of the forms of speech made use of in common conversation, are apt to sink the dignity of a serious style, and to take off from the solemnity of the composition that admits them; nay, those very phrases, that are in themselves highly proper and significant, and were at first, perhaps, studied and elaborate expressions, make but a poor figure in writing, after they are once adopted into common discourse, and sound over-familiar to an ear that is every where accustomed to them. They are too much dishonoured by common use, and contract a meanness, by passing so frequently through the mouths of the vulgar. For this reason, we often meet with something of a baseness in the styles of our best English authors

[a] *Decayed several beauties.* It is not exact, to use the verb *decay* [illegible]

which we cannot be so sensible of in the Latin and Greek writers; because their language is dead, and no more used in our familiar conversations; so that they have now laid aside all their natural homeliness and simplicity, and appear to us in the splendour and formality of strangers. We are not intimately enough acquainted with them, and never met with their expressions but in print, and that too on a serious occasion; and therefore find nothing of that levity or meanness in the ideas they give us, as they might convey[a] into their minds, who used them as their mother-tongue. To consider the Latin poets in this light, Ovid, in his Metamorphosis, and Lucan, in several parts of him, are not a little beholden to antiquity, for the privilege I have here mentioned, who would appear but very plain men without it; as we may the better find, if we take them out of their numbers, and see how naturally they fall into low prose. Claudian and Statius, on the contrary, whilst they endeavour too much to deviate from common, and vulgar phrases, clog their verse with unnecessary epithets, and swell their style with forced unnatural expressions, 'till they have blown it up into bombast; so that their sense has much ado to struggle through their words. Virgil, and Horace, in his Odes, have run between these two extremes, and made their expressions very sublime, but at the same time very natural. This consideration, therefore least affects them, for, though you take their verse to pieces, and dispose of their words as you please, you still find such glorious metaphors, figures, and epithets, as give it too great a majesty for prose, and look something like the ruin of a noble pile, where you see broken pillars, scattered obelisks, maimed statues, and a magnificence in confusion.

And as we are not much offended with the low idiotisms of a dead language, so neither are we very sensible of any familiar words that are used in it; as we may more particularly observe

[a] *As they might convey.* The correlative to *that* is not *as*, but, *which*

in the names of persons and places. We find in our English writers, how much the proper name of one of our own countrymen pulls down the language that surrounds it,[a] and familiarizeth a whole sentence. For our ears are so often used to it, that we find something vulgar and common in the sound and cant; but[b] fancy the pomp and solemnity of style too much humbled and depressed by it. For this reason, the authors of poems and romances, who are not tied up to any particular set of proper names take the liberty of inventing new ones, or at least of chusing such as are not used in their own country; and, by this means, not a little maintain the grandeur and majesty of their language. Now the proper names of a Latin or Greek author have the same effect upon us as those of a romance, because we meet with them no where else but in books. Cato, Pompey, and Marcellus, sound as great in our ears, who have none of their families among us, as Agamemnon, Hector, and Achilles; and therefore, though they might flatten an oration of Tully to a Roman reader, they have no such effect upon an English one. What I have here said, may perhaps give us the reason why Virgil, when he mentions the ancestors of three noble Roman families, turns Sergius, Lemmius, and Cluentius, which might have degraded his verse too much, into Sergestus, Mnestheus, and Cloanthus, though the three first would have been as high and sonorous to us as the other.

But though the poets could make thus free with the proper names of persons, and in that respect enjoyed a privilege beyond the prose writers; they lay both under an equal obligation, as to the names of places: for there is no poetical geography, rivers are the same in prose and verse; and the towns and countries of

[a] *Pulls down the language that surrounds it.* Another instance of expression purely *Addisonian.*

[b] *But* It should be—*and.*

a romance differ nothing from those of a true history. How oddly therefore, must the name of a paltry village sound to those who were well acquainted with the meanness of the place; and yet how many such names are to be met with in the catalogues of Homer and Virgil? Many of their words must, therefore, very much shock the ear of a Roman or Greek, especially whilst the poem was new; and appear as meanly to their own countrymen, as the duke of Buckingham's Putney Pikes and Chelsea Curiaseers do to an Englishman. But these their catalogues have no such disadvantageous sounds in them to the ear of a modern, who scarce ever hears of the names out of the poets, or knows any thing of the places that belong to them. London may sound as well to a foreigner, as Troy or Rome; and Islington, perhaps, better than London to them who have no distinct ideas arising from the names. I have here only mentioned the names of men and places; but we may easily carry the observation further, to those of several plants, animals, &c. Thus, where Virgil compares the flight of Mercury to that of a water-fowl, Servius tells us, that he purposely omitted the word Mergus, that he might not debase his style with it; which, though it might have offended the niceness of a Roman ear, would have sounded more tolerable in ours. Scaliger, indeed, ridicules the old scholiast for his note; because, as he observes, the word Mergus is used by the same poet in his Georgics. But the critic should have considered that, in the Georgics, Virgil studied description more than majesty; and therefore might justly admit a low word into that poem, which would have disgraced his Æneid, especially when a god was to be joined with it in the comparison.

As antiquity thus conceals what is low and vulgar in an author, so does it draw a kind of veil over any expression that is strained above nature, and recedes too much from the familiar forms of speech. A violent Grecism, that would startle a Roman

at the reading of it, sounds more natural to us, and is less distinguishable from other parts of the style. An obsolete, or a new word, that made a strange appearance at first to the reader's eye, is now incorporated into the tongue, and grown of a piece with the rest of the language. And as for any bold expressions in a celebrated ancient, we are so far from disliking them, that most readers single out only such passages as are most daring, to commend; and take it for granted, that the style is beautiful and elegant, where they find it hard and unnatural. Thus has time mellowed the works of antiquity, by qualifying, if I may so say, the strength and rawness of their colours, and casting into shades the light that was at first too violent and glaring for the eye to behold with pleasure.

OF THE

CHRISTIAN RELIGION.[a]

[This treatise was one of the works intrusted to Tickell by Addison, on his death-bed, and first published in the edition of 1721. It has since been republished several times, and once with notes, by Corevon, translated by Purdy, London, 1807. It was included also in Watson's Theological Tracts. A French translation appeared in Lausanne in 17—. Had Addison lived, he would undoubtedly have enlarged it, and worked it up to a more perfect form. As it stands, it can only be considered as the rough draft of a more extensive work.—G.]

SECTION I.

I. General division of the following discourse, with regard to Pagan and Jewish authors, who mention particulars relating to our Saviour.
II. Not probable that any such should be mentioned by Pagan writers who lived at the same time, from the nature of such transactions.
III. Especially when related by the Jews:
IV. And heard at a distance by those who pretended to as great miracles as their own.
V. Besides that, no Pagan writers of that age lived in Judæa or its confines.
VI. And because many books of that age are lost.
VII. An instance of one record proved to be authentic.
VIII. A second record of probable, though not undoubted, authority.

That I may lay before you a full state of the subject under our consideration, and methodize the several particulars that I touched upon in discourse with you; I shall first take notice of such Pagan authors, as have given their testimony to the history of our Saviour; reduce these authors under their respective

[a] The following work on the Christian Religion, has great merit; but, from the nature of it, required a greater detail, in the execution. For, as an ancient writer [a] has well observed,—*fit totum et mis us plenum, cum tan-*

[a] Lactantius. Ep. D. J. præf.

classes, and shew what authority their testimonies carry with them. Secondly, I shall take notice of Jewish authors in the same light.

II. There are many reasons, why you should not expect that matters of such a wonderful nature should be taken notice of by those eminent Pagan writers, who were contemporaries with Jesus Christ, or by those who lived before his disciples had personally appeared among them, and ascertained the report which had gone abroad concerning a life so full of miracles.

Supposing such things had happened at this day in Switzerland, or among the Grisons, who make a greater figure in Europe than Judea did in the Roman empire, would they be immediately believed by those who live at a great distance from them? or would any certain account of them be transmitted into foreign countries within so short a space of time as that of our Saviour's public ministry? Such kinds of news, though never so true, seldom gain credit, till some time after they are transacted and exposed to the examination of the curious, who by laying together circumstances, attestations, and characters of those who are concerned in them, either receive, or reject what at first none but eye-witnesses could absolutely believe or disbelieve. In a case of this

ta rerum multitudo in angustum coarctanda sit; et brevitate ipsâ minùs clarum, maximè cùm et argumenta plurima et exempla, in quibus lumen est probationum, necesse sit præteriri. However, the plan was ably conceived, and would, without doubt, if the author had lived, have been drawn out to a just extent. For we are told, he had taken great pains in collecting materials for it, and was more assiduous in digesting them, *that his health would well allow.*[a]

Thus our Addison, like the admirable Pascal, closed his valuable life in meditating a defence of the Christian Religion. One is not surprised to find this agreement in the views of two such men; the one, the sublimest genius, and the other, the most cultivated, of modern times. But there was this lamented difference in their story. The spirit of Jansenism, falling on a temper naturally scrupulous, and a constitution, always infirm, threw a sombrous fanatic air on Pascal's religious speculations, as it did on his life: while our happier countryman, by the benefit of better health, and juster principles, maintained a constant sobriety in the conduct of each.

[a] Life by Mr. Tickell.

sort, it was natural for men of sense and learning to treat the whole account as fabulous, or at farthest to suspend their belief of it, until all things stood together in their full light.

III. Besides, the Jews were branded not only for superstitions different from all the religions of the Pagan world, but in a particular manner ridiculed for being a credulous people; so that whatever reports of such a nature came out of that country, were looked upon by the heathen world as false, frivolous, and improbable.

IV. We may further observe, that the ordinary practice of magic in those times, with the many pretended prodigies, divinations, apparitions, and local miracles among the heathens, made them less attentive to such news from Judea, till they had time to consider the nature, the occasion, and the end of our Saviour's miracles, and were awakened by many surprising events to allow them any consideration at all.

V. We are indeed told by St. Matthew, that the fame of our Saviour, during his life, went throughout all Syria, and that there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, Judea, Decapolis, Idumæa, from beyond Jordan, and from Tyre and Sidon. Now had there been any historians of those times and places, we might have expected to have seen in them some account of those wonderful transactions in Judea; but there is not any single author extant, in any kind, of that age, in any of those countries.

VI. How many books have perished in which possibly there might have been mention of our Saviour? Look among the Romans, how few of their writings are come down to our times? In the space of two hundred years from our Saviour's birth, when there was such a multitude of writers in all kinds, how small is the number of authors that have made their way to the present age?

VII. One authentic record, and that the most authentic heathen record, we are pretty sure is lost. I mean the account sent by the Governor of Judea, under whom our Saviour was judged, condemned, and crucified. It was the custom in the Roman empire, as it is to this day in all the governments of the world, for the præfects and viceroys of distant provinces to transmit to their sovereign a summary relation of every thing remarkable in their administration. That Pontius Pilate, in his account, would have touched on so extraordinary an event in Judea, is not to be doubted; and that he actually did, we learn from Justin Martyr, who lived about a hundred years after our Saviour's death, resided, made converts, and suffered martyrdom at Rome, where he was engaged with philosophers, and in a particular manner with Crescens the cynic, who could easily have detected, and would not fail to have exposed him, had he quoted a record not in being, or made any false citation out of it. Would the great apologist have challenged Crescens to dispute the cause of Christianity with him before the Roman senate, had he forged such an evidence? or would Crescens have refused the challenge, could he have triumphed over him in the detection of such a forgery? To which we must add, that the apology which appeals to this record, was presented to a learned Emperor, and to the whole body of the Roman senate. This father in his apology, speaking of the death and suffering of our Saviour, refers the emperor for the truth of what he says to the acts of Pontius Pilate, which I have here mentioned. Tertullian, who wrote his apology about fifty years after Justin, doubtless referred to the same record, when he tells the Governor of Rome, that the Emperor Tiberius having received an account out of Palestine in Syria of the Divine Person, who had appeared in that country, paid him a particular regard; and threatened to punish any who should accuse the Christians; nay, that the emperor would have adopted him among the deities

whom they worshipped, had not the senate refused to come into his proposal. Tertullian, who gives us this history, was not only one of the most learned men of his age, but what adds a greater weight to his authority in this case, was eminently skilful and well read in the laws of the Roman empire. Nor can it be said, that Tertullian grounded his quotation upon the authority of Justin Martyr, because we find he mixes it with matters of fact which are not related by that author. Eusebius mentions the same ancient record, but as it was not extant in his time, I shall not insist upon his authority in this point. If it be objected, that this particular is not mentioned in any Roman historian, I shall use the same argument in a parallel case, and see whether it will carry any force with it. Ulpian the great Roman lawyer gathered together all the imperial edicts that had been made against the Christians, But did any one ever say, that there had been no such edicts, because they were not mentioned in the histories of those emperors? Besides, who knows but this circumstance of Tiberius was mentioned in other historians that have been lost, though not to be found in any still extant? Has not Suetonius many particulars of this emperor omitted by Tacitus, and Herodian many that are not so much as hinted at by either? As for the spurious acts of Pilate, now extant, we know the occasion and time of their writing, and that had there not been a true and authentic record of this nature, they would never have been forged.

VIII. The story of Agbarus[a] king of Edessa, relating to the

[a] *The story of Agbarus*, &c. Mr. Gibbon in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire taking occasion I know not how or why, to mention this story of Agbarus king of Edessa, and his correspondence with our Saviour (to which some countenance is here given) reprobates that tradition, and its abettors, in the following terms:

"The evidence for these epistles is stated and rejected by the candid Lardner. Among the herd of bigots who are forcibly driven from this convenient, but untenable post, I am ashamed, with the Grabes, Caves, Tillemonts, &c., to discover Mr. Addison an English gentleman; but his

letter which he sent to our Saviour, and to that which he received from Him, is a record of great authority; and though I will not insist upon it, may venture to say, that had we such an evidence for any fact in Pagan history, an author would be thought very unreasonable who should reject it. I believe you will be of my opinion, if you will peruse, with other authors, who have appeared in vindication of these letters as genuine, the additional arguments which have been made use of by the late famous and learned Dr. Grabe, in the second volume of his Spicilegium.

superficial tract on the Christian Religion owes its credit to his name, his style, and the interested applause of our clergy."

Thus the historian, out of a liberal zeal against *a herd of bigots*. But he blushes to find Mr. Addison in that number; and, in good breeding, he could do no less, considering that Mr. Addison was not a pedant like the Grabes, Caves, and Tillemonts, but an *English Gentleman*. Let the civility of this phrase then be acknowledged; and yet, as I know what a wag we have to deal with, I more than suspect it was employed only as the oily vehicle of his satire. For he immediately adds, that this tract of the English gentleman on the Christian Religion is *a superficial tract*; and that it *owes its credit to his name, his style, and the interested applause of our clergy*.

A superficial tract!—As if the author, or any body else for him, had given it out, as an elaborate and complete work on the subject. Yet, if by *superficial* he means, not solid, or deficient in point of argument, I apprehend our critical historian is much mistaken. A single mistake (if the story he alludes to be one) in a large collection of evidence, will not prove the charge: and a more exact and minute detail of facts could only set his arguments in a stronger light; not turn a bad argument into a good one.

But superficial as it is, it has gained *credit* in the world, which, however, he ascribes to his *name* (and with reason, for it is a very good one) and to his *style* (very reasonably again, for his style is excellent, and must needs do honour to any work, in which it is employed) and to *the interested applause of our clergy*. Here the reason is not so apparent. The clergy, it seems, have cried up his defence of Christianity, because they have an interest in his defence of it. But, what *interest*, let me ask, besides that which all honest men have in the maintenance of truth, virtue, and piety: in the prevalence of which, all their dearest interests, present and to come, are included? No, he will say, "it is the interest which the clergy have in supporting falsehood and imposture, for the sake of the emoluments annexed to the teaching of the Christian Religion." That is, he thinks the English clergy ready to say any thing for a piece of bread, and that, for the most part, a coarse and scanty one, too. Such is the candour of our virtuous historian.

But let him think of *our clergy* as he sees fit. They will certainly go on to applaud such writers as Mr. Addison, who to an excellent head joined an honest heart; and who knew how to instruct, at once, and delight his readers, with good sense, unspoiled by *philosophy*; and a style of writing not corrupted by affectation.

SECTION H.

I. What facts in the history of our Saviour might be taken notice of by Pagan authors.
II. What particular facts are taken notice of, and by what Pagan authors.
III. How Celsus represents our Saviour's miracles.
IV. The same representation made of them by other unbelievers, and proved unreasonable.
V. What facts in our Saviour's history not to be expected from Pagan writers.

I. We now come to consider what undoubted authorities are extant among Pagan writers; and here we must premise, that some parts of our Saviour's history may be reasonably expected from Pagans. I mean such parts as might be known to those who lived at a distance from Judea, as well as to those who were the followers and eye-witnesses of Christ.

II. Such particulars are most of these which follow, and which are all attested by some one or other of those heathen authors, who lived in or near the age of our Saviour and his disciples. That Augustus Cæsar had ordered the whole empire to be censed or taxed, which brought our Saviour's reputed parents to Bethlehem: this is mentioned by several Roman historians, as Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion. 'That a great light, or a new star appeared in the east, which directed the wise men to our Saviour:' this is recorded by Chalcidius. 'That Herod, the king of Palestine, so often mentioned in the Roman history, made a great slaughter of innocent children,' being so jealous of his successor, that he put to death his own sons on that account: this character of him is given by several historians, and this cruel fact mentioned by Macrobius, a heathen author, who tells it as a known thing, without any mark or doubt upon it. 'That our Saviour had been in Egypt:' this Celsus, though he raises a monstrous story upon it, is so far from denying, that he tells us our Saviour learned the arts of magic in that country 'That Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, that our Saviour was brought in judgment before him, and by him condemned and

crucified:' this is recorded by Tacitus. 'That many miraculous cures and works out of the ordinary course of nature were wrought by him:' this is confessed by Julian the apostate, Porphyry, and Hierocles, all of them not only Pagans, but professed enemies and persecutors of Christianity. 'That our Saviour foretold several things which came to pass according to his predictions;' this was attested by Phlegon in his annals, as we are assured by the learned Origen against Celsus. 'That at the time when our Saviour died, there was a miraculous darkness and a great earthquake:' this is recorded by the same Phlegon the Trallian, who was likewise a Pagan and freeman to Adrian the emperor. We may here observe, that a native of Trallium, which was not situate at so great a distance from Palestine, might very probably be informed of such remarkable events as had passed among the Jews in the age immediately preceding his own times, since several of his countrymen with whom he had conversed, might have received a confused report of our Saviour before his crucifixion, and probably lived within the shake of the earthquake, and the shadow of the eclipse, which are recorded by this author. 'That Christ was worshipped as a god among the Christians; that they would rather suffer death than blaspheme him; that they received a sacrament, and by it entered into a vow of abstaining from sin and wickedness,' conformable to the advice given by St. Paul; 'that they had private assemblies of worship, and used to join together in hymns:' this is the account which Pliny the younger gives of Christianity in his days, about seventy years after the death of Christ, and which agrees in all its circumstances with the accounts we have in holy writ, of the first state of Christianity after the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour 'That St. Peter, whose miracles are many of them recorded in holy writ, did many wonderful works,' is owned by Julian the apostate, who therefore represents him as a great magician, and

one who had in his possession a book of magical secrets left him by our Saviour. 'That the devils or evil spirits were subject to them,' we may learn from Porphyry, who objects to Christianity, that since Jesus had begun to be worshipped, Æsculapius and the rest of the gods did no more converse with men. Nay, Celsus himself affirms the same thing in effect, when he says, that the power which seemed to reside in Christians, proceeded from the use of certain names, and the invocation of certain demons. Origen remarks on this passage, that the author doubtless hints at those Christians who put to flight evil spirits, and healed those who were possessed with them; a fact which had been often seen, and which he himself had seen, as he declares in another part of his discourse against Celsus. But at the same time he assures us, that this miraculous power was exerted by the use of no other name but that of Jesus, to which were added several passages in his history, but nothing like any invocation to demons.

III. Celsus was so hard set with the report of our Saviour's miracles, and the confident attestations concerning him, that though he often intimates he did not believe them to be true, yet knowing he might be silenced in such an answer, provides himself with another retreat, when beaten out of this; namely, that our Saviour was a magician. Thus he compares the feeding of so many thousands at two different times with a few loaves and fishes, to the magical feasts of those Egyptian impostors, who would present their spectators with visionary entertainments that had in them neither substance nor reality: which, by the way, is to suppose, that a hungry and fainting multitude were filled by an apparition, or strengthened and refreshed with shadows. He knew very well, that there were so many witnesses and actors, if I may call them such, in these two miracles, that it was impossible to refute such multitudes, who had doubtless sufficiently spread the fame of them, and was, therefore, in this place

forced to resort to the other solution, that it was done by magic. It was not enough to say, that a miracle which appeared to so many thousand eye-witnesses was a forgery of Christ's disciples, and therefore supposing them to be eye-witnesses, he endeavours to shew how they might be deceived.

IV. The unconverted heathens, who were pressed by the many authorities that confirmed our Saviour's miracles, as well as the unbelieving Jews, who had actually seen them, were driven to account for them after the same manner: for, to work by magic in the heathen way of speaking, was, in the language of the Jews, to cast out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils. Our Saviour, who knew that unbelievers in all ages would put this perverse interpretation on his miracles, has branded the malignity of those men, who, contrary to the dictates of their own hearts started such an unreasonable objection, as a blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and declared not only the guilt, but the punishment of so black a crime. At the same time he condescended to shew the vanity and emptiness of this objection against his miracles, by representing that they evidently tended to the destruction of those powers, to whose assistance the enemies of his doctrine then ascribed them. An argument, which, if duly weighed, renders the objection so very frivolous and groundless, that we may venture to call it even blasphemy against common sense. Would magic endeavour to draw off the minds of men from the worship which was paid to stocks and stones, to give them an abhorrence of those evil spirits who rejoiced in the most cruel sacrifices, and in offerings of the greatest impurity; and, in short, to call upon mankind to exert their whole strength in the love and adoration of that one Being, from whom they derived their existence, and on whom only they were taught to depend every moment for the happiness and continuance of it? Was it the business of magic to humanize our natures with compassion

forgiveness, and all the instances of the most extensive charity? Would evil spirits contribute to make men sober, chaste, and temperate, and, in a word, to produce that reformation which was wrought in the moral world by those doctrines of our Saviour, that received their sanction from his miracles? Nor is it possible to imagine, that evil spirits would enter into a combination with our Saviour to cut off all their correspondence and intercourse with mankind, and to prevent any for the future from addicting themselves to those rites and ceremonies, which had done them so much honour. We see the early effect which Christianity had on the minds of men in this particular, by that number of books, which were filled with the secrets of magic, and made a sacrifice to Christianity, by the converts mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. We have likewise an eminent instance of the inconsistency of our religion with magic, in the history of the famous Aquila. This person, who was a kinsman of the Emperor Trajan, and likewise a man of great learning, notwithstanding he had embraced Christianity, could not be brought off from the studies of magic, by the repeated admonitions of his fellow-christians: so that at length they expelled him their society, as rather chusing to lose the reputation of so considerable a proselyte, than communicate with one who dealt in such dark and infernal practices. Besides, we may observe, that all the favourers of magic were the most professed and bitter enemies to the Christian religion. Not to mention Simon Magus and many others, I shall only take notice of those two great persecutors of Christianity, the emperors Adrian and Julian the apostate, both of them initiated in the mysteries of divination, and skilled in all the depths of magic. I shall only add, that evil spirits cannot be supposed to have concurred in the establishment of a religion, which triumphed over them, drove them out of the places they possessed, and divested them of their influence on mankind; nor would I

mention this particular, though it be unanimously reported by all the ancient Christian authors: did it not appear from the authorities above-cited, that this was a fact confessed by heathens themselves.

V. We now see what a multitude of Pagan testimonies may be produced for all those remarkable passages, which might have been expected from them: and, indeed, of several, that, I believe, do more than answer your expectation, as they were not subjects in their own nature so exposed to public notoriety. It cannot be expected they should mention particulars, which were transacted amongst the disciples only, or among some few even of the disciples themselves; such as the transfiguration, the agony in the garden, the appearance of Christ after his resurrection, and others of the like nature. It was impossible for a heathen author to relate these things; because if he had believed them, he would no longer have been a heathen, and by that means his testimony would not have been thought of so much validity. Besides, his very report of facts so favourable to Christianity would have prompted men to say that he was probably tainted with their doctrine. We have a parallel case in Hecatæus, a famous Greek historian, who had several passages in his book conformable to the history of the Jewish writers, which, when quoted by Josephus, as a confirmation of the Jewish history, when his heathen adversaries could give no other answer to it, they would need suppose that Hecatæus was a Jew in his heart, though they had no other reason for it, but because his history gave greater authority to the Jewish than the Egyptian records.

SECTION III.

I. Introduction to a second list of Pagan authors, who give testimony of our Saviour.
II. A passage concerning our Saviour from a learned Athenian.
III. His conversion from Paganism to Christianity makes his evidence stronger than if he had continued a Pagan.
IV. Of another Athenian philosopher converted to Christianity.
V. Why their conversion, instead of weakening, strengthens their evidence in defence of Christianity.
VI. Their belief in our Saviour's history founded at first upon the principles of historical faith.
VII. Their testimonies extended to all the particulars of our Saviour's history.
VIII. As related by the four evangelists.

I. To this list of heathen writers, who make mention of our Saviour, or touch upon any particulars of his life, I shall add those authors who were at first heathens, and afterwards converted to Christianity; upon which account, as I shall here shew, their testimonies are to be looked upon as the more authentic. And in this list of evidences, I shall confine myself to such learned Pagans as came over to Christianity in the three first centuries, because those were the times in which men had the best means of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, and because among the great number of philosophers who came in afterwards, under the reigns of Christian emperors, there might be several who did it partly out of worldly motives.

II. Let us now suppose, that a learned heathen writer who lived within 60 years of our Saviour's crucifixion, after having shewn that false miracles were generally wrought in obscurity, and before few or no witnesses, speaking of those which were wrought by our Saviour, has the following passage: "But his works were always seen, because they were true, they were seen by those who were healed, and by those who were raised from the dead. Nay, these persons, who were thus healed and raised, were seen not only at the time of their being healed and raised, but long afterwards. Nay, they were seen not only all the while

our Saviour was upon earth, but survived after his departure out of this world, nay some of them were living in our days."

III. I dare say you would look upon this as a glorious attestation for the cause of Christianity, had it come from the hand of a famous Athenian philosopher. These forementioned words, however, are actually the words of one who lived about sixty years after our Saviour's crucifixion, and was a famous philosopher in Athens: but it will be said, he was a convert to Christianity. Now consider this matter impartially, and see if his testimony is not much more valid for that reason. Had he continued a Pagan philosopher, would not the world have said that he was not sincere in what he writ, or did not believe it; for, if so, would not they have told us he would have embraced Christianity? This was indeed the case of this excellent man: he had so thoroughly examined the truth of our Saviour's history, and the excellency of that religion which he taught, and was so entirely convinced of both, that he became a proselyte, and died a martyr.

IV. Aristides was an Athenian philosopher, at the same time, famed for his learning and wisdom, but converted to Christianity. As it cannot be questioned that he perused and approved the apology of Quadratus, in which is the passage just now cited, he joined with him in an apology of his own, to the same emperor, on the same subject. This apology, though now lost, was extant in the time of Ado Viennensis, A. D. 870, and highly esteemed by the most learned Athenians, as that author witnesses. It must have contained great arguments for the truth of our Saviour's history, because in it he asserted the divinity of our Saviour, which could not but engage him in the proof of his miracles.

V. I do allow that, generally speaking, a man is not so acceptable and unquestioned an evidence in facts, which make for

the advancement of his own party. But we must consider that, in the case before us, the persons, to whom we appeal, were of an opposite party, till they were persuaded of the truth of those very facts which they report. They bear evidence to a history in defence of Christianity, the truth of which history was their motive to embrace Christianity. They attest facts which they had heard while they were yet heathens, and had they not found reason to believe them, they would still have continued heathens, and have made no mention of them in their writings.

VI. When a man is born under Christian parents, and trained up in the profession of that religion from a child, he generally guides himself by the rules of Christian faith in believing what is delivered by the Evangelists; but the learned Pagans of antiquity, before they became Christians, were only guided by the common rules of historical faith: that is, they examined the nature of the evidence which was to be met with in common fame, tradition, and the writings of those persons who related them, together with the number, concurrence, veracity, and private characters of those persons; and being convinced, upon all accounts, that they had the same reason to believe the history of our Saviour, as that of any other person to which they themselves were not actually eye-witnesses, they were bound by all the rules of historical faith, and of right reason, to give credit to this history. This they did accordingly, and in consequenee of it published the same truths themselves, suffered many afflictions, and very often death itself, in the assertion of them. When I say, that an historical belief of the acts of our Saviour induced these learned Pagans to embrace his doctrine, I do not deny that there were many other motives, which conduced to it, as the excellency of his precepts, the fulfilling of prophecies, the miracles of his disciples, the irreproachable lives and magnanimous sufferings of their followers, with other considerations of the same nature but

whatever other collateral arguments wrought more or less with philosophers of that age, it is certain that a belief in the history of our Saviour was one motive with every new convert, and that upon which all others turned, as being the very basis and foundation of Christianity.

VII. To this I must further add, that as we have already seen many particular facts which are recorded in holy writ, attested by particular Pagan authors: the testimony of those I am now going to produce, extends to the whole history of our Saviour, and to that continued series of actions, which are related of him and his disciples in the books of the New Testament.

VIII. This evidently appears from their quotations out of the Evangelists, for the confirmation of any doctrine or account of our blessed Saviour. Nay, a learned man of our nation, who examined the writings of the most ancient fathers in another view, refers to several passages in Irenæus, Tertullian, Clemens of Alexandria, Origen, and Cyprian, by which he plainly shows that each of these early writers ascribe to the four Evangelists by name their respective histories; so that there is not the least room for doubting of their belief in the history of our Saviour, as recorded in the Gospels. I shall only add, that three of the five fathers here mentioned, and probably four, were Pagans converted to Christianity, as they were all of them very inquisitive and deep in[a] the knowledge of heathen learning and philosophy.

[a] *Very inquisitive and deep in.* A small inaccuracy: we say, inquisitive *into* and deep *in*; yet the preposition *in* is made to depend on both those adjectives. The better way had been to put it thus—as they were all of them very inquisitive *men* and deep in, &c.

SECTION IV.

I. Character of the times in which the Christian religion was propagated:
II. And of many who embraced it.
III. Three eminent and early instances.
IV. Multitudes of learned men who came over to it.
V. Belief in our Saviour's history, the first motive to their conversion.
VI. The names of several Pagan philosophers, who were Christian converts.

I. It happened very providentially to[a] the honour of the Christian religion, that it did not take its rise in the dark illiterate ages of the world, but at a time when arts and sciences were at their height, and when there were men who made it the business of their lives to search after truth, and sift the several opinions of philosophers and wise men, concerning the duty, the end, and chief happiness of reasonable creatures.

II. Several of these, therefore, when they had informed themselves of our Saviour's history, and examined with unprejudiced minds the doctrines and manners of his disciples and followers, were so struck and convinced, that they professed themselves of that sect; notwithstanding, by this profession in that juncture of time, they bid[b] farewel to all the pleasures of this life, renounced all the views of ambition, engaged in an uninterrupted course of severities, and exposed themselves to public hatred and contempt, to sufferings of all kinds, and to death itself.

III. Of this sort we may reckon those three early converts to Christianity, who each of them was[c] a member of a senate famous for its wisdom and learning. Joseph the Arimathean was of the Jewish Sanhedrim, Dionysius of the Athenian Areopagus, and Flavius Clemens of the Roman senate; nay, at the time of

[a] *Providentially to*—rather, *for*.

[b] *Notwithstanding—they bid.* He had just said; *that* sect, and therefore to avoid an ungraceful repetition, he omits *that* after *notwithstanding*, which regularly requires to be followed by the conjunction, *that*.

[c] *Those three—who each of them was*—carelessly expressed, for—*each of whom was*.

his death, consul of Rome. These three were so thoroughly satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion, that the first of them, according to all the reports of antiquity, died a martyr for it; as did the second, unless we disbelieve Aristides, his fellow-citizen and contemporary; and the third, as we are informed both by Roman and Christian authors.

IV. Among those innumerable multitudes, who in most of the known nations of the world came over to Christianity at its first appearance, we may be sure there were great numbers of wise and learned men, beside those whose names are in the Christian records, who without doubt took care to examine the truth of our Saviour's history, before they would leave the religion of their country and of their forefathers, for the sake of one that would not only cut them off from the allurements of this world, but subject them to every thing terrible or disagreeable in it. Tertullian tells the Roman governors, that their corporations, councils, armies, tribes, companies, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature, were filled with Christians; as Arnobius asserts, that men of the finest parts and learning, orators, grammarians, rhetoricians, lawyers, physicians, philosophers, despising the sentiments they had been once fond of, took up their rest in the Christian religion.

V. Who can imagine that men of this character did not thoroughly inform themselves of the history of that person, whose doctrines they embraced? for, however consonant to reason his precepts appeared, how good soever were the effects which they produced in the world, nothing could have tempted men to acknowledge him as their God and Saviour, but their being firmly persuaded of the miracles he wrought, and the many attestations of his divine mission, which were to be met with in the history of his life. This was the ground-work of the Christian religion, and, if this failed, the whole superstructure sunk with it This

point, therefore, of the truth of our Saviour's history, as recorded by the Evangelists, is every where taken for granted in the writings of those, who from Pagan philosophers became Christian authors, and who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what[a] is delivered concerning our Saviour.

VI. Besides innumerable authors that are lost, we have the undoubted names, works, or fragments, of several Pagan philosophers, which shew them to have been as learned as any unconverted heathen authors of the age in which they lived. If we look into the greatest nurseries of learning in those ages of the world, we find in Athens, Dionysius, Quadratus, Aristides, Athenagoras; and in Alexandria, Dionysius, Clemens, Ammonius, Arnobius, and Anatolius, to whom we may add Origen, though his father was a Christian martyr, he became, without all controversy, the most learned and able philosopher of his age, by his education at Alexandria, in that famous seminary of arts and sciences.

[a] *And who, by reason of their conversion, are to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony for the truth of what,* &c. It should either be—*as giving the strongest collateral testimony to*—or else—*whose conversion is to be looked upon as of the strongest collateral testimony, for the truth,* &c.—i. e. as an *instance* of the *strongest* collateral testimony *that can be brought for the truth.*—This way of expression is sometimes used, though very elliptical

SECTION V.

I. The learned Pagans had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history;
II. From the proceedings,
III. The characters, sufferings,
IV. And miracles of the persons who published it.
V. How these first apostles perpetuated their tradition, by ordaining persons to succeed them.
VI. How their successors in the three first centuries preserved their tradition.
VII. That five generations might derive this tradition from Christ, to the end of the third century.
VIII. Four eminent Christians that delivered it down successively to the year of our Lord 254.
IX. The faith of the four above-mentioned persons, the same with that of the churches of the East, of the West, and of Egypt.
X. Another person added to them, who brings us to the year 343, and that many other lists might be added in as direct and short a succession.
XI. Why the tradition of the three first centuries, more authentic than that of any other age, proved from the conversation of the primitive Christians.
XII. From the manner of initiating men into their religion.
XIII. From the correspondence between the churches.
XIV. From the long lives of several of Christ's disciples, of which two instances.

I. It now, therefore, only remains to consider, whether these learned men had means and opportunities of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history; for unless this point can be made out, their testimonies will appear invalid, and their inquiries ineffectual.

II. As to this point, we must consider, that many thousands had seen the transactions of our Saviour in Judea, and that many hundred thousands had received an account of them from the mouths of those who were actually eye-witnesses. I shall only mention among these eye-witnesses the twelve apostles, to whom we must add St. Paul, who had a particular call to this high office, though many other disciples and followers of Christ had also their share in the publishing this wonderful history. We learn from the ancient records of Christianity, that many of the apostles and disciples made it[a] the express business of their lives.

[a] *Made it*—that is—*the publishing of this wonderful story*—obscurely expressed.

travelled into the remotest parts of the world, and in all places gathered multitudes about them, to acquaint them with the history and doctrines of their crucified Master. And, indeed, were all Christian records of these proceedings entirely lost, as many have been, the effect plainly evinces the truth of them; for how else during the apostles lives could Christianity have spread itself with such amazing progress through the several nations of the Roman empire? how could it fly like lightning, and carry conviction with it, from one end of the earth to the other?

III. Heathens, therefore, of every age, sex, and quality, born in the most different climates, and bred up under the most different institutions, when they saw men of plain sense, without the help of learning, armed with patience and courage, instead of wealth, pomp, or power, expressing in their lives those excellent doctrines of morality, which they taught as delivered to them from our Saviour, averring that they had seen his miracles during his life, and conversed with him after his death; when, I say, they saw no suspicion of falsehood, treachery, or worldly interest, in their behaviour and conversation, and that they submitted to the most ignominious and cruel deaths, rather than retract their testimony, or even be silent in matters which they were to publish by their Saviour's especial command, there was no reason to doubt of the veracity of those facts which they related, or of the divine mission in which they were employed.

IV. But even these motives to faith in our Saviour would not have been sufficient to have brought about in so few years such an incredible number of conversions, had not the apostles been able to exhibit still greater proofs of the truths which they taught. A few persons of an odious and despised country could not have filled the world with believers, had they not shown undoubted credentials from the divine person who sent them on such a message. Accordingly we are assured, that they were invested

with the power of working miracles, which was the most short and the most convincing argument that could be produced, and the only one that was adapted to the reason of all mankind, to the capacities of the wise and ignorant, and could overcome every cavil and every prejudice. Who would not believe that our Saviour healed the sick, and raised the dead, when it was published by those who themselves often did the same miracles, in their presence, and in his name! Could any reasonable person imagine, that God Almighty would arm men with such powers to authorize a lie, and establish a religion in the world which was displeasing to him, or that evil spirits would lend them such an effectual assistance to beat down vice and idolatry?

V. When the apostles had formed many assemblies in several parts of the Pagan world, who gave credit to the glad tidings of the gospel, that, upon their departure, the memory of what they had related might not perish, they appointed out of these new converts, men of the best sense, and of the most unblemished lives, to preside over these several assemblies, and to inculcate without ceasing what they had heard from the mouths of these eye-witnesses.

VI. Upon the death of any of those substitutes to the apostles and disciples of Christ, his place was filled up with some other person of eminence for his piety and learning, and generally a member of the same church, who, after his decease, was followed by another in the same manner, by which means the succession was continued in an uninterrupted line. Irenæus informs us, that every church preserved a catalogue of its bishops in the order that they succeeded one another, and (for an example) produces the catalogue of those who governed the church of Rome in that character, which contains eight or nine persons, though but at a very small remove from the times of the apostles.

Indeed, the lists of bishops, which are come down to us in

other churches, are generally filled with greater numbers than one would expect. But the succession was quick in the three first centuries, because the bishop very often ended in the martyr: for when a persecution arose in any place, the first fury of it fell upon this order of holy men, who abundantly testified, by their deaths and sufferings, that they did not undertake these offices out of any temporal views, that they were sincere and satisfied in the belief of what they taught, and that they firmly adhered to what they had received from the apostles, as laying down their lives in the same hope, and upon the same principles. None can be supposed so utterly regardless of their own happiness, as to expire in torment, and hazard their eternity, to support any fables and inventions of their own, or any forgeries of their predecessors who had presided in the same church, and which might have been easily detected by the tradition of that particular church, as well as by the concurring testimony of others. To this purpose, I think it is very remarkable, that there was not a single martyr among those many heretics, who disagreed with the apostolical church, and introduced several wild and absurd notions into the doctrines of Christianity. They durst not stake their present and future happiness on their own chimerical imaginations, and did not only shun persecution, but affirmed that it was unnecessary for their followers to bear their religion through such fiery trials.

VII. We may fairly reckon, that this first age of apostles and disciples, with that second generation of many who were their immediate converts, extended itself to the middle of the second century, and that several of the third generation from these last mentioned, which was but the fifth from Christ, continued to the end of the third century. Did we know the ages and numbers of the members in every particular church, which was planted by the apostles, I doubt not but in most of

them there might be found five persons, who in a continued series would reach through these three centuries of years, that is, till the 265th from the death of our Saviour.

VIII. Among the accounts of those very few out of innumerable multitudes, who had embraced Christianity, I shall single out four persons eminent for their lives, their writings, and their sufferings, that were successively contemporaries, and bring us down as far as to the year of our Lord 254. St. John, who was the beloved disciple, and conversed the most intimately with our Saviour, lived till Anno Dom. 100. Polycarp, who was the disciple of St. John, and had conversed with others of the apostles and disciples of our Lord, lived till Anno Dom. 167, though his life was shortened by martyrdom. Irenæus, who was the disciple of Polycarp, and had conversed with many of the immediate disciples of the apostles, lived, at the lowest computation of his age, till the year 202, when he was likewise cut off by martyrdom; in which year the great Origen was appointed regent of the catechetic school in Alexandria, and as he was the miracle of that age, for industry, learning, and philosophy, he was looked upon as the champion of Christianity, till the year 254, when, if he did not suffer martyrdom, as some think he did, he was certainly actuated by the spirit of it, as appears in the whole course of his life and writings; nay, he had often been put to the torture, and had undergone trials worse than death. As he conversed with the most eminent Christians of his time in Egypt, and in the east, brought over multitudes both from heresy and heathenism, and left behind him several disciples of great fame and learning, there is no question but there were considerable numbers of those who knew him, and had been his hearers, scholars, or proselytes, that lived till the end of the third century, and to the reign of Constantine the Great.

IX. It is evident to those, who read the lives and writings

of Polycarp, Irenæus, and Origen, that these three fathers believed the accounts which are given of our Saviour in the four evangelists, and had undoubted arguments, that not only St. John, but many others of our Saviour's disciples, published the same accounts of him. To which we must subjoin this further remark, that what was believed by these fathers on this subject, was likewise the belief of the main body of Christians in those successive ages when they flourished; since Polycarp cannot but be looked upon, if we consider the respect that was paid him, as the representative of the eastern churches in this particular, Irenæus of the western upon the same account, and Origen of those established in Egypt.

X. To these I might add Paul, the famous hermit, who retired from the Decian persecution five or six years before Origen's death, and lived till the year 343. I have only discovered one of those channels by which the history of our Saviour might be conveyed pure and unadulterated, through those several ages that produced those Pagan philosophers, whose testimonies I make use of for the truth of our Saviour's history. Some or other of these philosophers came into the Christian faith during its infancy, in the several periods of these three first centuries, when they had such means of informing themselves in all the particulars of our Saviour's history. I must further add, that though I have here only chosen this single link of martyrs, I might find out others among those names which are still extant, that delivered down this account of our Saviour in a successive tradition, till the whole Roman empire became Christian; as there is no question but numberless series of witnesses might follow one another in the same order, and in as short a chain, and that perhaps in every single church, had the names and ages of the most eminent primitive Christians been transmitted to us with the like certainty.

XI But to give this consideration more force, we must take notice, that the tradition of the first ages of Christianity had several circumstances peculiar to it, which made it more authentic than any other tradition in any other age of the world. The Christians, who carried their religion through so many general and particular persecutions, were incessantly comforting and supporting one another, with the example and history of our Saviour and his apostles. It was the subject not only of their solemn assemblies, but of their private visits and conversations. 'Our virgins,' says Tatian, who lived in the second century, 'discourse over their distaffs on divine subjects.' Indeed, when religion was woven into the civil government, and flourished under the protection of the emperors, men's thoughts and discourses were, as they are now, full of secular affairs; but in the three first centuries of Christianity, men, who embraced this religion, had given up all their interests in this world, and lived in a perpetual preparation for the next, as not knowing how soon they might be called to it: so that they had little else to talk of but the life and doctrines of that divine person, which was their hope, their encouragement, and their glory. We cannot therefore imagine, that there was a single person arrived at any degree of age or consideration, who had not heard and repeated, above a thousand times in his life, all the particulars of our Saviour's birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

XII. Especially if we consider, that they could not then be received as Christians, till they had undergone several examinations. Persons of riper years, who flocked daily into the church during the three first centuries, were obliged to pass through many repeated instructions, and give a strict account of their proficiency, before they were admitted to baptism. And as for those who were born of Christian parents, and had been baptized in their infancy, they were with the like care prepared and

disciplined for confirmation, which they could not arrive at, till they were found, upon examination, to have made a sufficient progress in the knowledge of Christianity.

XIII. We must further observe, that there was not only in those times this religious conversation among private Christians, but a constant correspondence between the churches that were established by the apostles or their successors, in the several parts of the world. If any new doctrine was started, or any fact reported of our Saviour, a strict inquiry was made among the churches, especially those planted by the apostles themselves, whether they had received any such doctrine or account of our Saviour, from the mouths of the apostles, or the tradition of those Christians, who had preceded the present members of the churches which were thus consulted. By this means, when any novelty was published, it was immediately detected and censured.

XIV. St. John, who lived so many years after our Saviour, was appealed to in these emergencies as the living oracle of the church; and as his oral testimony lasted the first century, many have observed that, by a particular providence of God, several of our Saviour's disciples, and of the early converts of his religion, lived to a very great age, that they might personally convey the truth of the gospel to those times, which were very remote from the first publication of it. Of these, besides St. John, we have a remarkable instance in Simeon, who was one of the seventy sent forth by our Saviour, to publish the gospel before his crucifixion, and a near kinsman of the Lord. This venerable person, who had probably heard with his own ears our Saviour's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, presided over the church established in that city, during the time of its memorable siege, and drew his congregation out of those dreadful and unparalleled calamities which befel his countrymen, by following the advice our Saviour had given, when they should see Jerusalem encompassed

with armies, and the Roman standards, or abomination of desolation, set up. He lived till the year of our Lord 107, when he was martyred under the emperor Trajan.

SECTION VI.

I. The tradition of the apostles secured by other excellent institutions;
II. But chiefly by the writings of the evangelists.
III. The diligence of the disciples and first Christian converts to send abroad these writings.
IV. That the written account of our Saviour was the same with that delivered by tradition:
V. Proved from the reception of the gospel by those churches which were established before it was written;
VI. From the uniformity of what was believed in the several churches;
VII. From a remarkable passage in Irenæus.
VIII. Records which are now lost, of use to the three first centuries, for confirming the history of our Saviour.
IX. Instances of such records.

I. Thus far we see how the learned Pagans might apprize themselves from oral information of the particulars of our Saviour's history. They could hear in every church planted in every distant part of the earth, the account which was there received and preserved among them, of the history of our Saviour. They could learn the names and characters of those first missionaries that brought to them these accounts, and the miracles by which God Almighty attested their reports. But the apostles and disciples of Christ, to preserve the history of his life, and to secure their accounts of him from error and oblivion, did not only set aside certain persons for that purpose, as has been already shewn, but appropriated certain days to the commemoration of those facts which they had related concerning him. The first day of the week, was in all its returns, a perpetual memorial of his resurrection, as the devotional exercises adapted to Friday and Saturday, were to denote to all ages, that he was crucified on the one of those days, and that he rested in the grave on the other. You may apply the same remark to several of the annual

festivals instituted by the apostles themselves, or at furthest by their immediate successors, in memory of the most important particulars in our Saviour's history; to which we must add the sacraments instituted by our Lord himself, and many of those rites and ceremonies which obtained in the most early times of the church. These are to be regarded as standing marks of such facts as were delivered by those, who were eye-witnesses to them, and which were contrived with great wisdom to last till time should be no more. These, without any other means, might have, in some measure, conveyed to posterity, the memory of several transactions in the history of our Saviour, as they were related by his disciples. At least, the reason of these institutions, though they might be forgotten, and obscured by a long course of years, could not but be very well known by those who lived in the three first centuries, and a means of informing the inquisitive Pagans in the truth of our Saviour's history, that being the view in which I am to consider them.

II. But lest such a tradition, though guarded by so many expedients, should wear out by the length of time, the four evangelists within about fifty, or, as Theodoret affirms, thirty years, after our Saviour's death, while the memory of his actions was fresh among them, consigned to writing that history, which for some years had been published only by the mouth of the apostles and disciples. The further consideration of these holy penmen will fall under another part of this discourse.

III. It will be sufficient to observe here, that in the age which succeeded the apostles, many of their immediate disciples sent, or carried in person, the books of the four evangelists, which had been written by apostles, or at least approved by them, to most of the churches which they had planted in the different parts of the world. This was done with so much diligence, that when Pantænus, a man of great learning and piety,

had travelled into India for the propagation of Christianity, about the year of our Lord 200, he found among that remote people the gospel of St. Matthew, which, upon his return from that country, he brought with him to Alexandria. This gospel is generally supposed to have been left in those parts by St. Bartholomew, the apostle of the Indies, who probably carried it with him before the writings of the three other evangelists were published.

IV. That the history of our Saviour, as recorded by the evangelists, was the same with that which had been before delivered by the apostles and disciples, will further appear in the prosecution of this discourse, and may be gathered from the following considerations.

V. Had these writings differed from the sermons of the first planters of Christianity, either in history or doctrine, there is no question but they would have been rejected by those churches which they had already formed. But so consistent and uniform was the relation of the apostles, that these histories appeared to be nothing else but their tradition and oral attestations made fixed and permanent. Thus was the fame of our Saviour, which in so few years had gone through the whole earth, confirmed and perpetuated by such records as would preserve the traditionary account of him to after ages; and rectify it, if at any time, by passing through several generations, it might drop any part that was material, or contract any thing that was false or fictitious.

VI. Accordingly we find the same Jesus Christ, who was born of a virgin, who had wrought many miracles in Palestine, who was crucified, rose again, and ascended into heaven; I say, the same Jesus Christ had been preached, and was worshipped, in Germany, France, Spain, and Great Britain, in Parthia, Media, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Phrygia, Asia, and Pamphilia, in Italy, Egypt, Afric, and beyond Cyrene, India, and Persia, and, in

short, in all the islands and provinces that are visited by the rising or setting sun. The same account of our Saviour's life and doctrine was delivered by thousands of preachers, and believed in thousands of places, who all, as fast as it could be conveyed to them, received the same account in writing from the four evangelists.

VII. Irenæus to this purpose very aptly remarks, that those barbarous nations, who, in his time, were not possessed of the written gospels, and had only learned the history of our Saviour from those who had converted them to Christianity before the gospels were written, had among them the same accounts of our Saviour, which are to be met with in the four evangelists. An uncontestable proof of the harmony and concurrence between the holy scripture and the tradition of the churches in those early times of Christianity.

VIII. Thus we see what opportunities the learned and inquisitive heathens had of informing themselves of the truth of our Saviour's history, during the three first centuries, especially as they lay nearer one than another to the fountain head: beside which, there were many uncontroverted traditions, records of Christianity, and particular histories, that then threw light into these matters, but are now entirely lost, by which, at that time, any appearance of contradiction, or seeming difficulties, in the history of the evangelists, were fully cleared up and explained: though we meet with fewer appearances of this nature in the history of our Saviour, as related by the four evangelists, than in the accounts of any other person, published by such a number of different historians, who lived at so great a distance from the present age.

IX. Among those records which are lost, and were of great use to the primitive Christians, is the letter to Tiberius, which I have already mentioned; that of Marcus Aurelius, which I shall

take notice of hereafter; the writings of Hegesippus, who had drawn down the history of Christianity to his own time, which was not beyond the middle of the second century; the genuine Sibylline oracles, which in the first ages of the church were easily distinguished from the spurious; the records preserved in particular churches, with many other of the same nature.

SECTION VII.

I. The sight of miracles in those ages a further confirmation of Pagan philosophers in the Christian faith.
II. The credibility of such miracles.
III. A particular instance.
IV. Martyrdom, why considered as a standing miracle.
V. Primitive Christians thought many of the martyrs were supported by a miraculous power.
VI. Proved from the nature of their sufferings.
VII. How martyrs further induced the Pagans to embrace Christianity.

I. THERE were other means, which I find had a great influence on the learned of the three first centuries, to create and confirm in them the belief of our blessed Saviour's history, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The first was, the opportunity they enjoyed of examining those miracles, which were on several occasions performed by Christians, and appeared in the church, more or less, during these first ages of Christianity.* These had great weight with the men I am now speaking of, who, from learned Pagans, became fathers of the church; for they frequently boast of them in their writings, as attestations given by God himself to the truth of their religion.

II. At the same time, that these learned men declare how disingenuous, base, and wicked, it would be, how much beneath

* Such was the general opinion, when our author wrote. The *fact* will now be denied, or questioned, at least. However, that the early writers of the church *believed* the existence of miracles in their days, is not to be denied: and such belief itself is not to be accounted for but on the supposition, that many and great miracles had been unquestionably wrought by Christ and his apostles. The very credulity of the fathers, then, if not the certainty of their reports, is an argument for the truth of Christianity

the dignity of philosophy, and contrary to the precepts of Christianity, to utter falsehoods or forgeries in the support of a cause though never so just in itself, they confidently assert this miraculous power, which then subsisted in the church, nay, tell us that they themselves had been eye-witnesses of it at several times, and in several instances; nay, appeal to the heathens themselves for the truth of several facts they relate, nay, challenge them to be present at their assemblies, and satisfy themselves, if they doubt of it; nay, we find that Pagan authors have in some instances confessed this miraculous power.

III. The letter of Marcus Aurelius, whose army was preserved by a refreshing shower, at the same time that his enemies were discomfited by a storm of lightning, and which the heathen historians themselves allow to have been supernatural, and the effect of magic: I say, this letter, which ascribed this unexpected assistance to the prayers of the Christians, who then served in the army, would have been thought an unquestionable testimony of the miraculous power I am speaking of, had it been still preserved. It is sufficient for me in this place to take notice, that this was one of those miracles which had its influence on the learned converts, because it is related by Tertullian, and the very letter appealed to. When these learned men saw sickness and frenzy cured, the dead raised, the oracles put to silence, the demons and evil spirits forced to confess themselves no gods, by persons who only made use of prayer and adjurations in the name of their crucified Saviour; how could they doubt of their Saviour's power on the like occasions, as represented to them by the traditions of the church, and the writings of the evangelists?

IV. Under this head, I cannot omit that which appears to me a standing miracle in the three first centuries, I mean that amazing and supernatural courage or patience, which was shewn by innumerable multitudes of martyrs, in those slow and painful

torments that were inflicted on them. I cannot conceive a man placed in the burning iron chair at Lyons, amid the insults and mockeries of a crowded ampitheatre, and still keeping his seat; or stretched upon a grate of iron, over coals of fire, and breathing out his soul among the exquisite sufferings of such a tedious execution, rather than renounce his religion, or blaspheme his Saviour. Such trials seem to me above the strength of human nature, and able to over-bear duty, reason, faith, conviction, nay, and the most absolute certainty of a future state. Humanity, unassisted in an extraordinary manner, must have shaken off the present pressure, and have delivered itself out of such a dreadful distress, by any means that could have been suggested to it. We can easily imagine, that many persons, in so good a cause, might have laid down their lives at the gibbet, the stake, or the block: but to expire leisurely among the most exquisite tortures, when they might come out of them, even by a mental reservation, or an hypocrisy which was not without a possibility of being followed by repentance and forgiveness, has something in it, so far beyond the force and natural strength of mortals, that one cannot but think there was some miraculous power to support the sufferer.

V. We find the church of Smyrna, in that admirable letter which gives an account of the death of Polycarp their beloved bishop, mentioning the cruel torments of other early martyrs for Christianity, are of opinion that our Saviour stood by them in a vision, and personally conversed with them, to give them strength and comfort during the bitterness of their long continued agonies; and we have the story of a young man, who, having suffered many tortures, escaped with life, and told his fellow christians, that the pain of them had been rendered tolerable, by the presence of an angel who stood by him, and wiped off the tears and sweat, which ran down his face whilst he lay under his

sufferings. We are assured, at least, that the first martyr for Christianity was encouraged in his last moments, by a vision of that divine person, for whom he suffered, and into whose presence he was then hastening.

VI. Let any man calmly lay his hand upon his heart, and after reading these terrible conflicts in which the ancient martyrs and confessors were engaged, when they passed through such new inventions and varieties of pain, as tired their tormentors; and ask himself, however zealous and sincere he is in his religion, whether under such acute and lingering tortures he could still have held fast his integrity, and have professed his faith to the last, without a supernatural assistance of some kind or other. For my part, when I consider that it was not an unaccountable obstinacy in a single man, or in any particular set of men, in some extraordinary juncture; but that there were multitudes of each sex, of every age, of different countries and conditions, who for near 300 years together made this glorious confession of their faith, in the midst of tortures, and in the hour of death: I must conclude, that they were either of another make than men are at present, or that they had such miraculous supports as were peculiar to those times of Christianity, when without them perhaps the very name of it might have been extinguished.

VII. It is certain, that the deaths and sufferings of the primitive Christians had a great share in the conversion of those learned Pagans, who lived in the ages of persecution, which with some intervals and abatements lasted near 300 years after our Saviour. Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Lactantius, Arnobius, and others, tell us, that this first of all alarmed their curiosity, roused their attention, and made them seriously inquisitive into the nature of that religion, which could endue the mind with so much strength, and overcome the fear of death, nay, raise an earnest desire of it, though it appeared in all its terrors. This

they found had not been effected by the doctrines of those philosophers, whom they had thoroughly studied, and who had been labouring at this great point. The sight of these dying and tormented martyrs engaged them to search into the history and doctrines of him for whom they suffered The more they searched, the more they were convinced; till their conviction grew so strong, that they themselves embraced the same truths, and either actually laid down their lives, or were always in a readiness to do it, rather than depart from them

SECTION VIII

I. The completion of our Saviour's prophecies confirmed Pagans in their belief of the gospel.
II. Origen's observation on that of his disciples being brought before kings and governors;
III. On their being persecuted for their religion;
IV. On their preaching the gospel to all nations;
V. On the destruction of Jerusalem, and ruin of the Jewish economy.
VI. These arguments strengthened by what has happened since Origen's time.

I. The second of those extraordinary means, of great use to the learned and inquisitive Pagans of the three first centuries, for evincing the truth of the history of our Saviour, was the completion of such prophecies as are recorded of him in the Evangelists. They could not, indeed, form any arguments from what he foretold, and was fulfilled during his life, because both the prophecy and the completion were over before they were published by the Evangelists; though, as Origen observes, what end could there be in forging some of these predictions, as that of St Peter's denying his master, and all his disciples forsaking him in the greatest extremity, which reflects so much shame on the great apostle, and on all his companions? Nothing but a strict adherence to truth, and to matters of fact, could have prompted the

Evangelists to relate a circumstance so disadvantageous to their own reputation; as that father has well observed.

II. But to pursue his reflections on this subject. There are predictions of our Saviour recorded by the Evangelists, which were not completed till after their deaths, and had no likelihood of being so, when they were pronounced by our blessed Saviour Such was that wonderful notice he gave them, that they should be brought before governors and kings for his sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles, Mat. x. 28, with the other like prophecies, by which he foretold that his disciples were to be persecuted. Is there any other doctrine in the world, says this father, whose followers are punished? Can the enemies of Christ say, that he knew his opinions were false and impious, and that, therefore, he might well conjecture and foretell what would be the treatment of those persons who should embrace them? Supposing his doctrines were really such, why should this be the consequence? what likelihood that men should be brought before kings and governors for opinions and tenets of any kind, when this never happened even to the Epicureans, who absolutely denied a Providence; nor to the Peripateticks themselves, who laughed at the prayers and sacrifices which were made to the divinity?[a] Are there any but the Christians who, according to this prediction of our Saviour, being brought before kings and governors for his sake, are pressed to their latest gasp of breath, by their respective judges, to renounce Christianity, and to procure their liberty and rest, by offering the same sacrifices, and taking the same oaths that others did?

III. Consider the time when our Saviour pronounced those

[a] A material and obvious difference, in the two cases, is here overlooked. The Epicureans and Peripateticks might take these liberties in private, or in their philosophic systems; but if either had gone about among the people, with the zeal of the Christian martyrs, to overturn the established religions, they would probably have shared their fate; and a wise man might easily have foreseen this consequence.

words, Matt. x. 32. 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven: but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' Had you heard him speak after this manner, when as yet his disciples were under no such trials, you would certainly have said within yourself, if these speeches of Jesus are true, and if, according to his prediction, governors and kings undertake to ruin and destroy those who shall profess themselves his disciples, we will believe (not only that he is a prophet) but that he has received power from God sufficient to preserve and propagate his religion; and that he would never talk in such a peremptory and discouraging manner, were he not assured that he was able to subdue the most powerful opposition, that could be made against the faith and doctrine which he taught.

IV. Who is not struck with admiration, when he represents to himself our Saviour at that time foretelling, that his gospel should be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations,[a] or, as St. Origen, (who rather quotes the sense than the words) to serve for a conviction to kings and people, when at the same time he finds that his gospel has accordingly been preached to Greeks and Barbarians, to the learned and to the ignorant, and that there is no quality or condition of life able to exempt men from submitting to the doctrine of Christ? As for us, says this great author, in another part of his book against Celsus, "when we see every day those events exactly accomplished which our Saviour foretold at so great a distance; that his gospel is preached in all the world, Matthew xxiv. 14. That his disciples go and teach all nations, Matthew xxviii. 19. And that those who have received his doctrine, are brought for his sake before governors, and before kings, Matthew x. 18, we are filled with admiration, and our faith in him is confirmed more and more. What clearer

[a] There is great force in this, and the following consideration

and stronger proofs can Celsus ask for the truth of what he spoke?"

V. Origen insists, likewise, with great strength, on that wonderful prediction of our Saviour, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, pronounced at a time, as he observes, when there was no likelihood or appearance of it. This has been taken notice of and inculcated by so many others, that I shall refer you to what this father has said on the subject in the first book against Celsus. And as to the accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy, shall only observe, that whoever reads the account given us by Josephus, without knowing his character, and compares it with what our Saviour foretold, would think the historian had been a Christian, and that he had nothing else in view but to adjust the event to the prediction.

VI. I cannot quit this head without taking notice, that Origen would still have triumphed more in the foregoing arguments, had he lived an age longer, to have seen the Roman emperors and all their governors and provinces, submitting themselves to the Christian religion, and glorying in its profession, as so many kings and sovereigns still place their relation to Christ at the head of their titles.

How much greater confirmation of his faith would he have received, had he seen our Saviour's prophecy stand good in the destruction of the temple, and the dissolution of the Jewish economy, when Jews and Pagans united all their endeavours, under Julian the apostate, to baffle and falsify the prediction? The great preparations that were made for re-building the temple, with the hurricane, earthquake, and eruptions of fire, that destroyed the work, and terrified those employed in the attempt from proceeding in it, are related by many historians of the same age, and the substance of the story testified both by Pagan and Jewish writers, as Ammianus Marcellinus and Zemath-David.

The learned Chrysostome, in a sermon against the Jews, tells them this fact was then fresh in the memories even of their young men, that it happened but twenty years ago, and that it was attested by all the inhabitants of Jerusalem, where they might still see the marks of it in the rubbish of that work, from which the Jews desisted in so great a fright, and which even Julian had not the courage to carry on. This fact, which is in itself so miraculous, and so indisputable, brought over many of the Jews to Christianity; and shows us, that after our Saviour's prophecy against it, the temple could not be preserved from the plough passing over it, by all the care of Titus, who would fain have prevented its destruction, and that instead of being re-edified by Julian, all his endeavours towards it did but still more literally accomplish our Saviour's prediction, that not one stone should be left upon another.

The ancient Christians were so entirely persuaded of the force of our Saviour's prophecies, and of the punishment which the Jews had drawn upon themselves, and upon their children, for the treatment which the Messiah had received at their hands, that they did not doubt but they would always remain an abandoned and dispersed people, an hissing and an astonishment among the nations, as they are to this day. In short, that they had lost their peculiarity of being God's people, which was now transferred to the body of Christians, and which preserved the Church of Christ among all the conflicts, difficulties, and persecutions, in which it was engaged, as it had preserved the Jewish government and economy for so many ages, whilst it had the same truth and vital principle in it, notwithstanding it was so frequently in danger of being utterly abolished and destroyed. Origen, in his fourth book against Celsus, mentioning their being cast out of Jerusalem, the place to which their worship was annexed, deprived of their temple and sacrifice, their religious rites

and solemnities, and scattered over the face of the earth, ventures to assure them with a face of confidence, that they would never be re-established, since they had committed that horrid crime against the Saviour of the world. This was a bold assertion in the good man, who knew how this people had been so wonderfully re-established in former times, when they were almost swallowed up, and in the most desperate state of desolation, as in their deliverance out of the Babylonish captivity, and the oppressions of Antiochus Epiphanes. Nay, he knew that within less than a hundred years before his own time, the Jews had made such a powerful effort for their re-establishment under Barchocab, in the reign of Adrian, as shook the whole Roman empire. But he founded his opinion on a sure word of prophecy, and on the punishment they had so justly incurred; and we find, by a long experience of 1500 years, that he was not mistaken, nay, that his opinion gathers strength daily, since the Jews are now at a greater distance from any probability of such a re-establishment, than they were when Origen wrote.

SECTION IX.

I. The lives of primitive Christians, another means of bringing learned Pagans into their religion.
II. The change and reformation of their manners.
III. This looked upon as supernatural by the learned Pagans.
IV. And strengthened the accounts given of our Saviour's life and history.
V. The Jewish prophecies of our Saviour, an argument for the heathens' belief:
VI. Pursued:
VII. Pursued.

I. There was one other means enjoyed by the learned Pagans of the three first centuries, for satisfying them in the truth of our Saviour's history, which I might have flung under one of the foregoing heads; but as it is so shining a particular, and does so

much honour to our religion, I shall make a distinct article of it, and only consider it with regard to the subject I am upon. I mean the lives and manners of those holy men, who believed in Christ during the first ages of Christianity. I should be thought to advance a paradox, should I affirm that there were more Christians in the world during those times of persecution, than there are at present in these which we call the flourishing times of Christianity. But this will be found an indisputable truth, if we form our calculation upon the opinions which prevailed in those days, that every one who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, actually cuts himself off from the benefits and profession of Christianity, and whatever he may call himself, is in reality no Christian, nor ought to be esteemed as such.

II. In the times we are now surveying, the Christian religion showed its full force and efficacy on the minds of men, and by many examples demonstrated what great and generous souls it was capable of producing. It exalted and refined its proselytes to a very high degree of perfection, and set them far above the pleasures, and even the pains, of this life. It strengthened the infirmity, and broke the fierceness of human nature. It lifted up the minds of the ignorant to the knowledge and worship of him that made them, and inspired the vicious with a rational devotion, a strict purity of heart, and an unbounded love to their fellow-creatures. In proportion as it spread through the world, it seemed to change mankind into another species of beings. No sooner was a convert initiated into it, but by an easy figure he became a new man, and both acted and looked upon himself as one regenerated and born a second time into another state of existence.

III. It is not my business to be more particular in the accounts of primitive Christianity, which have been exhibited so well by others, but rather to observe, that the Pagan converts,

of whom I am now speaking, mention this great reformation of those who had been the greatest sinners, with that sudden and surprising change which it made in the lives of the most profligate, as having something in it supernatural, miraculous, and more than human. Origen represents this power in the Christian religion, as no less wonderful than that of curing the lame and blind, or cleansing the leper. Many others represent it in the same light, and looked upon it as an argument that there was a certain divinity in that religion, which showed itself in such strange and glorious effects.

IV. This, therefore, was a great means, not only of recommending Christianity to honest and learned heathens, but of confirming them in the belief of our Saviour's history, when they saw multitudes of virtuous men daily forming themselves upon his example, animated by his precepts, and actuated by that spirit which he had promised to send among his disciples.

V. But I find no argument made a stronger impression on the minds of these eminent Pagan converts, for strengthening their faith in the history of our Saviour, than the predictions relating to him in those old prophetic writings, which were deposited among the hands of the greatest enemies to Christianity, and owned by them to have been extant many ages before his appearance. The learned heathen converts were astonished to see the whole history of their Saviour's life published before he was born, and to find that the evangelists and prophets, in their accounts of the Messiah, differed only in point of time, the one foretelling what should happen to him, and the other describing those very particulars as what had actually happened. This our Saviour himself was pleased to make use of as the strongest argument of his being the promised Messiah, and without it would hardly have reconciled his disciples to the ignominy of his death as in that remarkable passage which mentions his conversation

with the two disciples, on the day of his resurrection. St. Luke, chap. xxiv. verse 13, to the end.

VI. The heathen converts, after having travelled through all human learning, and fortified their minds with the knowledge of arts and sciences, were particularly qualified to examine these prophecies with great care and impartiality, and without prejudice or prepossession. If the Jews, on the one side, put an unnatural interpretation on these prophecies, to evade the force of them in their controversies with the Christians; or if the Christians, on the other side, over-strained several passages in their applications of them, as it often happens among men of the best understanding, when their minds are heated with any consideration that bears a more than an ordinary weight with it: the learned heathens may be looked upon as neuters in the matter, when all these prophecies were new to them, and their education had left the interpretation of them free and indifferent. Besides, these learned men among the primitive Christians, knew how the Jews, who had preceded our Saviour, interpreted these predictions, and the several marks by which they acknowledged the Messiah would be discovered, and how those of the Jewish doctors who succeeded him, had deviated from the interpretations and doctrines of their forefathers, on purpose to stifle their own conviction.

VII. This set of arguments had, therefore, an invincible force with those Pagan philosophers who became Christians, as we find in most of their writings. They could not disbelieve our Saviour's history, which so exactly agreed with every thing that had been written of him many ages before his birth, nor doubt of those circumstances being fulfilled in him, which could not be true of any person that lived in the world besides himself This wrought the greatest confusion in the unbelieving Jews, and the greatest conviction in the Gentiles, who every where speak

with astonishment of these truths they met with in this new magazine of learning which was opened to them, and carry the point so far as to think whatever excellent doctrine they had met with among Pagan writers, had been stole from their conversation with the Jews, or from the perusal of these writings which they had in their custody.

LETTERS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

ADDISON'S letters have never before been published with his works. Tickell, who might have given a complete edition of this interesting correspondence, was prevented perhaps by the same reasons which led him to leave out the Old Whig and the Drummer; and Steele, who might, at least, have contributed largely to the collection, was too busy with politics and providing for daily wants to make up for Tickell's omissions. At this late day it is hardly possible that a complete collection will ever be made, though many unpublished letters are still preserved in public and private collections.

The letters to Wortley Montague were first published in the Addisoniana, in fac-similes from the autographs, then in the possession of Mr. Philips. A large portion of the others form part of the Tickell papers, still in the hands of that family, by whom they were lent to Miss Aikin for her life of Addison. The letters to Mr. Stepney are in the British Museum, and were first published by Miss Aikin, with all the abbreviations of the original. The "original papers," published by James Macpherson, in 1775, contain several letters of Addison, and several too are found in the correspondence of Hughes, one of the original contributors to the Spectator. All of these have been republished by Miss Aikin.

In the present edition the orthography of the Stepney letters has been corrected, and the abbreviations filled up, a single letter being given in the original form, as a specimen of Addison's orthography. A few explanatory remarks have been added, from various sources, but chiefly from Miss Aikin.

From numbers 101, 104 of the Guardian, it would seem that Addison was in the habit of keeping copies of his letters. The letter from Paris, published in the Guardian (101), contains the same description of the royal palaces which we find in the letter to Mr. Congreve from Blois (No. 9), and each has the appearance of an original letter. It is not improbable that these descriptions were first drawn up as materials for the "Travels," and a complete collection of his correspondence would probably bring to light, in the form of letters, the first drafts of many pages of that work, showing, perhaps, at the same time, that he sometimes copied his own descriptions in writing to different correspondents. I have inserted the letters from the Guardian, in the order of date, and as actual letters, which they evidently were, although they may have been corrected for the public eye.—G.

LETTERS.

[The first three letters have been preserved in the Tonson family.]

Tonson, the publisher, is a great name in the annals of English typography; recalling the last days of Dryden, and the first dawn of Addison and Pope. It was for him that Dryden bound himself to furnish ten thousand verses for two hundred and fifty guineas, to be made three hundred upon publication of the second edition; and gave in as first instalment the imitations of Boccacio and Chaucer, better known as the Fables, "seven thousand five hundred verses more or less." The intercourse between the old poet and his publisher was not always of the most agreeable kind. Tonson was exacting, sharp in his bargains, and occasionally very rude in his manners. "Upon trial," says Dryden to him in one of his letters, "I find all your trade are sharpers, and you not more than others, therefore I have not wholly left you." (Dryden's Works, v. xviii. p. 125, Scott's ed.) In another letter he accuses him of paying in clipped money and brass shillings. One day Dryden wished something of the publisher which was refused. Dryden sent him the following lines;—

> "With leering looks, bull-faced and freckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas coloured hair,
> And frowzy pores, that taint the ambient air—"

adding "tell the dog that he who wrote them can write more." The accommodation was granted without delay.

Tonson was secretary to the Kit-cat clab, and was thus brought into the company of many eminent persons. His early intercourse with Addison seems to have been pleasant, though he is said afterwards to have entertained unfriendly feelings towards him. Speaking of him to Pope he said, "I always thought him a priest in heart." He was the publisher of Tickell's edition. Some of the drinking stories told of Addison, come from him.

These letters are without the date of the year, but would seem from the allusion to Dryden's Virgil to have been written while that work was in progress, or between 1694 and 1697. They refer to a translation of Herodotus which was never completed.—G.]

1 TO MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR,—I was yesterday with Dr. Hannes,[a] and communicated your request to him. I told him that Dr. Blackmore, Mr. Adams, Mr. Boyle and myself had engaged in it, and that you had gained a kind of promise from Dr. Gibbons, so that he could not plead want of time. The Doctor seemed particularly solicitous about the company he was to appear in, and would fain hear all the names of the translators. In short he told me that he did not know how to deny Mr. Tonson any request that he made, and therefore if you would desire it, he would undertake the last Muse. I would fain have you write to the Doctor and engage him in it, for his name would much credit the work among Us,[b] and promote the sale.

As for myself, if you remember I told you that I did not like my Polymnia, if therefore I can do you any service, I will if you please translate the eighth book, Urania, which if you will send me down, you need not fear any delays in the translation. I was walking this morning with Mr. Yalden, and asked him when we might expect to see Ovid "de arte Amandi" in English; he told me he thought you had dropped the design since Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil had been undertaken, but that he had done his part almost a year ago, and had it lying by him, &c. I am afraid he had done little of it. . . . . I believe a letter from you about it would set him at work. He takes care to convey my pieces of Herodotus to you. I am, sir, your humble servant.

Feb. 12th. To Mr. Jacob Tonson, at the sign of the Judge's Head, near Temple Bar, in Fleet-street, London.

[a] Dr. Hannes was residing as a practising physician at Oxford. He was a contributor to the Musæ Anglicanæ.

[b] *Us*, at Oxford must be understood.

II. TO MR. TONSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received your parcel about the beginning of last week, and not being able to find Dr. Hannes at home, have left his part with his servitor. I shall see him next week, and if I find it necessary, will let you know what he says. I shall have but little business about the latter end of Lent, and then will set about my Muse, which I will take care to finish by your time. . . . .

You shall have your Urania the beginning of this week, &c.

III. TO MR. TONSON.

. . . . I have been so very full of business since the receipt of your papers, that I could not possibly find time to translate them so soon as I desired. I have now almost finished them. . . . . Mr. Clay tells me he let you know the misfortune Polymnia met with upon the road. . . . .

Your discourse with me abont translating Ovid, made such an impression on me at my first coming down from London, that I ventured on the second book, which I turned at my leisure hours, and will give you a sight of it, if you will give yourself the trouble of reading it. He has so many silly stories with his good ones, that he is more tedious to translate than a better poet would be. But though I despair of serving you this way, I hope I may find out some other to show how much I am yours &c.

May 28th.

IV. TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ

[This gentleman, who afterwards was created Lord Halifax, was one of Addison's early patrons—(v. Macaulay's Essay, p.xxii. and Life by Johnson, in the Lives of the Poets.)

The letters dated from the continent, were written during his travels and contain their own illustration.—G.]

Honored Sir—I am now in a place where nothing is more usual than for mean people to press into the presence and conversation of great men, and where modesty is so very scarce, that I think I have not seen a blush since my first landing at Calais, which I hope may in some measure excuse me for presuming to trouble you with a letter. However, if I may not be allowed to improve a little in the confidence of the country, I am sure I receive in it such effects of your favour in the civilities my Lord Ambassador has been pleased to show me, that I cannot but think it my duty to make you acquainted with them; I am sorry my travels have not yet furnished me with any thing else worth your knowledge. As for the state of learning, there is no book comes out at present that has not something in it of an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures upon his translation, and has so far complied with the taste of the age, that his whole book is overrun with texts of scripture, and the notion of pre-existence, supposed to be stolen from two verses of the prophets. Nay, the humour is grown so universal that it is got among the poets, who are every day publishing lives of saints and legends in rhyme. My imperfect acquaintance with the French tongue makes me incapable of learning any particular news of this nature, so that I must end my letter as I begun it, with my most humble acknowledgments for all your favours. I am, &c.

To Charles Montagu, Esq., &c.
Paris, August, 1699

V.

[From the Guardian 101. Introductory Remarks.]

SIR—Since I had the happiness to see you last, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and since that several bruises upon the land, lame post horses by day, and hard beds at night, with many other dismal adventures,

> Quorum animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit.
>
> VIRG. ÆN. ii. 12.

> At which my memory with grief recoils.

My arrival at Paris was at first no less uncomfortable, where I could not see a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; so that my most agreeable companions have been statues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not speak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

I am settled for some time at Paris. Since my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been I think the pleasantest part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art, to furnish out such a multitude of noble scenes as I there met with, or that so many delightful prospects could lie within the compass of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the course of rivers, raises woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on such a particular spot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to see how many tricks he has made the water play for his diversion. It turns itself into pyramids, triumphal arches, glass bottles, imitates a fire-work, rises in a mist, or tells a story out of Æsop.

I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or with all your descriptions raise a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest. It is situated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humored the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is something more charming in these rude heaps of stones than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is tossed up in so many whimsical figures at Versailles. To pass from works of nature to those of art. In my opinion, the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him. For one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass.[a] The history of the present king until the year 16— is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the present.

The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube, and Rhine, that lie astonished and blasted with lightning above the cornice.

[a] There are vast windows into the garden, and the same in looking-glass opposite to them, on the blank side, which produce a fine effect, for you see the garden on both sides of you as you walk along the gallery.

But what makes all these shows the more agreeable, is the great kindness and affability that is shown to strangers. If the French do not excel the English in all the arts of humanity, they do at least in the outward expressions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the English are a much wiser nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men in particular are, I believe, the most agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briskness in him at threescore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones scarce conversible, when a little wasted and tempered by years, makes a very pleasant and gay old age. Besides, this national fault of being so very talkative looks natural and graceful in one that has gray hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French must put me in mind to finish my letter, lest you think me already too much infected by their conversation; but I must desire you to consider, that travelling does in this respect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age. I am, sir, &c.

VI. TO LORD SOMERS.

(v. vol. 1, p. 148.)

My Lord—I have now for some time lived on the effect of your Lordship's patronage, without presuming to return you my most humble thanks for it. But I find it no less difficult to suppress the sense I have of your Lordship's favor, than I do to represent it as I ought. Gratitude for a kindness received is generally as troublesome to the benefactor as the importunity in soliciting it; and I hope your Lordship will pardon me if I offend in one of these respects who had never any occasion or pretence to do it on the other. The only return I can make your Lordship will be to apply myself entirely to my business, and to take

such a care of my conversation, that your favors may not seem misplaced on my Lord, your Lordship's, &c.

To my Lord Chancellor.
Paris. September 1699.

VII. TO MR. SANSOM.

[It is not known who this gentleman was.]

DEAR SIR—You may be sure I have not been in a little hurry at my first arrival in Paris, that I could so long forget returning you my thanks for your last kindness: and truly I think I have paid no small compliment to the shows of the place in letting them take up my thoughts so far as to make me deny myself the satisfaction of writing to you. Your letter to Mr. Breton has gained me the acquaintance of a gentleman who is in all respects such as I should have guessed Mr. Sansom's friend to have been; his conversation at Dover made my stay there very pleasant, as his interest in the officers made my departure easy. The great talk of this place at present is about the king's statue that is lately set up in the Place Vendôme.[1] It is a noble figure, but looks very naked without a square about it: for they have set up the furniture before the house is half built. If I meet with any thing here worth your knowledge, I will trouble you with the relation of it, and in the mean time, am, dear sir, &c.

To John Sansom, Esq.
Paris, September, 1699.

VIII. TO COLONEL FROWDE.

[This gentleman was an Oxford friend, and is supposed to have afterwards filled the place of Comptroller of the Foreign Office at the Post office.—G.]

[1] On the site now occupied by Napoleon's triumphal column.—G.

DEAR COLONEL—I was extremely glad to receive your letter, not only because I saw Colonel Frowde's name at the bottom of it, but because it was written in English, a language that had not been spoken to me six weeks before, so that I read it over with the same pleasure as a man sees an old acquaintance. I was sorry however to hear in it that you had bid farewell to poetry by the instigation and contrivance of my brother Garr, that friend to strong drink and enemy to the Muses; but I hope you will repent of so rash a resolution, and that you have so much of the ambition as well as the other talents of a poet as to value fame and immortality beyond ten pound. If you are to forfeit so much for every copy of verses you write, you may consider for your comfort that the poorer you grow the more you will resemble those of your brotherhood. As for myself, I am so embarrassed with nouns and verbs that I have no time to think of verse, but am forced to decline and conjugate words, instead of putting them into rhyme. I could wish as well as you that I were able to learn the language sooner, and so hope to see you quickly in England: but I have so much of a wit in me that I have a bad memory, which hinders me from performing my task so speedily as I would wish. However, as bad as it is, it will never let me forget how much I am, &c.

To Colonel Frowde. Paris, November, 1699.

IX. TO MR. ADAMS.

[Another Oxford friend, known to fame by this letter.—G.]

DEAR SIR—I have been lately very much indisposed with a fever or I would have answered your letter sooner, but am at present very well recovered, notwithstanding I made use of one

of the physicians of this place, who are as cheap as our English farriers and generally as ignorant. I hope the news you sent me of Sir Edward Seymour's act will prove true, for here are a couple of English gentlemen that have turned off a fencing-master on the strength of it. I have here sent you a scrip of Dr. Davenant's[1] new book as it came to me in a letter. It is levelled against the ministry and makes a great noise in its own country, &c. To pass from statesmen to the cloth-hat you left with me: You must know that it has travelled many miles and run through a great variety of adventures since you saw it last. It was left at Orleans for above a week, and since that fell into the hands of a hackney-coachman that took a particular liking to our English manufacture, and would by no means part with it; but by many fair words and a few menaces I have at last recovered it out of his hands; though not without the entire loss of the hatband. I hear there is at present a very great ferment in Maudlin College, which is worked up to a great height by Newnam ale and frequent canvassings. I suppose both parties before they engage will send into France for their foreign succors. I am, &c.

To Mr. Adams. Blois.

X. TO MR. CONGREVE.

[Congreve had been one of Addison's early friends, and lived to receive the dedication of the Drummer from Steele, after Addison's death. By comparing this with No. V. it will be seen that Addison kept copies of his letters and made them serve his literary purposes.—G.]

Dear Sir—I was very sorry to hear in your last letter that you were so terribly afflicted with the gout, though for your comfort, I believe you are the first English poet that has been com-

[1] Dr. Davenant an early writer on political arithmetic and a bitter enemy of King William's Whig ministry.—G.

plimented with the distemper: I was myself at that time sick of a fever, which I believe proceeded from the same cause; but at present I am so well recovered that I can scarce forbear beginning my letter with Tully's preface, Si vales bene est Ego quidem Valeo. You must excuse me for giving you a line of Latin now and then, since I find myself in some danger of losing the tongue, for I perceive a new language, like a new mistress, is apt to make a man forget all his old ones. I assure you I met with a very remarkable instance of this nature at Paris, in a poor Irishman, that had lost the little English he had brought over with him without being able to learn any French in its stead: I asked him what language he spoke; he very innocently answered me, 'No language, Monsieur;' which, as I afterwards found, were all the words he was master of in both tongues. I am at present in a town where all the languages in Europe are spoken except English, which is not to be heard I believe within fifty miles of the place. My greatest diversion is to run over in my thoughts the variety of noble scenes I was entertained with before I came hither. I don't believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landscapes than those about the king's houses, or with all your descriptions build a more magnificent palace than Versailles. I am however so singular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the rest It is situated among rocks and woods that give you a fine variety of savage prospects. The king has humored the genius of the place, and only made use of so much art as is necessary to help and regulate nature without reforming her too much. The cascades seem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moss, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildness in the meadows, walks and canals, and the garden, instead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that strikes the eye very agreeably. For my part I think there is

something more charming in these rude heaps of stone than in so many statues, and would as soon see a river winding through woods and meadows as when it is tossed up in such a variety of figures at Versailles. But I begin to talk like Dr. Lister. To pass, therefore, from works of nature to those of art: in my opinion the pleasantest part of Versailles is the gallery. Every one sees on each side of it something that will be sure to please him, for one of them commands a view of the finest garden in the world, and the other is wainscoted with looking-glass. The history of the present king, till the year 16,[a] is painted on the roof by Le Brun, so that his Majesty has actions enough by him to furnish another gallery much longer than the first. He is represented with all the terror and majesty that you can imagine in every part of the picture, and sees his young face as perfectly drawn in the roof as his present one in the side. The painter has represented his most Christian Majesty under the figure of Jupiter throwing thunderbolts all about the ceiling, and striking terror into the Danube and Rhine that lie astonished and blasted with lightning a little above the cornice. I believe by this time you are afraid I shall carry you from room to room and lead you through the whole palace; truly, if I had not tired you already, I could not forbear showing you a staircase that they say is the noblest in its kind: but after so tedious a letter I shall conclude with a petition to you that you would deliver the enclosed to Mr. Montagu, for I am afraid of interrupting him with my impertinence when he is engaged in more serious affairs.

Tu faciles aditus et mollia tempora nôvis.

I am, &c.

Blois, Dec., 1699. To Mr. Congreve.

[a] The sixteenth year of his reign must be meant.

XI TO CHARLES MONTAGU, ESQ.

HONORED SIR—You will be surprised I don't question to find among your correspondences in foreign parts a letter dated from Blois: but as much out of the world as we are, I have often the pleasure to hear you mentioned among the strangers of other nations whose company I am here sometimes engaged in: I have found since my leaving England, that it is impossible to talk of her with those that know there is such a nation, but you make a part of the discourse. Your name comes in upon the most different subjects, if we speak of the men of wit or the men of business, of poets or patrons, politicians or parliament men. I must confess I am never so sensible of my imperfection in the French language as when I would express myself on so agreeable a subject: though if I understood it as well as my mother tongue I should want words on this occasion. I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have besides getting the language is to see the manners and temper of the people, which I believe may be better learnt here than in courts and greater cities where artifice and disguise are more in fashion. And truly by what I have yet seen they are the happiest nation in the world. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to

give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark upon those who abound most in the virtues of their nation and least with its imperfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mixture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself, Honored sir, yours, &c.

To the Right Honorable Charles Montagu, Esq.
Blois, Dec., 1699.

XII. TO MONSIEUR L'ESPAGNOL.

[It is not known who this person was, but the letter not only explains itself, but throws much light on Addison's character, and some on his life at Blois.—G.]

SIR—I am always as slow in making an enemy as a friend, and am therefore very ready to come to an accommodation with you; but as for any satisfaction, I don't think it is due on either side when the affront is mutual. You know very well, that according to the opinion of the world a man would as soon be called a knave as a fool, and I believe most people would be rather thought to want legs than brains. But I suppose whatever we said in the heat of discourse is not the real opinion we have of each other, since otherwise you would have scorned to subscribe yourself as I do at present, Sir, your very, &c

To Monsieur L'Espagnol. Blois, Dec., 1699.

XIII. TO DR. NEWTON.

SIR—I have a long time wished for a pretence to write to you, and though the kindness I have received from you at Lon

don might have been a good excuse for my returning you my humble thanks, I could not think it proper after your former civilities, to give you a fresh trouble by my acknowledgments. I must therefore be forced to confess, that it is nothing but the desire I have to improve myself by your advice that is the occasion of my present letter, for I am very willing to spend my time to the best advantage whilst I stay abroad, and should therefore be very glad of a better director than myself. My Lord Chancellor's having been pleased to procure me this opportunity of travelling will, I hope, be some motive with you to lend me your assistance: I am sure it is a very strong argument with myself to use all the application possible that may make me answer his lordship's expectations. I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king, but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and loyalty are every where at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people: for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavored to make their fortune in the army. The belles-lettres in particular seem to be but short-lived in France. Every book that comes out has some pages to show how much its argument conduces to the honor of the holy church, and nothing is more usual than to hear them at the Sorbonne quote the depths of ecclesiastical history and the fathers, in false Latin. But, sir, I have already troubled you with too long a letter, and

ought not to enlarge it any further than to beg your pardon for writing it. I am, sir, &c.

Blois, December, 1699. To Dr Newton.

XIV. TO MR. STANYAN.

[Secretary to the English Embassy at Paris, where Addison, travelling under the protection of the Lord Chancellor, naturally found a ready welcome.—G.]

Dear Sir—I thank you for the news and poetry you were pleased to send me, though I must confess I did not like either of them. The votes had too much fire in them, and the verses none at all: however, I hope the first will prove as harmless to the ministers of state as the others are to the knights of the toast. It is the first speech of Sir John Falstaff's that did not please me, but truly I think the merry knight is grown very dull since his being in the other world. I really think myself very much obliged to you for your directions, and if you would be a little particular in the names of the treaties that you mention, I should have reason to look upon your correspondence as the luckiest adventure I am like to meet with in all my travels. The place where I am at present, by reason of its situation on the Loire and its reputation for the language, is very much infested with fogs and German counts. The last are a kind of gentlemen that are just come wild out of their country, and more noisy and senseless than any I have yet had the honor to be acquainted with. They are at the Cabaret from morning to night, and I suppose come into France on no other account but to drink. To make some amends for all this, there is not a word of English spoken in the whole town, so that I shall be in danger of losing my mother-tongue unless you give me leave to practise it on you sometimes in a letter. I might be very troublesome to you with my

acknowledgments, but I hope there is no need of any formal professions to assure you that I shall always be, dear sir, &c.

To Abraham Stanyan, Esq., Blois, Feb. 1699. 1700.

XV. TO MR. STANYAN.

Dear Sir—I could not have let a whole Lent pass without troubling you with a letter, could I have met with any thing worth your knowledge: but news has been as scarce among us as flesh, and I know you don't much care to hear of mortification and repentance, which have been the only business of this place for several weeks past. Every thing at present looks very agreeable, and I assure you I don't envy your entertainments at Paris as long as this season lasts. I would as soon be in a neighboring wood as at the opera, and in my opinion find in it more beautiful scenes and pleasanter music * * * * *

But as pleasant as the country is, I think of leaving it as soon as I have received directions from England, which I expect every post. I should have went to Italy before now, had not the French tongue stopped me, which has been a rub in my way harder to get over than the Alps; but I hope the next time I have the honor to wait on you I shall be able to talk to you in the language of the place. In the mean time, I am, dear sir, yours, &c [a]

To Abraham Stanyan, Esq., Secretary of the Embassy at Paris.

XVI.

[V. Guardian 101.] Blois, May 15, N. S.

Sir—I cannot pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, besides getting the language, is to see the manners and tempers of the people, which, I

[a] The original orthography may be seen by the following specimen:

But as pleasant as ye country is, I think of leaving it as soon as I have rec^d directions from England, which I expect ev'ry Post. I shou'd have went to Italy before now, had not ye French tongue stopt me, which

believe, may be better learned here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and disguise are more in fashion.

I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go barefoot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate, and natural constitution, such a perpetual gladness of heart and easiness of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. It is not in the power of want or slavery to make them miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country, but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for, if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight, that a long intimacy and abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in the art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without observing, that from what I have already seen of the world, I cannot but set a particular mark of distinction upon those who abound most in the virtues of the nation, and least with its imperfections. When therefore I see the good sense of an Englishman in its highest perfection without any mix-

has bin a Rub in my way harder to get over than ye Alps, but I hope ye next time I have ye honor to wait on you I shall be able to talk with you in ye language of ye place. In ye meantime, I am Dear S^r^, Y^rs^ &c.

ture of the spleen, I hope you will excuse me if I admire the character, and am ambitious of subscribing myself,

Sir, yours, &c.

XVII.

[V. Guardian, No. 104, and Introductory Remarks.]

Blois, May 15, N. S.

SIR—Because I am at present out of the road of news, I shall send you a story that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is descended from one of the persons concerned in the relation, and very inquisitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

I shall only premise to it, that this story is preserved with great care among the writings of this gentleman's family, and that it has been given to two or three of our English nobility when they were in these parts, who could not return any satisfactory answer to the gentleman, whether there be any of that family now remaining in Great Britain.

'In the reign of King John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine, his brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and served him in that quality when he was taken prisoner by the English. The king of England chanced to see the youth, and, being much pleased with his person and behavior, begged him of the king, his prisoner. It happened, some years after this, that John the other brother, who in the course of the war had raised himself to a considerable post in the French army, was taken prisoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the King of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and, being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very insolently, and more like a criminal than a prisoner of war. This John resented so highly, that he challenged him to a

single combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place assigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the lists completely armed, amidst a great multitude of spectators. Their first encounters were very furious, and the success equal on both sides; until after some toil and bloodshed they were parted by their seconds to fetch breath, and prepare themselves afresh for the combat. Briant in the mean time had cast his eyes upon his brother's escutcheon, which he saw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you, after this, with what joy and surprise the story ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his esteem, gave to each of them, by the King of France's consent, the following coat of arms, which I will send you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in English.

'Le Roi d'Angleterre, par permission du Roi de France, pour perpetuelle mémoire de leurs grands faits d'armes et fidélité envers leurs Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes en une croix d'argent cantonée de quatre coquilles d'or en champ de sable, qu'ils avoient auparavant, une endenteleuse faite en façons de croix de guëulle inserée au dedans de la ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle que est participation des deux croix que portent les dits Rois en la guerre.'

I am afraid by this time you begin to wonder that I should send you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and I dare say never thought, when you desired me to write to you, that I should trouble you with a story of King John, especially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furnishes discourse for all Europe. But I confess I am the more fond of the relation, because it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the same time I must own it is not so much the vanity of an Englishman which puts me upon

writing it, as that I have of taking an occasion to subscribe my self, sir, Yours, &c.

XVIII.

[V. Guardian, &c.]

Blois, May 20, N. S.

SIR—I am extremely obliged to you for your last kind letter, which was the only English that had been spoken to me for some months together, for I am at present forced to think the absence of my countrymen my good fortune:

> Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abesset.
> OVID. Met. iii. 468.

> Strange wish to harbor in a lover's breast!
> I wish that absent which I love the best.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I stayed near the French court, though I must confess I would not but have seen it, because I believe it showed me some of the finest places and of the greatest persons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor see a man that has not signalized himself in a battle. One would fancy one's self to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with so many heroes, and finds something so like scenes of magic in the gardens, statues, and waterworks. I am ashamed that I am not able to make a quicker progress through the French tongue, because I believe it is impossible for a learner of a language to find in any nation such advantages as in this, where every body is so very courteous, and so very talkative. They always take care to make a noise as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning, as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have seen, there is more mirth in the French conversation, and more wit in the English. You abound more in jests, but they in laughter. Their language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of

so much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his answering only No or Yes to a question, which a Frenchman generally makes a sentence of. They have a set of ceremonious phrases that runs through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a shopkeeper desiring his neighbor to have the goodness to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of cobblers, that are extremely glad of the honor of seeing one another.

The face of the whole country where I now am is at this season pleasant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as the men, a great deal merrier than those of our own nation. I am sure the French year has got the start of ours more in the works of nature than in the New Style. I have passed one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being washed with rains.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

XIX. TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and Addison's fellow-traveller from Châteaudun to Paris and thence to Genoa—perhaps also still further, though it is not known.—G.]

July 23.

Dear Sir—I am now at Châteaudun, where I shall expect your company, or a letter from you, with some impatience. Here is one of the prettiest views in the world, if that can tempt you. and a ruin of about fourscore houses, which I know you would think a pleasanter prospect than the other, if it was not so modern. The inhabitants tell you the fire that has been the occasion of it was put out by a miracle: and that in its full rage it immediately ceased at the sight of him that in his lifetime rebuked the winds and the waves with a look. He was brought hither in the disguise of a wafer, and was assisted, I don't question, with

several tons of water. It would have been a very fair occasion to have signalized your Holy Tear at Vendome, if the very sight of a single drop could have quenched such a terrible fire. This is all the news I can write you from this place, where I have been hitherto taken up with the company of strangers that lodge in the same inn. I shall hope to see you within about a week hence; though I desire you not to hasten against your own inclinations; for, as much as I esteem your company, I can't desire it unless it be for your own convenience. I am, dear sir, your very faithful humble servant, J ADDISON.

Aux Trois Rois a Châteaudun.

XX. TO BISHOP HOUGH.

[From Blois Addison returned to Paris, and availed himself of his new acquisition to seek out the eminent men of the country. He is supposed to have been indebted to his contributions to the Musae Anglicanae for the favorable reception he met with from Boileau.—G.]

MY LORD—I received the honor of your Lordship's letter at Paris, and am since got as far as Lyons in my way for Italy. I am at present very well content to quit the French conversation, which, since the promotion of their young prince, begins to grow insupportable.[1] That which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever. There is scarce a man in it that does not give himself greater airs upon it, and look as well pleased as if he had received some considerable advancement in his own fortunes. The best company I have met with since my being in this country has been among the men of Letters, who are generally easy of access, especially the religious, who have a great deal of time on their hands, and are glad to pass some of it off in the society of strangers. Their learning for the most part

[1] Philip, Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV Proclaimed King of Spain, Nov. 1700.

lies among the old schoolmen. Their public disputes run upon the controversies between the Thomists and Scotists, which they manage with abundance of heat and false Latin. When I was at Paris I visited the Père Malbranche, who has a particular esteem for the English nation, where I believe he has more admirers than in his own. The French don't care for following him through his deep researches, and generally look upon all the new philosophy as visionary or irreligious. Malbranche himself told me that he was five and twenty years old before he had so much as heard of the name of Des Cartes. His book is now reprinted with many additions, among which he showed me a very pretty hypothesis of colors which is different from that of Cartesius or Mr. Newton, though they may all three be true. He very much praised Mr. Newton's Mathematics, shook his head at the name of Hobbes, and told me he thought him a *pauvre esprit*. He was very solicitous about the English translation of his work, and was afraid it had been taken from an ill edition of it. Among other learned men I had the honor to be introduced to Mr. Boileau, who is now retouching his works and putting them out in a new impression. He is old[1] and a little deaf, but talks incomparably well in his own calling. He heartily hates an ill poet, and throws himself into a passion when he talks of any one that has not a high respect for Homer and Virgil. I don't know whether there is more of old age or truth in his censures on the French writers, but he wonderfully decries the present, and extols very much his former cotemporaries, especially his two intimate friends Arnaud and Racine. I asked him whether he thought Télémaque was not a good modern piece: he spoke of it with a great deal of esteem, and said that it gave us a better notion of Homer's way of writing than any translation of his works could do, but that it falls however infinitely short of the

[1] 64.

Odyssey, for Mentor, says he, is eternally preaching, but Ulysses shows us every thing in his character and behavior that the other is still pressing on us by his precepts and instructions. He said the punishment of bad kings was very well invented, and might compare with any thing of that nature in the 6th Æneid, and that the deceit put on Télémaque's pilot to make him misguide his master is more artful and poetical than the death of Palinurus. I mention his discourse on this author because it is at present the book that is every where talked of, and has a great many partisans for and against it in this country. I found him as warm in crying up this man and the good poets in general, as he has been in censuring the bad ones of his time, as we commonly observe the man that makes the best friend is the worst enemy. He talked very much of Corneille, allowing him to be an excellent poet, but at the same time none of the best tragic writers, for that he declaimed too frequently, and made very fine descriptions often when there was no occasion for them. Aristotle, says he, proposes two passions that are proper to be raised by tragedy, terror and pity, but Corneille endeavors at a new one, which is admiration. He instanced in his Pompey (which he told us the late Duke of Condé thought the best tragedy that was ever written), where in the first scene the king of Egypt runs into a very pompous and long description of the battle of Pharsalia, though he was then in a great hurry of affairs and had not himself been present at it. I hope your Lordship will excuse me for this kind of intelligence, for in so beaten a road as that of France it is impossible to talk of any thing new unless we may be allowed to speak of particular persons, that are always changing, and may therefore furnish different matter for as many travellers as pass through the country.

I am, my Lord, your Lordship's, &c.

To the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

XXI. TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

[English ambassador during Addison's visit to Paris, and husband to the lady complimented in the verses, vol. i., p. 214. There is no date to this letter, but from that of the Earl's appointment, it would seem to have been written from Italy in 1702.—G.]

My Lord—I was extremely glad to hear your Lordship had entered on a post that would give you an occasion of advancing so much the interest and reputation of your country; but I now find that I have more particular reasons to rejoice at your promotion, since I hear you have lately done me the honor to mention me kindly to my Lord Halifax. As this is not the first favor you have been pleased to show me, I must confess I should be very ambitious of an opportunity to let you know how just a sense I have of the gratitude and duty that I owe to your Lordship. And if you think me fit to receive any of your commands abroad, it shall not be for want of diligence or zeal for your Lordship's service if they are not executed to your satisfaction. I could not dispense with myself from returning my most humble thanks for the notice you have been pleased to take of me, as I dare not presume any longer to encroach upon your time that is filled up with affairs of so much greater consequence.

I am, my Lord, &c.

To my Lord Manchester, Principal Secretary of State.

XXII. TO LORD HALIFAX.

[No date of place.—G.]

My Lord—I have for a long time denied myself the honor of writing to your Lordship, as knowing you have been so taken up with matters of greater importance that any information I could give you of foreign curiosities would have seemed impertinent: but having lately heard that I am still kindly remembered by

your Lordship, I could not forbear troubling you with a letter, lest what I design for respect should look too much like ingratitude. As I first of all undertook my travels by your Lordship's encouragement, I have endeavored to pursue them in such a manner as might make me best answer your expectations; and, though I dare not boast of any great improvements that I have made in them, I am sure there is nothing that I more desire than an opportunity of showing my utmost abilities in your Lordship's service. I could almost wish that it was less for my advantage than it is to be entirely devoted to your Lordship, that I might not seem to speak so much out of interest as inclination: for I must confess, the more I see of mankind, the more I learn to value an extraordinary character, which makes me more ambitious than ever of showing myself, my Lord, your Lordship's, &c

To my Lord Halifax, March, 1701–2.

XXIII.

[The original of this letter, according to the Addisoniana, in which it was first published, is in the Bodleian library. It is written evidently from Rome, though without date of place, or year, and, as it now stands without address; though the contents show that this unknown correspondent was some fellow-traveller of congenial tastes—why not Mr. W. Montagu? It is interesting, also, as showing how he collected the materials for his Dialogues on Medals.—G.]

Dear Sir—I hope this will find you safe at Geneva; and that the adventure of the rivulet, which you have so well celebrated in your last, has been the worst that you have met with in your journey thither. I cannot but envy your being among the Alps, where you may see frost and snow in the dog-days: we are here quite burnt up, and are at least ten degrees nearer the sun than when you left us. I am very well satisfied that it was in August that Virgil wrote his "O, qui me gelidis sub montibus

Hæmi!" &c. Our days at present, like those in the first chapter of Genesis, consist only of the evening and the morning; for the Roman noons are as silent as the midnights in other countries. But among all these inconveniences, the greatest I suffer is from your departure, which is more afflicting to me than the canicule. I am forced, for want of better company, to converse with pictures, statues, and medals; for you must know, I deal very much in ancient coin, and can count out a sum in sesterces with as much ease as in pounds sterling. I am a great critic in rust, and can tell you the age of it at first sight; I am only in some danger of losing my acquaintance with our English money, for at present I am much more used to the Roman. If you glean up any of our country news, be so kind as to forward it this way Pray give [ ] Mr. Dashwood, and my very humble service to Sir Thomas, and accept of the same yourself, from,

Dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. Addison

Aug. 7.

My Lord Bernard, &c., give their service.

XXIV. TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Dear Sir—I am just arrived at Geneva by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you cannot imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present, as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa. During my passage over the mountains, I made a rhyming epistle to my Lord Halifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with the sight of, if I don't find it to be nonsense upon a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordi-

nary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps as to write an heroic poem in a hackney coach, and I believe I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on Mount Cenis. At Florence I had the honor to have about three days' conversation with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which made me some amends for the missing Sir Th. Alston's company, who had taken another road for Rome. I find I am very much obliged to yourself and him, but will not be so troublesome in my acknowledgments as I might justly be. I shall only assure you that I think Mr. Montagu's acquaintance the luckiest adventure that I could possibly have met with in my travels. I suppose you are in England as full of politics as we are of religion at Geneva. I hope you will give me a little touch of it in your letters.

The rake Wood is grown a man of a very regular life and conversation, and often begins our good friends' health in England. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

J. ADDISON

December, 9th, 1701.

XXV. TO CHAMBERLAIN DASHWOOD, ESQ.

[The person alluded to in Letter xxiii.—G.]

DEAR SIR—About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honor for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part I can no more accept of a snuff box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very

speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I cannot forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or to make a pun of it, though a man may be master of a snuff-box,

"Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasam."

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray sir, do me the justice to esteem me your most, &c.

To Chamberlain Dashwood, Esq. Geneva, July, 1702.

XXVI. TO MR. STEPNEY.

[English Envoy at the court of Vienna, who had raised himself to notice by his poetical talents and classic attainments, and was, like Addison, under the patronage of Lord Halifax. The friendship formed on the occasion of Addison's visit to Vienna, lasted till Mr. Stepney's death.—G.]

SIR—That I may be as troublesome to you in prose as in verse, I take the liberty to send you the beginning of a work that I told you I had some design of publishing at my return into England. I have wrote it since my being at Vienna, in hopes that it might have the advantage of your correction. I cannot hope that one who is so well acquainted with the persons of our present modern princes, should find any pleasure in a discourse on the faces of such as made a figure in the world above a thousand years ago. You will see, however, that I have endeavored

to treat my subject, that is in itself very bare of ornaments, as divertingly as I could. I have proposed to myself such a way of instructing as that in the dialogues on the Plurality of Worlds. The very owning of this design will, I believe, look like a piece of vanity, though I know I am guilty of a much greater in offering what I have wrote to your perusal. I am, sir, &c.

To Mr. Stepney, Envoy at the Court of Vienna. November, 1702.

XXVII. TO MR. STEPNEY.

Sir—If I trouble you with another letter so soon after my last, you must impute it to the frequency of the favors I receive from you. It is to them we owe all the pleasures we find at Dresden, as well as what we met with at Vienna. Since our leaving Prague we have seen nothing but a great variety of winter pieces, so that all the account I can give you of the country is, that it abounds very much in snow. If it has any other beauties in it, this is not a time of year to look for them when almost every thing we see is of the same color, and scarce any thing we meet with except our sheets and napkins that is not white. &c. &c.

January 3d, 1702-3.

XXVIII. TO THE EARL OF WINCHELSEA.

[Charles, third Earl of Winchelsea, probably an Oxford acquaintance, is thus spoken of by a contemporary:—"He hath neither genius nor gusto for business; loves hunting and a bottle; was an opposer to his power of the measures of King William's reign; and is zealous for the monarchy and the church in the highest degree. He loves jests and puns, and that sort of low wit." "He was brought into the government by the Earl of Nottingham, and held some appointments at the beginning of Queen Anne's reign."—G.]

My Lord—I can no longer deny myself the honor of troubling your lordship with a letter, though Hamburgh has yet fur-

nished me with very few materials for it. The great business of the place is commerce and drinking: as their chief commodity, at least that which I am best acquainted with, is Rhenish Wine. This they have in such prodigious quantities that there is yet no sensible diminution of it, though Mr. Perrot and myself have been among them above a week. The principal curiosity of the town, and what is more visited than any other I have met with in my travels, is a great cellar filled with this kind of liquor. It holds more hogsheads than others can bottles, and I believe is capable of receiving into it a whole vintage of the Rhine. By this cellar stands the little English chapel, which your lordship may well suppose is not altogether so much frequented by our countrymen as the other. I must, however, do them the justice, as they are all of them loyal sons of the church of England, to assure your lordship that her majesty can have no subjects in any part of her dominions that pray more heartily for her health, or drink to it oftener. We are this evening to take a bottle with Mr. Wyche and Stratford. To draw us in they tell us it shall be to my Lord Winchelsea's health. I dare not let you know, my lord, how often we have already made this an excuse for a meeting, lest at the same time that I would show our zeal for your lordship, I should give you a very small opinion of our sobriety: but as all here are extremely disappointed in not having the honor of your company at Hamburgh, they think this is the only way they have left of showing their high esteem for your lordship. I hoped my stay at Hamburgh would have given me occasion to have written a much longer letter, but as I can find no better a subject to entertain your lordship with, I am sensible I have already made it too long. I am, my lord, with all possible respect, your lordship's, &c.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Winchelsea,
Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover. March, 1702–3.

XXIX. TO MR. WYCHE.

[A diplomatist of note, whose acquaintance Addison formed at Hamburgh, where he was employed as English resident.—G.]

DEAR SIR—My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so that the properest use I can put it to, is to thank the honest gentleman that set it a shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done could I have found out a rhyme to rummer. But though you have escaped for the present, you are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at crambo. I am sure in whatever way I write to you, it will be impossible for me to express the deep sense I have of the many favors you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hamburgh has been the pleasantest stage I have met with in my travels. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell them Mr. Wyche was there. As your company made our stay at Hamburgh agreeable, your wine has given us all the satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long-lived as Methuselah, or to use a more familiar instance, as the oldest hock in the cellar. I hope the two pair of legs that we left a swelling behind us, are by this time come to their shapes again. I cannot forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to the owners of them, and desiring you to believe me a ways, dear sir, yours, &c.

To Mr. Wyche, her Majesty's Resident at Hamburgh. May, 1703.

XXX. TO ALLEYN BATHURST, ESQ

[Created Baron Bathurst at the creation of the twelve peers by Queen Anne, in 1711—probably an Oxford acquaintance.—G.]

Dear Sir—This letter will find you wholly taken up with the ladies and states-general, and dividing your time between ombre and politics. I question not but the Odyhs and the Opdams will follow the example of the Hohenzollerns; for I cannot believe any heart impregnable to one that has already carried his conquests farther than ever Cæsar did, and make captives among a people that would not be slaves to the Roman empire. I do not suppose you are yet willing to change your assemblies for anatomy schools, and to quit your beauties of the Hague for the skeletons of Leyden. When you have a mind to take a walk among dead men's bones, honor me with a line, and I will not fail to meet you. Your company will, I am sure, make me think even such a place agreeable. I drank your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirly, and desire you to believe nobody wishes it more heartily than, dear sir, &c.

To Alleyn Bathurst, Esq., at the Hague.

XXXI. TO MR. TONSON.

[The following letters throw much light upon an interesting point of Addison's life. But we give the whole correspondence, with extracts, from Miss Aikin's valuable memoirs.—G.]

"On the arrival of Addison in Holland, we find him associating on familiar terms with the most distinguished of the English general officers whom he found there, occupied in concerting with the Dutch commanders and others of the allies the business of the campaign; but himself unemployed, and apparently seeking for some engagement. At Rotterdam he unexpectedly encountered his old acquaintance Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, who had issued proposals for publishing by subscription a splendid edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, and in furtherance, as it appears, of this object, had passed over into Holland in May, 1703.

"As secretary of the Kitcat club, Tonson was familiarly acquainted with all the leaders of the Whig party who were its members; he even appears to have been himself regarded as somewhat of a political character, at least if we may regard as more than jest a passage in a letter addressed to him at this time by Congreve: 'Do you know, the Tories (even the wisest of them) have been very grave upon your going to Holland. They often say, with a nod, that Cæsar's Commentaries might have been carried through without a voyage to Holland. There were meanings in that subscription: and that list of names may serve for further engagements than paying three guineas a piece for a book.'

"A short note written by Addison to Tonson proves the zeal with which he entered into the projects of the bookseller, as well as the intimate terms on which he associated with persons of note 'on the Whig side.'"

"I have shown your letter to Mr. Cunningham. He will speak to the bookseller about the Tableau des Muses. . . . I should have answered your letter sooner, had I not been two days at Rotterdam, whence I returned yesterday with Colonel Stanhope, whom I found unexpectedly at Pennington's. If I can possibly, I will come and see you at Amsterdam to-morrow for a day. As I dined with my Lord Cutts the other day I talked of your Cæsar, and let him know the two German generals had subscribed. He asked me who had the taking of the subscriptions, and told me he believed he could assist you, if they were not full," &c.

Mr. D. Pultney writes from Utrecht to Tonson at Amsterdam, "Give my services to Mr. Addison, and the enclosed Terræ filius's speech, which may perhaps afford him half an hour's amusement, when your business calls you from him;" from which it should appear that these parties were then domesticated together. They had indeed an affair of some consequence to discuss.

Tonson, we find, had been commissioned by no less a personage than that Duke of Somerset commonly designated as the Proud, to make inquiry for a proper person to undertake the office of travelling tutor to his son, Algernon, Earl of Hertford, then in his nineteenth year. He had the good judgment to recommend Addison, to whom he opened the business by letter before he embarked for Holland. The very remarkable particulars of the subsequent negotiation explain themselves in the original correspondence.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

Mr. Mainwaring told me you had now received a letter from Mr. Addison, wherein he seems to embrace the proposal, but desires to know the particulars; so if you please to come to me to-morrow morning, about nine or ten o'clock, we will more fully discourse the whole matter together, that you may be able at your arrival in Holland to settle all things with him. I could wish he would come over by the return of this convoy. But more of this when we meet, in the mean time believe me

Your very humble servant

SOMERSET.

For Mr. Jacob Tonson at Gray's inn.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

London, June the 4th, 1703.

I received yours of the 21st of May, yesterday, and am very glad after so long a time, you are at last safely arrived with the Duke of Grafton at the Hague. As to what you write of Mr. Addison, I shall be very glad to see him here in England, that we may more fully discourse together of that matter, but at the same time I should have been much better satisfied, had he made his own proposals, that he then would have been on more certain terms of what he was to depend on, especially since he did not intend to leave Holland so soon on any other account: therefore I think I ought to enter into that affair more freely and more plainly, and tell you what I propose, and what I hope he will comply with, viz., I desire he may be more on the account of a companion in my son's travels than as a governor, and as such I shall account him; my meaning is that neither lodging, travelling or diet shall cost him sixpence, and over and above that my son shall present him at the year's end with a hundred guineas, as long as he is pleased to continue in that service to my son, by taking great care of him, by his personal attendance and advice, in what he finds necessary during his time of travelling. My intention is at present to send him over before August next to the Hague, there to remain for one year, from thence to go to all the courts of Germany, and to stay some time at the court of Hanover, as we shall then agree. The only reason for his stay at the Hague is, to perform all his exercises, and when he is perfect in that then to go next wherever Mr. Addison shall advise, to whom I shall entirely depend on, in all that he thinks may be most for his education. When we are agreed on what terms may be most agreeable to him, I dare say he shall find all things as he can desire. This I thought fit for saving of time to enter into now, for many reasons, that we may the sooner and the better know each others' thoughts, being fully resolved to send

him over by the end of next month: so I must desire him to be plain with me, as he will find by this that I am with him, because it will be a very great lett to me not to know his mind sooner than he proposes to come over. I need not tell you the reason, it being so plain for you to guess, and the main of all, which is the conditions, as I have mentioned, may be as well treated on by letter as if he was here. So I do desire his speedy answer, for to tell you plainly, I am solicited every day on this subject, many being offered to me, and I cannot tell them that I am engaged positively, because Mr. Addison is my desire and inclination by the character I have heard of him, &c.

XXXII. TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—By a letter that Mr. Tonson has shown me I find that I am very much obliged to your Grace for the kind opinion that you are pleased to entertain of me. I should be extremely glad of an opportunity of deserving it, and am therefore very ready to close with the proposal that is there made me of accompanying my Lord Marquess of Hartford in his travels and doing his Lordship all the services that I am capable of I have lately received one or two advantageous offers of the same nature, but as I should be very ambitious of executing any of your Grace's commands, so I cannot think of taking the like employment from any other hands. As for the recompense that is proposed to me, I must take the liberty to assure your Grace that I should not see my account in it, but in the hopes that I have to recommend myself to your Grace's favor and approbation. I am glad your Grace has intimated that you would oblige me to attend my Lord only from year to year, for in a twelve-month it may be easily seen whether I can be of any advantage to his Lordship. I am sure if my utmost endeavors can do any thing, I shall not fail to answer your Grace's expectations. About a fortnight hence I hope to have the honor of waiting on your Grace unless I receive any commands to the contrary. I am, &c.

To his Grace the Duke of Somerset.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET TO MR. TONSON.

June 22d, 1707.

Your letter of the 16th with one from Mr. Addison came safe to me You say he will give me an account of his readiness of complying with my proposal. I will set down his own words, which are thus. "As for the recompense that is proposed to me, I must confess I can by no means see my account in it," &c. All the other parts of his letter are compliments to me, which he thought he was bound in good breeding to write, and as such I have taken them, and no otherwise; and now I leave you to judge how ready he is to comply with my proposal. Therefore I have wrote by this first post to prevent his coming to England on my account, and have told him plainly that I must look for another, which I cannot be long a-finding. I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble in it, but I know that you are good, and will forgive it in one that is so much your humble servant. Our club is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of.

SOMERSET

XXXIII. TO THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—Since my return from a journey that I was obliged to make into North Holland I have received the honor of your Grace's letter, which has hindered my immediate going to England. I am sorry to find that I have not made use of such expressions as were proper to represent the sense I have of the honor your Grace designed me, and should be extremely glad of any occasion that may happen in which I might show how proud I should be of obeying your commands, and most particularly if during my stay here I could be any-ways serviceable to my Lord Hartford. I am, &c.

To the Duke of Somerset, July, 1703.[1]

[1] Addison's part of this correspondence is from the Tickell papers; that of the Duke of Somerset, with all former extracts of letters to Mr. Tonson, from Tonson papers.—G.

XXXIV. TO BISHOP HOUGH.

Amsterdam, 24 Aug. N. S.

My Lord—I have a long time denied myself the honor of writing to your Lordship, because I would not trouble you with any of my private disappointments, and at the same time did not think it proper to give you a detail of a voyage that I hope to present your Lordship with a general relation of, at my return to England. To finish the misfortunes I have met with during my Travels, I have, since my coming into Holland, received the news of my father's death, which is indeed the most melancholy news that I ever yet received. What makes it the more so is, that I am informed he was so unhappy as to do some things, a little before he died, which were not agreeable to your Lordship. I have seen too many instances of your Lordship's great humanity to doubt that you will forgive any thing which might seem disobliging in one that had his spirits very much broken by age, sickness and affliction. But, at the same time, I hope that the information I have received on this subject is not well grounded, because in a letter, not long before his death, he commanded me always to preserve a just sense of duty and gratitude for the Bishop of Lichfield, who had been so great a benefactor to his family in general and myself in particular. This advice, though it was not necessary, may show, however, the due respect he had for your Lordship; as it was given at a time when men seldom disguise their sentiments. I must desire your Lordship to pardon the trouble of this letter, which I should never have taken the liberty to have written, had it not been to vindicate one of the best of fathers, and that to your Lordship, whom, of all the world, I would not have possessed with an ill opinion of one I am so nearly related to. If I can serve your Lordship in this country I should be proud to receive any of your commands at Mr. Moor's

in Amsterdam. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's most dutiful and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

XXXV. TO MR. WOOD.

[See Letter xx.]

DEAR SIR—I have lately had the honor to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drank Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne. His Lordship showed me a very pleasant letter of yours that would discourage me from sending so bad a one as this is like to be, but that I hope you will consider it only as a case to my Lord's, and so pardon it for what it encloses. I am sorry to hear you have entertained a thought of taking a journey into Italy, though I question not but the Alps will be as effectual a stop to you as it has been to the Elector of Bavaria. Think but on Mount Cenis, and, as you have not the brains of a kite, I am sure it will deter you from so rash an undertaking. I protest to you I am almost giddy at the very apprehension of the many rocks and precipices that we met with in that part of the world, and in this single particular I must boast to have as good a head as yourself. Should you once cross the Alps (which by the way would be a march as much to be admired as that of Hannibal), the natural antipathy you have to seas and mountains would make me despair of ever seeing you in England: besides the danger there may be of your turning virtuoso. So that you see in the advice I give you, like all other counsellors, I am not without an eye to my own private interest. I have not yet seen your nephew in this country, but I hear he has signalized himself in the double capacity of a man of arms and of letters. As for the first you have heard doubtless that he is a Captain, and as an instance of the second, take the following story. There happened about a twelve-month

ago, a dispute between him and Sir Richard Temple on the word Believe: Sir Richard affirmed like a hardy knight, that the last syllable should be spelt with a double e, your kinsman was for ie. The strongest argument on either side was a wager of a hundred pounds. The most able orthographers in Holland were consulted on the difficulty, who all gave sentence against the chevalier. From Holland he appealed to the best critics in England, that confirmed the verdict given on this side the water. In short Believe maintained an I in it in spite of all attacks made upon it, and your nephew won a hundred pounds in its defence.

I have lately received my book of Travels from Mr. Fisher.[1] It has taken a larger tour than its author since it went out of your hands, and made a greater voyage than that which it describes. But after having passed through Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and made a trip into England, it is at last sent me to the Hague. I thank you heartily for the trouble it has given you, and am, &c.

To Mr. Wood at Geneva, 7br. 1703.

XXXVI. TO MR. WYCHE.

Dear Sir—Mr. Downing letting me know that he intended to pass speedily through Hamburg, I could not forbear telling him how much I envied him the good company he was like to meet there. This naturally brought to mind the many obligations I have to Mr. Wyche, which I would have expressed to you before now in another way, had not my thoughts been taken up since my coming into this country, with more disagreeable subjects. At my first arrival I received the melancholy news of my father's death, and ever since, have been engaged in so much noise and

[1] This would seem to establish the fact that the Travels were not written at home from memoranda.—G

company, that it was impossible for me to think of rhyming in it, unless I had been possessed with such a muse as Dr. Blackmore's, that could make a couple of heroic poems in a hackney-coach and a coffee-house. I have been for some time at Amsterdam, where I have had great opportunities of informing myself in the price of nutmegs and pepper, for since the coming in of the East India fleet our conversation here runs altogether on spice.

I nunc et versus tecum meditare canoros!

I am &c.

To Mr. Wyche her Majesty's
resident at Hamburg, 7br. 1703.

XXXVII. TO MR. LEWIS.

[Supposed to be Erasmus Lewis, afterwards secretary to Lord Dartmouth. Addison was now in public life, under secretary of state to Sir Charles Hedges, and when this letter was written, member of an important mission of Lord Halifax to the court of Hanover. The following extract from Miss Aikin will serve as an introduction to this, as well as the letters to Mr. Stepney which follow.—G.]

"Apparently the duties of the under secretary were not very onerous, or could at least be executed for a time by a substitute, for it was during his tenure of this post that Addison was able to perform a duty of a very different nature, which appeared likely to open to him another road to future favor and preferment. In consequence of the decided predominance of the Whig interest, which, since the new elections of 1705, had been supported even in the House of Commons by considerable majorities, the Tory leaders had been compelled to quit office to their rivals. Lord Halifax, who had distinguished himself much in the debates of the peers, first on the Occasional Conformity Bill, and afterwards on the articles of the Union with Scotland, was again high in favor at court. The queen had restored him to his seat at the council board, and on the passing of the bill for the naturalization of the electress Sophia and her descendants, and for the better securing of the succession in the Protestant line, his lordship was made choice of as the fittest person to carry that act, together with the order of the garter, to the electoral prince at Hanover. On this brilliant mission he invited Addison to accompany him; Vanbrugh, lately appointed Clarencieux king at arms, went also, by whom the ceremony of the

prince's investiture with the most noble order was to be performed.[a] The little court of Hanover put forth, as might be expected, all its splendors on this joyful occasion; and the earl and his suite were entertained with every possible demonstration of welcome and mark of honor. During their stay, the nuptials of the electoral princess with the prince royal of Prussia were celebrated; and on their departure the prince accompanied Lord Halifax to the camp of the confederates, whence his Lordship proceeded to the Hague, where he laid the foundations of a strict alliance between Great Britain and the United Provinces, for the better securing of the succession of the Hanover family to the British crown. At the city of Amsterdam also, he was received with distinction by the magistrates, and with general applause by the citizens of every class.[b]

"The time and circumstances of the return of this embassy have been accidentally preserved in a letter to Stepney from Mr. Tilson, dated from the Hague in August 1707.

"'My Lord Halifax I hear is got safe into England, but he was obliged to go with Mr. Addison to the Texel, and take his passage on board the convoy for our East India ships.'

"It is not greatly to the credit of the 'Mæcænas of the nation,' that Addison, in the memorial to King George I. already quoted, should have found occasion to say; 'That my Lord Halifax upon going to Hanover desired him to accompany him thither, at which time, though he had not the title of his secretary, he officiated as such, without any other reward than the satisfaction of showing his zeal for that illustrious family.'

"A series of letters, partly official, partly private, addressed to his friend Stepney by Addison during the time that he held the office of under secretary of state, are here inserted, not only as specimens of the business style of the writer, but as interesting in themselves, since, while they afford various indications of his sagacity and good sense, they are not destitute of some few touches of his characteristic humor. One of prior date to Mr. Lewis, perhaps Erasmus Lewis, afterwards secretary to Lord Dartmouth, precedes them."

July 26th, 1706.

SIR—I thank you for yours of the 2d, which I received at the Duke of Marlborough's camp. Mr. Cardonnel will give you a better account of all transactions here than I can do. The

[a] There can be no doubt that Vanbrugh went; but that he was not included in Lord Halifax's suite appears from a line of his Lordship to Robethon the Hanoverian minister. "Monsieur Nariseau and Mr. Addison, two gentlemen of learning and business, give me their company, and I bring no more servants or liveries than I have at home. I am &c.
"HALIFAX."

From original papers, &c., published by J. Macpherson. London. 1775.

[b] See The Poetical Works of Charles, Lord Halifax, with his Life, 8vo. Lond. 1716: pp. 41, et seq.

Duke of Marlborough received a letter from Prince Eugene, on Saturday last, that confirms his passing the Adige, and gives great hopes of further successes. He tells his Grace, that the Duke of Orleans was arrived in those parts to command the French army; if he had resolution enough to enter on such a post, when his army was in such a situation. The Duke of Vendome, they say this morning, is got among the French troops, on this side. A trumpet from the enemy says, that three lieutenant-generals are broken for misbehavior at Ramillies Their names are Counts Guiscard, d'Artagnan, and Monsieur d'Etain. All agree here, that the last battle was gained purely by the conduct of our general. I am, sir, &c. J. ADDISON.[a]

XXXVIII. TO MR. STEPNEY.

Whitehall, September 3, 1706.

SIR—I beg leave to congratulate you upon your removal to a province that requires all those great abilities for which you are so deservedly celebrated, and at the same time to renew to you my assurances of an eternal gratitude and esteem. Though I have forbore troubling you with professions of this nature, I have often had an opportunity of mentioning my obligations to you, and the great respect I shall always have for so extraordinary a character; as well in other countries as in England. I shall take the liberty to trouble you with the news of the town and office, since I am better settled in my correspondences than I was formerly, and may now look upon you to be in our neighborhood. The union at present takes up all public discourse, and it is thought will certainly be concluded at last, notwithstanding the late popular commotions. Our Barbadoes fleet is arrived under convoy of two men-of-war, and I hear Sir Bevil Granville died

[a] From original papers, &c., arranged and published by James Macpherson, Esq., London, 1775. Quarto, Vol. 2, p. 58. *Literatim*

on board one of them on his return from his government. We have just now received a Lisbon mail, and as I am very much straitened in time, I send you an extract of a letter I received thence. I am with great respect, sir, your most obedient and humble servant, J. ADDISON.

I am desired by one Mr. Johnson an English bookseller at the Hague, to recommend him to your custom. He is a very understanding man, and the Lord Halifax's and Somerset's agent for books.

XXXIX. TO MR. STEPNEY.

Cock-Pit, November 8th, 1706.

SIR—We hear that on the fast-day appointed in Scotland to beg a blessing on the proceedings in parliament relating to a union, that several of the clergy took occasion to show their aversion to it. Mr. Loggan, an eminent divine in Edinburgh, had for his text the 11th verse of the 3d of the Revelations, "Behold I come quickly, hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Another, they say, desired the Lord in his prayer, that as he had formerly made their nation one of the heads of Europe, he would not now make it one of the tails. But as it is natural for a turbulent, discontented party to make more noise than those who are pleased with the ordinary course of affairs, though they are much the fewer in number, so they tell us that not only in the parliament, but throughout the kingdom, the majority is for the union.

I have seen a printed memorial, as it is called, that has been presented to the Duke of Burgundy, and by him, as I am certainly informed, laid before the king of France. It proposes for the recruiting the army, and raising money in the present exigencies, that all the superfluous lacqueys be immediately pressed for the

army which, by his calculation, will amount to threescore thousand. He then calculates the number of officers and pensions employed in the finances, taxes, posts, &c., which he reckons at fourscore thousand, half of which he would have suppressed, and their persons and pensions to be employed in the army. For a further supply of money he would have a coin of base alloy stamped, with which the king shall buy up all the works in gold and silver, in convents, palaces, &c., and turn them into current coin, which, by his computation, would bring in two-thirds of money more than there is now in the kingdom. One of these books has been sent into England, and they say makes a great noise in its own country.

A ship is come into Falmouth that left Lisbon ten days ago, (which is four days since our last packet came away,) that says there were then upward of threescore transports, and sixteen men-of-war; but that neither Sir Cloudesley Shovell nor my Lord Rivers was then arrived.

Since the writing of this I have received a long account of the Scotch affairs, which I send by itself: so begging you will excuse this trouble, I am, sir, &c

XL. TO MR. STEPNEY

Sir—On Wednesday morning arrived a packet-boat from Lisbon, with letters of the 10th of November, N. S. They brought us the news of the safe arrival of all our descent fleet, and that Sir Cloudesley Shovell and Lord Rivers dined at the consul's the day before, where they had a conference with the Secretary of State, but it was thought they would stay there no longer than to get forage and provisions, and refit their ships, which will take them up a month at least. Some letters say the Portuguese ministers were very importunate with them to employ all their forces on that side, and those who pretend to dive into

affairs, think it is only out of a design to render them ineffectual; but by all our advices from Lisbon we have reason to think, that since they find the King of France is likely to fall, they would willingly come in for their share of the spoil, and consequently contribute what they can to it. Mr. Methuen, I hear, declines his envoyship, and very much solicits leave to return into England; but if he may succeed his father in his embassy, it is not doubted but he will be content to stay there some time longer. On the 10th November, the Winchester man-of-war was sent express to Alicant from Lisbon to advise Lord Galway of the arrival of the fleet.

Mr. Crow, who was named for envoy to the King of Spain on a negotiation of commerce, is now preparing for his government of Barbadoes, and that whole affair being put into the hands of Mr. Stanhope, who is now with King Charles, under the character of the Queen's envoy, it is supposed that several of his friends, who fancied he might be shocked by Crow's commission, have interposed in the affair.

Edinburgh, Nov. 8th. Letters of this date that came in this morning, gave an account of several heats and addresses against the incorporating union. It looks very odd that there should be so great a majority in Parliament against what seems to be the bent of the nation, and that they have taken no care to confront addresses on this occasion. The particulars of their transactions will I know be sent to you from other hands.

The bishopric of Winchester will not be disposed of, as it is said, till the next session of Parliament is over; which may probably have a good effect on the bench of candidates for it

I am much obliged to you for yours of the 23d, and the place you give me in your memory; and shall ever be, with the greatest esteem, sir, &c. J. ADDISON.

Cock-Pit, Nov. 15, 1706.

XLI. TO MR. STEPNEY.

SIR—Yesterday the Duke of Marlborough came to town, and, notwithstanding his Grace had deferred his arrival till the dusk of the evening, and endeavored to enter as privately as possible, the common people of Southwark discovered him, and immediately giving the alarm to their brotherhood in the city, attended him with huzzas and acclamations to the court.

A credential is dispatching from the Queen to the King of Portugal, to engage his Majesty to treat with Earl Rivers about the operations of the ensuing campaign on that side, and in Valentia.

We have a strong report in town of my Lord Keeper's being married to Mrs. Clavering; but I do not hear that his Lordship owns it.

There is to-night a general council held at Kensington, designed, as it is supposed, to prorogue the Parliament a week longer.

Our last letters from Scotland give great hopes of their coming to a speedy and happy conclusion in the affair of the Union.

We had yesterday a very joyful report in the city of the arrival of nine East-India ships at Kinsale in Ireland, upon which the stock of the new Company rose very considerably; but I find that they have heard nothing of it at the Admiralty, so that it was probably an invention of the stock-jobbers.

We expect suddenly to hear of a Governor of the Tower, Guernsey, and Sheerness, which are all three at present without a head.

Mr. Methuen, I am informed, will have the character, at least the appointments, of an ambassador; that being at present so ex-

pensive a post, that he could not think of entering upon it on the foot of an envoy.

I just now hear Major General Withers is made governor of Sheerness: and I am told that Mr. Prior has been making an interest privately for the headship of Eton, in case Dr. Godolphin goes off in this removal of bishops.

We have no particulars of Scotch news, besides what are to be met with in the public prints. I am, Sir, &c.*

XLII.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 73.]

3d December.

Sir—My Lord Sunderland was this night sworn into the office of Secretary of State for the Southern province, but it being very late, and his Lordship in a hurry of business and ceremony, he has not time to notify it to any body, for which reason he has ordered me to present his very humble service to you, and let you know that he will write to you with his own hand by the next post. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

J. Addison.

Whitehall, December 3d, 1706. Mr. Stepney.

XLIII.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 75.]

10th December.

Sir—I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 14th N. S. and for the favor you have shown to the person I recommended to you at the Hague. I hope I need not offer you

* From Epistolary Curiosities; Series second, edited by Rebecca Warner, of Beech Cottage, Bath, 8vo. Bath, 1818.

all the services of my little post whenever you think proper to employ me in any of them. I believe my Lord Halifax, with whom I have often had the honor to drink your health, hath let you know from his own hand that he has been attacked by a fit of the gout, which is at present pretty well over. You may possibly have heard the late regulation of the secretary of state. Whoever enters on that office hereafter, is to succeed the person that quits it in the same province, but at the same time to be reputed the Junior Secretary, which is the foot we are now upon. I hear Sir Philip Meadows, jr. is designed for Vienna: and that Mr. Methuen is the more unwilling to succeed his father in Portugal, by reason the accounts that passed through his hands between England and Portugal are not so clear as might be wished We expect alterations in your commission, and that two of the Board, who at present do all the business of it, will be removed to make room for Lord Stanford, and I don't hear the other. Lord Huntingtower has married Mrs. Heneage Candish without the consent or knowledge of his father, the Earl of Disert. This we look upon as an omen of union between the two nations.

I am, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

J. Addison.

December 10th, 1706. Mr. Stepney.

XLIV.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 71.]

Whitehall, December 13th [1705].

Sir—We had last night an express from Lisbon that brought news of the death of the King of Portugal, which comes to us from the ambassador and several other hands, though the Portuguese envoy has not yet received any advice of it, and has been just now with me to know if the *facheuse nouvelle* be true. We

hear there are three prevailing parties at present in hat court, though I don't know how they are distinguished, but only in general that ours is the weakest of the three, though the common people in general are for us. It happens therefore, very luckily, that our fleet and army are on the spot, which cannot fail having a very good influence. Mr. Methuen, who has not yet received his instructions and credential of ambassador, is now at Lisbon, and has done very good office in this nice conjuncture, though he has not acted as the Queen's minister, but only a friend to the service.

We had also late last night, an express from Lord Galloway and Mr. Stanhope. They tell us Carthagena was then likely to be besieged, and that they did not expect it should make any defence, as the event has sufficiently proved. They were in no pain for Alicant nor their own army, having several mountains and difficult passes between them and the enemy. I must tell you as a secret, that both Lord Galloway and Stanhope make very pressing requests to be recalled, and I believe you will not think it impossible for them both to be really sick of an Austrian administration. Lord Galloway has already heard that his commission was to supersede Lord Peterborough's, but that has had no effect on him, and I verily believe the other will persist in his desire of coming home notwithstanding the addition of three pounds a day by virtue of his plenipotentiaryship for settling the commerce, &c. They are both of opinion that there are but two generals in the world fit to command in chief in those parts, and as one of them is engaged necessarily on this side of the world, they propose the sending for the other out of Italy.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

J. ADDISON.*

* This letter has been injured by wet, and perhaps has lost something on the bottom margin.

My Lord Sunderland orders me to give you his most humble service, and to let you know that he will be very much obliged to you if you will send him the news of your circular, or whatever "

XLV.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 77.]

Lisbon, Dec. 17, 1706.

On Tuesday last Col. Worsley arrived here from Valencia, having been about 14 days in his passage, and brings the confirmation of the following account, viz. :

That in Cuenca was taken a German regiment, a Spanish regiment, with a Neapolitan, besides a detachment of 600 men of English, Dutch, and Portuguese.

In Elche was taken Brigadier Killegrew's dragoons, and a detachment of 400 foot, and as much corn as would have served the army all winter.

There are at least 7000 recruits wanting in the English army, for our battalions there are reduced to 200 men one with another.

It will be difficult to provide the army with horses where we go, though the king will take up all in the country

We are preparing to sail for Alicant, where they expect us with the greatest impatience. Our arrival here has freed them of the enemy, who designed to have besieged Alicant and Valencia. The Portuguese own likewise that our presence has done them service on this juncture of the king's death, for they suppose there would have been otherwise some disorders. The new king says he will act as vigorously as his father.

* The new king Don Juan is about 17 years old, and has confirmed all officers in their places ; he is of a very mild disposition,

and 'tis supposed will follow his father's counsels. Lord Rivers continues here packing up straw, but 'tis said will sail hence the latter end of the month; the men and horses are in very good health. We have little news from Spain; some deserters tell us that the Duke of Anjou has cut down all the woods near Madrid to raise money, and that the Duke of Berwick has been defeated near Alicant, but little credit is given to it. They are in great apprehensions at Cadiz, and fortify every place they can.

The Marquis de Montandre, who has been driven back to Yarmouth, was last night sent for back to town: so that in all probability he will carry different instructions from those he has to Earl Rivers, since the posture of affairs in Valencia is laid open by the last mail. Lord Galway seriously desires to retire, notwithstanding his commission is to take place of Lord Peterborough's and Earl Rivers, not having that interest with K. Ch. as one would wish. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

10br 20, 1706.*

XLVI.

[Stepney Papers. Vol 1, Folio 91.]

27 December.

SIR—Private letters from Scotland say that the two Glasgow men in custody at Edinburgh have confessed in their examinations who have been the great incendiaries in the late tumults of that kingdom, and that upon sending for them up they have proved to be servants or retainers to the family of the Duke of H. They tell us there has been a duel between the Duke of

* N. B. The Lisbon Mail is in two hands. As far as * is an office copy. The rest is in the hands of one who wrote the letters, which Addison only signed. Addison's part is marked " ."

Argyle and Lord Crawford, in which both have been slightly wounded. They are both of the same side as to the Union, but the Duke of Argyle's being made captain of the troop of guards over the other's head who is the lieutenant, it is supposed may have produced this misunderstanding. We believe the Union will quickly be finished on the Scotch side, the sixth and eighth articles being passed through. Some apprehend great disputes on the twenty-second; that determines the numbers to sit in each house of parliament; but the present members of the Scotch parliament being those who have the greatest concern in this article, it is probable they would not have cleared the way to it had they intended to have stopped there. Last week Brigadier Meredith married one Mrs. Paul, a maiden lady of about eight thousand pounds' fortune. Brigadier Cadogan succeeds General Churchill in the Tower, and Lord Essex the Earl of Abingdon. General Churchill is appointed governor of the Isle of Guernsey.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Addison.

Whitehall, 10br 27th. Mr. Stepney.

XLVII.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 79.]

Lisbon, Jan. 3, 1707.

Copy of a letter by the last Lisbon mail.

Sir—We are now likely to have more of Lord Rivers' company than was expected. The last orders from England have put the officers very much out of humor; they were in hopes of seeing Valencia, but must now stay here, and it is feared will meet with great difficulties, this country not being able to supply them with carriages and mules sufficient for a march towards Madrid, which is the scheme laid. On the other hand, King

Charles and Lord Gallway will be disappointed and pressed hard, and have wrote to Lord Rivers to desire him to come with all his forces thither. If the packet boat from England had stayed but two days longer, the fleet had been gone.

On the 1st instant Don Juan was crowned king of Portugal in what they call here great pomp and solemnity; some days since, three of our men-of-war being sent out by Sir Cl., the forts at the mouth of the river fired at them; however they kept on their course, and received all their fire, but returned none: upon this Sir Clous. sent to the king to know whether it was a declaration of war, but they excuse it, and have imprisoned a lieutenant of one of the forts; and the king promises he will stand by his father's alliances.

It is very probable that our forces received fresh orders for Valencia before they disembarked, there having been such dispatched to them.

Nobody here knows what to make of the firing on our men of war at Lisbon. The Duke of Cadaval is governor of the fort that played upon us, and probably will not be a little mortified to find his citadel of so little consequence for the safety of the town. Mr. Methuen presented a smart memorial, but was answered with a frivolous excuse, that the governor had orders not to let a certain Genoese vessel in port come out, and that not knowing her by sight, he was resolved to stop all, that she might not escape him. Their secretary of state at the same time complained of vessels that they did not come to anchor under the fort upon their firing at them. It is probable the sub-governor will be sacrificed.

We talk of raising, some say three, and others six, new regiments. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Addison.

Whitehall, Jan. 10, 1706.

XLVIII.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 85.]

21st April, 1707.

SIR—This morning the Duke of Marlborough, accompanied with his duchess, set out for Margate in order to take his voyage for Holland, the wind being fair.

Dr. Chetwood, by the Duke of Marlborough's recommendation, is made Dean of Gloucester.

I hear Colonel Hunter is to go deputy-governor to Virginia under the Lord Arkney.

The heralds have been before a Committe of Council, and received orders to adjust the arms of the two nations on the public seals, and to be made use of after the first of May.

Brigadier Palmes is to succeed Lieutenant-General Windham as colonel of that regiment.

The city is full of the talk of a peace, but I hear nothing of it at this end of the town.

Mr. Musgrave lost a thousand pounds very nicely in the House of Commons; for upon a division whether he should have five or six thousand pounds for an equivalent to his toll at Carlisle, the tellers gave it him by a single vote, but upon a review which was demanded by one Mr. Coatsworth, no friend to Mr. Musgrave, the single vote was against him. I am, Sir, your most humble servant, J. ADDISON.

Mr. Stepney.

* The date is in the same handwriting as the former erroneous one It should probably be March, not April.

XLIX.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 81.]

Whitehall, 25th March, 1707.

SIR—We expect a mail from Lisbon with great impatience, and have only heard from Valencia by way of Genoa that money and provisions are there in great plenty. Our West India merchants are in great pain for the Leeward Islands, which are very naked and defenceless, and it is feared Du Quéne's squadron is designed for those parts, though it is more probable they have only the conveying of the galleons in view, having no land-men on board. The packet-boats from Ostend to Dover having hitherto fallen into the hands of privateers, a new method is proposed and under consideration for securing them. The Duke of Marlborough is still at Margate with the dutchess, and I hear intends to stay there till the wind changes, which has kept his Grace there already these four days. I am with great truth and respect, Sir, your most humble, most faithful servant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Stepney.

L.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 83.]

28th April.*

SIR—Yesterday the Queen passed the Annuity Bill, and though several had given out that the fund it goes upon would never be filled up, the whole sum was subscribed to as fast as the names could be taken, and above a hundred thousand pound returned.

* The date 28th *April* is either the date of receipt, or written in mistake for 28th March. It is not in the handwriting of Addison, nor of his amanuensis.

The fund is for £1,120,000, and the annuity at sixteen years purchase for ninety-six years.

Last night the Queen signed a proclamation for a general thanksgiving to be observed on the 1st of May for the Union, and will herself celebrate it at St. Paul's.

A commission is ordered to search into the losses sustained by the inhabitants of the Leeward Islands, that some reparation may be made them and proper precautions taken for the future.

Her Majesty sends a letter to the Republic of the Grisons in confirmation of the treaty made with them by Mr. Stanyan and the Emperor's envoy. The articles that concern her Majesty are the first and fourth, by which she engages to indemnify the Grisons from any losses they may sustain by the Germans in their march, to protect them against the resentments of the French, to comprehend them in the treaty of peace, and do them good offices with the Emperor.

There is a talk of Sir Thomas Hanmore being to succeed Mr. Mansel and the latter to be made a lord, with many other changes that the town usually makes at the end of a session of Parliament.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Addison

March 28th, 1707. Mr. Stepney.

LI.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 87.]

Sir—The Queen has sent a letter of reprimand to the Lower House of Convocation for some intemperate behavior that has lately passed among them tending to the diminishing her Majesty's prerogative as head of the Church, which her Majesty lets

them know she pardons for this time, but will make use of other methods with them in case they do the like for the future.

This morning the town was surprised with the news of a marriage solemnized last night at the Duke of Montagu's house between Lord Hinchinbrook and the only daughter of Lady Anne Popham.

By our last letters from Valencia we find the King of Spain's friends are all, except the Count de Noyelles, very much out of humor at his intended journey to Catalonia. I hear that Earl Rivers and Lord Essex talk of returning home, the command being in the hands of Lord Gallway. They design to march towards Madrid by the way of Arragon, and by that means leave the Tajo on the left, the passing of which would be difficult and dangerous.

Prince Lichtenstein, Count Oropeza, and Count de Cardona are the Cabinet Councillors. The great and only misfortune they have in the present favorable conjuncture is the division among the general officers.

You will doubtless hear of our talked-of changes from other hands. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Whitehall, April 11th, 1707. Mr. Stepney.

LII.

[Stepney Papers. Vol. 1, Folio 89.]

SIR —I send you enclosed a letter from my Lord Halifax, and thank you for all the kind ones received from your side.

This day Lord Sunderland had a son christened, the Queen godmother, and the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Realton godfathers. They say Jack How, Mr. Blathwait, and Prior, shake. The Dutchess of Marlborough has invited Lady

Peterborough to dine with her and name her company, who are Dr. Garth, Lord Wharton, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sunderland. The Earl of Manchester will, I believe, have directions to call at Vienna in his way to Venice. It was to-day proposed in the House of Commons to let in French wine among us, but the proposal was received so warmly by one of the members that it immediately fell to our great mortification. I am your most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

December 17th. Mr. Stepney.

LIII. TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

[This young nobleman was the son of the Countess of Warwick, whom Addison afterwards married. Addison was supposed to have been tutor to the Earl, but there is no evidence but contemporary hearsay to support this conjecture. These letters were originally published by Curll.—G.]

MY DEAR LORD—I have employed the whole neighborhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night, but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest which has abundance of little eggs streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they gave me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbors are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a sky-lark's, others will have them to be a canary bird's, but I am much mistaken in the turn and color of the eggs if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them, for if the account they gave me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship methinks after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with the little curiosities of nature. I assure you no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-houses, which stood on the seashore, with picking up cockle-shells and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author, in his treatise on Friendship. "Absint autem tristitia, et in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior et remissior, et ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior." If your Lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy End, I shall be very well pleased. I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate and most humble servant, J. ADDISON.

Sandy End, May 20th, 1708.

LIV. TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST LORD—I cannot forbear being troublesome to your Lordship whilst I am in your neighborhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighboring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-redbreast and a bull-finch. There is a lark that by way of overture sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing; and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale that has a much, better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honor me with your

company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music and more agreeable scenes than you ever met with at the opera; and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil—

> "Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
> Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
> Observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
> Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen
> Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet."

> "So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
> The mother nightingale laments alone;
> Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence
> By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
> But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
> And melancholy music fills the plains."—DRYDEN.

Your Lordship's most obedient

J. ADDISON.

May 27th, 1708.

LV.

[No address or date of place, but probably from Sandy End, and in 1708.—G.]

DEAR SIR—If you are at leisure I will desire you to inquire in any bookseller's shop for a Statius, and to look in the beginning of the Achillead for a bird's-nest, which, if I am not mistaken, is very finely described. It comes in, I think, by way of simile towards the beginning of the book, where the poet compares Achilles's mother looking after a proper seat to conceal her son in, to a bird searching after a fit place for a nest. If you find it send it to me, or bring it yourself, and as you acquit yourself of this you may perhaps be troubled with more poetical commissions from, sir, your most faithful humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

My hearty service to Dr. Swift. The next time you come bring a coach early that we may take the air in it.[a]

May 30.

LVI. TO MR. COLE AT VENICE.

Whitehall, Oct. 31st, 1707.

SIR—Yesterday we had news that the body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was found on the coast of Cornwall. The fishermen who were searching among the wrecks, took a tin box out of one of the carcases that were floating, and found in it the commission of an admiral, upon which, examining the body more narrowly, they found it was poor Sir Cloudesley.[b] You may guess the condition of his unhappy wife, who lost in the same ship with her husband, her two sons by Sir John Narborough. We begin to despair of the two other men of war and the fire ship that engaged among the same rocks. I am, sir, &c.

LVII. TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

DEAR SIR—I am very much obliged to you for the honor of your letter, and am glad to hear that there is no occasion for

[a] [From C. J. Smith's "Historical and Literary Curiosities." 4to. *Literatim.*]

The lines of Statius referred to are certainly the following, although they do *not*, as Addison imagined, describe a bird's-nest. If they had, he would probably have communicated them to the young lord.

> "Qualis vicino volucris jam sedula partu,
> Jamque timens quâ fronde domum suspendat inanem,
> Providet hinc ventos, hinc anxia cogitat angues,
> Hinc homines, tandem dubiæ placet umbra, novisque
> Vix stetit in ramis, et protinus arbor amatur." *Achilleid*, i. 212.

[b] Sir Cloudesley Shovel was returning with his fleet from the Mediterranean when his own ship and several others were wrecked on the Scilly islands. On board the admiral's ship every soul perished. Smollett relates in his history, that "the admiral's body being cast ashore was stripped and buried in the sand; but afterwards discovered and brought into Plymouth, from whence it was conveyed to London and buried in Westminster Abbey."

acquainting you with the issuing out of the writs, which I hear will be on Thursday next.

I send you enclosed a print that is thought to be well written. I fancy it is Manwaring's.[b] We hear that the Duke of Florence furnished the Pope with the money that he contributed towards the intended expedition. If so, his minister will be put hence very suddenly. You have doubtless heard of the affront offered your cousin Manchester in searching his gondola for English cloth, which was found in some quantity aboard of it, by the corruption of his servants.[1] It was done at the time when the Venetians had heard that the invasion had succeeded. Their ambassador is banished our court, and though he has desired audience to explain the matter, it is refused till your cousin Manchester has had the satisfaction he demands, which is, that the searchers stand in the pillory, and the cloth be put into the gondola on the place where it was taken out.

I long for some of your conversation in country air, and am ever, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your &c.

J. ADDISON.

Whitehall, April 27, 1708.

Steele shall write to you by the next post.[b]

[1] The English ambassador at Venice.—G.

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[a] This gentleman, barely known by name to the general reader of the present day, stood with his contemporaries in the first rank of able writers, literary judges, and excellent conversers. He was the author of many occasional pieces on the Whig side, a member of the Kitcat Club, and secretary to the Duchess of Marlborough. Some account of him, and a number of his very sensible and well-written letters, are found in Coxe's Life of the Duke of Marlborough.

[b] From a fac-simile in Addisoniana, vol. i.

LVIII. TO THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.

Cock-Pit, July 23, 1708

My Lord—I make bold to congratulate your Lordship on the appearance of so honorable a conclusion as your Lordship is getting to your dispute with the senate of Venice. I had the pleasure to-day of hearing your Lordship's conduct in this affair very much applauded by some of our first peers. We had an unlucky business about two days ago, that befell the Muscovite ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs. He was then upon his departure for his own country, and the sum under a hundred pounds that stays him: and what makes the business the worse, he has been punctual in his payments, and had given orders that this very sum should be paid the day after. However, as he is very well convinced that the government entirely disapproves such a proceeding, there are no ill consequences apprehended from it.[1] Your Lordship knows that the privileges of ambassadors are under very little regulations in England, and I believe that a bill will be promoted in the next parliament for setting them upon a certain foot; at least, it is what we talk of in both offices on this occasion.

I am, my Lord, your &c.

LIX. TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Dear Sir—I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter, but am afraid that the present posture of affairs in our office will not let me have the happiness I proposed to myself of passing part of the summer in your company. My brother Hopkins is aiming at the House of Commons, and therefore desired

[1] The Russian ambassador demanded that the English bailiffs should be punished with death, but was obliged to take up with apologies, &c.—G.

me to take out my month in the country as soon as I can, that he may be at leisure to push his interest there in its season.

At the same time I am very much disposed to go to the Bath, where I hope to put myself in good humor for the rest of the year, and gain as much benefit by the waters as a friend of mine did about a twelvemonth ago. I wish your inclination would determine you to the same place, or that going thither or coming back, I might have the honor of waiting on you: for I hope you don't think it a compliment when I assure you that I value your conversation more than any man's living, and am, with the greatest truth and esteem, sir, your most affectionate friend and most obedient servant.

Whitehall, May 1, 1708.

I think of setting out next week with Col. Frowde, in a coach that we shall hire for ourselves, to the Bath.

LX.

[Without address or date of place—probably London.—G.]

August 17, 1708.

Dear Sir—The last time I had the honor to see you, I was in so much haste that I could not tell you I had been talking of you tête-à-tête to my Lord Halifax that day, who expressed himself with a great deal of friendship and esteem. I have not yet made the grand experiments. We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs. By a mail just now arrived, we hear that the Duke of Marlborough had made a movement to prevent the junction of the two armies under the Dukes of Vendome and Berwick. They give out that they will resign all rather than lose little; and they of the army are of opinion that we are at the point of a general action, which our friends are very eager upon. There has been an action between the Marshal de

Villars and the Duke of Savoy, which the French tell to their advantage; but as soon as our letters come from Switzerland, we hope to have a better account of it: for the French letters own that, immediately after their pretended success, the Duke of Savoy took Exilles. I am, dear sir, yours, &c.

LXI. TO DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1709.

DEAR SIR—I am in a very great hurry of business, but cannot forbear thanking you for your letter at Chester, which was the only entertainment I met with in that place. I hope to see you very suddenly, and will wait on our friend the Bishop of Clogher,[a] as soon as I can possibly. I have had just time to tell him, *en passant*, that you were well. I long to see you; and am, dear sir, your most faithful, and most obedient servant,

J. ADDISON.

We arrived yesterday at Dublin.

LXII. TO DR. SWIFT.

Dublin Castle, June 25, 1709.

DEAR SIR—I am heartily glad to hear you are so near us. If you will deliver the enclosed to the captain of the Wolf, I dare say he will accommodate you with all in his power. If he has left Chester, I have sent you a bill according to the Bishop of Clogher's desire, of whom I have a thousand good things to say. I do not ask your excuse about the yacht, because I don't want it, as you shall hear at Dublin: if I did, I should think my

[a] Dr. St. George Ashe, formerly fellow and provost of the university of Dublin, and who had been Swift's tutor at Dublin College. He was made Bishop of Clogher, June 25, 1697, and translated to Derry, Feb. 27, 1716

self inexcusable. I long to talk over all affairs with you; and am ever, dear sir, Yours most entirely,

J. ADDISON.

P. S. The yacht will come over with the acts of parliament and a convoy about a week hence, which opportunity you may lay hold of, if you do not like the Wolf. I will give orders accordingly.

LXIII. TO DR. SWIFT.

Nine o'clock, Monday morning.

DEAR SIR—I think it very hard I should be in the same kingdom with Dr. Swift, and not have the happiness of his company once in three days. The Bishop of Clogher intends to call on you this morning, as will your humble servant in my return from Chapel Izzard, whither I am just now going.

Your humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LXIV. TO DR. SWIFT.

St. James's Palace, April 11, 1710.

DEAR SIR—I have run so much in debt with you, that I do not know how to excuse myself, and therefore shall throw myself wholly upon your good nature; and promise, if you will pardon what is passed, to be more punctual with you for the future. I hope to have the happiness of waiting on you very suddenly at Dublin, and do not at all regret the leaving of England, while I am going to a place, where I shall have the satisfaction and honor of Dr. Swift's conversation. I shall not trouble you with any occurrences here, because I hope to have the pleasure of talking over all affairs with you very suddenly. We hope to be at Holy-

head by the 30th instant. Lady Wharton stays in England. I suppose you know that I obeyed yours, and the Bishop of Clogher's commands, in relation to Mr. Smith; for I desired Mrs. Dawson to acquaint you with it. I must beg my most humble duty to the Bishop of Clogher. I heartily long to eat a dish of bacon and beans in the best company in the world. Mr. Steele and I often drink your health.

I am forced to give myself airs of a punctual correspondence with you in discourse with your friends at St. James's coffee-house, who are always asking me questions about you, when they have a mind to pay their court to me, if I may use so magnificent a phrase. Pray, dear doctor, continue your friendship toward me, who love and esteem you, if possible, as much as you deserve. I am ever, dear sir, Yours entirely,

J. Addison.

LXV. TO DR. SWIFT.

Dublin, June 3, 1710.

Dear Sir—I am just now come from Finglass, where I have been drinking your health, and talking of you, with one who loves and admires you better than any man in the world, except your humble servant. We both agree in a request, that you will set out for Dublin as soon as possible. To tell you truly, I find the place disagreeable, and cannot imagine why it should appear so now more than it did last year. You know I look upon every thing that is like a compliment as a breach of friendship; and therefore shall only tell you, that I long to see you; without assuring you, that I love your company and value your conversation more than any man's or that I am, with the most inviolable sincerity and esteem, dear sir, your most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servant,

J. Addison.

LXVI.

[The following letter explains itself. It was, I believe, originally printed in Rede's Anecdotes; but there is no date nor name, and I am not aware that the subject has ever attracted the attention of Addison's biog raphers.—G.]

MADAM—It would be ridiculous in me, after the late intimation you were pleased to favor me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one. In matters of importance, *delicacy* ought to give way to *truth*, and *ceremony* must be sacrificed to *candor*. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind, which is above the practice of deceit, can never stoop to be guilty of flattery upon such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connection subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, that, were I capable of such an action, how much soever my behavior might be rewarded by your *passion*, I must be despised by your *reason*, and, though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man. Highly sensible of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honor may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to awaken it, beyond an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me entreat you, for your own sake,

to resist any giddy impulse or ill-placed inclination which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your own honor, and repugnant to your virtue.

I too, madam, am far from being insensible. I, too, have passions; and would my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should legally have solicited that happiness which you are now ready to bestow. I had the honor of supping at Mr. D.'s, where I first saw you; and I shall make no scruple in declaring, that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, nor a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side, although I burnt with a flame as strong as ever fired the human breast. I labored to conceal it. Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, madam, endeavor to rekindle that flame; do not destroy a tranquillity I have just begun to taste, and blast your own honor, which has been hitherto unsullied. My best esteem is yours; but should I promise more, consider the fatal necessity I should be under, of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of, Madam, Your humble servant.

LXVII. TO AMBROSE PHILIPS.

April 25, 1710.

Dear Sir—Upon the receipt of your first letter I consulted with Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your friend, and extremely desirous to serve you, but as the province to which Muscovy belongs is under Mr. Boyle, he did not think it proper for me to move any one else in that affair, designing to mention you to the secretary, who you know is his intimate friend, upon the first favorable opportunity. Since that I have received your second

and have got Mr. Hopkins to join with me in the affair of Geneva to my Lord Sunderland, but his Lordship tells us that Dairolle has been named to that post for some time. I knew the Marquis du Caen applied to the Duke of Marlborough upon the same account. I have been several times to speak to my Lord Sommers upon this occasion, but could not find him at home till about three days ago, and then he was just going out with Lord Oxford. However, I took his Lordship aside, and upon my telling him your desire in regard to Geneva, his Lordship promised that he would move in it. I told him at the same time what I had heard of Dairolle, and that probably you would be very well pleased to succeed Dairolle at the Hague. I likewise told his Lordship of the vacancy that might possibly happen in Muscovy, and begged his Lordship to turn it in his thoughts to your advantage. He was very particularly attentive to me, and by the very kind manner that he received what I had to say, and that he formerly has spoken to me of you, I promise myself that something may rise out of it for your good. I intend to mention you once more to his Lordship before I go for Ireland, and I believe it would not be amiss for you to ground a letter of thanks upon the gracious hearing he has already given me. I must beg you to present my most humble respects to Mr. Pulteney, and I hope you have already let him know how much I love and honor him. Farewell, dear Philips, and believe me to be more than I am able to express, your most affectionate and most faithful humble servant,

J. Addison.

Dick Steele and I remember you once a day. Little Thomson is the same excellent youth he was.[a]

[a] From the original MS. in the possession of John Scott, Esq., Westminster

LXVIII. TO THE SAME.

[Without date, but evidently from Ireland from the allusion to the Pastorals—between 1709–10.—G.]

DEAR SIR—I am very much obliged to you for sending me my letters from Mr. Vandewaters, but more for the copy of your pastoral. I have read it over with abundance of pleasure, and like extremely well the alterations you have made in it. You have an admirable hand at a sheep-crook, though I must confess the conclusion of your poem would have pleased me better had it not been for that very reason that it was the conclusion of it. I hope you will follow the example of your Spenser and Virgil in making your pastorals the prelude of something greater. He that can bewail Stella's death in so good a copy of verses would be able to anatomize her after it in a better. I intend for England within a day or two, and should be very glad if I could be any way serviceable to you there.

Your faithful, humble servant, J. ADDISON.

[Addressed to Ambrose Philips.]
From "The Autograph Portfolio." London, 1837, 4to. *Literatim.*

LXIX. TO MR. KEALLY, A FRIEND IN IRELAND.

London, April 13, 1710.

SIR—We are here in a great puzzle of politics. Little Ben[1] winks, speaks half sentences, and grows more mysterious than ever. Dick Steele is entirely yours. Lord Halifax, after having talked of you in a friendly manner, desired me to give you his humble service when I wrote to you, &c.

[1] Little Ben—Mr., afterwards Bishop, Hoadley. He had recently been recommended to the Queen by the House of Commons for writing against Bishops Bramhall and Atterbury.—G.

LXX. TO MR. DESMAIZEAUX.

[Mr. Desmaizeaux. Supposed to be a French refugee. He had written a life of Bayle, and edited the works of St. Evremond. Addison took him with him to Ireland.—V. Steele's Correspondence, v. 1, 188.—G.]

Dublin Castle, Aug. 1, 1710.

SIR—I did not care for answering your letter till I could do it in some measure to your satisfaction. I have at last watched a convenient season to move my Lord Lieutenant for your license of absence, which he has granted till December next. I am afraid I shall not then be in a capacity to serve you any further in this particular, but if I can you may depend upon it. I heartily wish you joy of your new post, and am ever, sir, your most faithful humble servant, J. ADDISON.

Mr. Desmaizeaux.

LXXI. MR. ADDISON TO DR. SWIFT

[Swift and Addison were always friends in spite of their difference in politics.—G.]

Dublin Castle, July 23, 1710.

DEAR SIR—About two days ago I received the enclosed, that is sealed up; and yesterday that of my friend Steele, which requiring a speedy answer, I have sent you express. In the mean while I have let him know that you are out of town, and that he may expect your answer by the next post. I fancy he had my Lord Halifax's authority for writing. I hope this will bring you to town. For your amusement by the way I have sent you some of this day's news; to which I must add that Doctors Bisse and Robinson are likely to be Bishops of Bristol and St. Davids: that our politicians are startled at the breaking off the negotiations and fall of stocks; insomuch that it is thought they will not ven-

ture at dissolving the parliament in such a crisis. I am ever, dear sir, yours entirely.

Mr. Steele desires me to seal yours before I deliver it: but this you will excuse in one who wishes you as well as he or any body living can do.

LXXII.

[Fragment of a letter to Mr. Keally.—G.]

"The Bank have represented that they must shut up upon the first issuing out of new writs; and Sir Francis Child, with the rest of the moneyed interest on the Tories' side have declared to the Duke of Shrewsbury, that they shall be ruined if so great a blow be given to the public credit as would inevitably follow upon a dissolution. We hear from all parts of England that the people daily recover their senses, and that the tide begins to turn so strongly, that it is hoped the next parliament will be of the same stamp with this in case of a dissolution."

LXXIII. TO THE MARQUIS OF WHARTON.

[V. Macaulay's Essay, p. xlv.]

London, August 14, 1710.

My Lord—This morning I had the honor of a visit from Mr. Bertie, who upon my acquainting him with your Lordship's concern for his brother's election, declared himself very much obliged to your Lordship, but said his brother was so tired of sitting in the house, that he would not be in it again upon any consideration.

I hear from my Lord Dartmouth's office that all the particulars which I had in charge for your Lordship have been already complied with, except that about proroguing the parliament,

which I have desired may be dispatched forthwith to your excellency, in case it is judged necessary.

The privy council was to meet this night, in order (as it was said yesterday) to place my Lord Peterborough at the head of the admiralty, and to determine of the dissolution; but this morning I hear from very good hands that there is advice of the Prince of Wales being ready to embark with a body of troops at Dunkirk, and that the admiralty is to attend the privy council upon the occasion.

It is said the Duke of Queensborough has had intimation of such a designed invasion, about a month ago, from several parts of Scotland. This report, I believe, comes from Sir George Byng, and is of such a nature, that I should be cautious of mentioning it to any body but your excellency.

Among the prints which I send you by this post, the Essay upon Cries is said to be written by Mr. Harley, and that of Mr. Bickerstaff Detected, by Mr. Congreve. Dr. Garth, under whose hands I am at present, will not excuse me, if I do not present his most humble duty to your Lordship: the doctor this morning showed me a copy of verses which he has made in praise of the lord treasurer. The Lord Islay is lately returned from Scotland, and it is said the Duke of Argyle is expected every day from Flanders. I am, with the greatest respect, &c. &c.

LXXIV. TO THE SAME.

London, October 17th, 1710.

My Lord—I received the honor of your Lordship's of the 13th, and have sent the commissions mentioned in it according to your Lordship's commands; not hearing as yet of any thing that hath passed, which should hinder your Lordship from signing them.

I must, however, acquaint your Lordship with a passage in one

of Dawson's letters, dated the 3rd instant, which did not come to my hands till last night, having been sent after me to Malmsbury by mistake.

I had mentioned to him, as your Lordship had told me you would have it believed, and as you had yourself written the post before to some of your friends in Ireland, that you had signified to her majesty your unwillingness to continue in that government when all your friends were dismissed, or to that purpose; but at the same time told him, that I believed your Lordship would not be out of it till some months after. In answer to that letter he writes to me in the following words: "You might be assured that whatever you wrote to me was lodged in a safe hand; but what you desired should not be taken notice of, came over hither by twenty letters in the same post; and the Whitehall letters from both secretaries' offices, which came hither by the same packet with yours, positively mention my lord lieutenant's resignation of his government to her majesty on the 22nd of the last month; so that it is here no secret, and every body says upon it that his excellency cannot act any more on his commission, but that the government is absolutely in the hands of the lords justices till a new governor is appointed."

I will not take any notice of the receipt of this letter till I hear further from your Lordship; having by the last post, and all along, written in the character of secretary to the lord lieutenant. Your Lordship is doubtless the best judge of this matter, how far the resignation went, and how far it was accepted; or whether it could be accepted effectually, but by superseding your Lordship's commission. I shall only take notice that your Lordship's letters to the secretary of state, and to the lords justices in Ireland, the first relating to the horses that are wanting there, and the other to the draughting of 250 dragoons for the embarkation of them, bear date September 23. The Irish gentlemen are positive that

your Lordship will be succeeded by the Duke of Ormond, though there goes a whisper among some of your Lordship's friends that my Lord Rivers is certainly designed for that employment.

Nobody here knows what to think of the present state of affairs. Those who got the last parliament dissolved, are as much astonished, and they say troubled, for the glut of Tories that will be in the next, as the Whigs themselves. I am, with great respect, &c.

LXXV. TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dear Sir—Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this, and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship, and that stocks sink every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you. I am, dear sir, yours eternally

July 21, 1711.

LXXVI. TO MR. WORTLEY.

October 13, 1711.

Dear Sir—I am very much obliged to you for your last kind letter and invitation, which I heartily wish I could accept; but

you know I have put my hand to the plough, and have already been absent from my work one entire month at the Bath. I hope you will not think of staying in the country so long as you mention. Sure it will be worth your while to hear the peace treated in the House of Commons, and as you have seen *mores hominum multorum et urbes*, I think you cannot have a better opportunity to show yourself. If you will be my lodger, I'll take a house in the square at Kensington, and furnish you a chamber; not forgetting a cook and other particulars. I send you enclosed a paper of Abel Roper's, which every body looks upon as authentic: we talk of nothing but a peace. I am heartily glad you have your health, and question not but you would find the Kensington air as good as the Wortley. I am ever, with the greatest sincerity, &c.

LXXVII. TO MR. HUGHES.

[One of the writers of the Spectator. V. introd. to that work.—G.]

April 24, 1713.

Dear Sir—This is to acquaint you that I am obliged to practise a great piece of self-denial; in short, I must deprive my play of the noble ornament you designed for it.[1] My friends, who all of them concur with me in admiring your beautiful copy of verses, are however of opinion that it will draw upon me an imputation of vanity, and as my play has met with an unexpected reception, I must take particular care not to aggravate the envy and ill-nature that will rise on course upon me. Besides, to tell you truly, I have received other poems upon the same occasion, and one or two from persons of quality, who will never pardon me if I do not give them a place at the same time that I print any other. I know your good sense and friendship towards me will

[1] Verses on Cato. They were, however, printed. V. Vol. 1, p. —G.]

not let you put a wrong interpretation upon this matter, and I am sure I need not tell you with what sincerity and esteem, I am, Sir, your most obliged and most faithful servant.[a]

LXXVIII. TO MR. POPE.

Oct. 26, 1713.

I was extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue and do honor to our country, for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present totally immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you have some time, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

[a] For H.'s answer v. Addisoniana, V. II., p. 159

LXXIX. TO MR. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1713.

I have received your letter, and am glad to find that you have laid so good a scheme for your great undertaking. I question not but the prose will require as much care as the poetry, but the variety will give you some relief, and more pleasure to your readers.

You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend in advising you not to content yourself with one-half of the nation for your admirers when you might command them all. If I might take the feeedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it.

You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you; but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do so many more is the sincere wish of your, &c.

MR. HUGHES TO MR. ADDISON.

October 6, 1713.

Dear Sir—I do not doubt but you know by this time that Mr. Steele has abruptly dropped the Guardian. He has published this day a paper called the Englishman, which begins with an answer to the Examiner, written with great boldness and spirit, and shows that his thoughts are at present entirely upon politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters.

I know not whether any such paper as the Guardian may hereafter be attempted by other hands. I remember you were once pleased to ask me what would be a good plan; and this unexpected occasion has given me a thought, which I beg to offer to your consideration: and because I can not, at this distance, so well explain it to you in the compass of a letter, I enclose a slight sketch I have just begun of it to-day. I wish

could tempt you by any slight thought of mine, to take something of this kind into consideration; I should, on such condition, be willing to furnish one paper in a week, on this or any plan you shall think more proper: but without you I shall make no further use of it.

I shall only add, that it is my opinion, and I believe that of most others, that such a paper should be only three times a week: when it should begin, or whether at all or no, I submit to you. . . . &c.

LXXX. TO MR. HUGHES.

Bilton, Oct. 12, 1753.

Dear Sir—I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter and the specimen, which I read over with great pleasure. —I think the title of the *Register* would be less assuming than that of the *Humanity Club:* but to tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me délasser*, and lay in fuel for a future work. In the mean time I should be glad if you would set such a project on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.

I beg you will present my most sincere respects to Sir Richard Blackmore, and that you will add my sister's, who is now with me, and very much his humble servant. I wish I could see him and yourself in these parts, where I think of staying a month or two longer. I am always with the greatest truth and esteem &c.

LXXXI. TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.

St. James's, Sept. 4th, 1714.

SIR—I have been obliged to so close an attendance on the Lords Justices, and have had so very little time at my own disposal, during my absence from their Excellencies, that I could not do myself the honor, before now, to assure you of my respects, and to beg the continuance of that friendship which you formerly honored me with at Hanover. I cannot but extremely rejoice at the occasion which will give me an opportunity of waiting on you in England, where you will find a whole nation in the highest joy, and thoroughly sensible of the great blessings which they promise themselves from his Majesty's accession to the throne. I take the liberty to send you, enclosed, a poem written on this occasion, by one of our most eminent hands, which is indeed a master-piece in its kind; and though very short, has touched upon all the topics that are most popular among us. I have likewise transmitted to you a copy of the preamble to the Prince of Wales's patent, which was a very grateful task imposed on me by the Lords Justices. Their Excellencies have ordered that the lords and others who meet his Majesty be out of mourning that day, as also their coaches, but all servants, except those of the city magistrates, to be in mourning. The shortness of the time, which would not be sufficient for the making of new liveries, occasioned this last order. The removal of the Lord Bolingbroke has put a seasonable check to an interest that was making in many places for members in the next parliament, and was very much relished by the people, who ascribe to him in a great measure the decay of trade and public credit. You will do me a very great honor, if you can find terms submissive enough to make the humble offer of my duty acceptable to his Majesty. May God Almighty preserve his

person, and continue him for many years the blessing of these kingdoms! I am, with great esteem and respect, sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

LXXXII. TO MONS. DE ROBETHON.

[From "Original papers, etc.; published by James Macpherson, Esq." London, 1775, 4to. vol. 2, p. 652.]

St. James's, Sept. 11, 1714.

SIR—Though I am not without hopes of seeing you in England, before this letter comes to your hands, I cannot defer returning you my thanks for the honor of yours of the 17th, N. S., which I received this morning. I beg leave to send you the enclosed ceremonial for the king's entry, published by the Earl of Suffolk, Deputy Earl Marshal, and regulated by the Lords Justices and Privy Council. The Attorney General is preparing a proclamation, reciting the rewards set on the Pretender by the late queen and Parliament, with the security for the payment, as established by a clause of an act passed since his Majesty's accession to the throne. As such a proclamation is very requisite, so, perhaps, it may come with a good grace from the regents, before his Majesty's arrival. It will, I believe, be fixed up in all the market towns, especially among the Highlands in Scotland, where there have been some meetings; but, by the care of the regents, of no consequence.

I am, with great esteem and respect, sir,

Your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J ADDISON

LXXXIII. TO MAJOR DUNBAR.[a]

Jan. 26, 1715.

SIR—I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you; but I shall wait on my Lord Lieutenant this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged in other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good.

And now, sir, believe me when I assure you that I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always fear the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In the mean time, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only reward to, sir, &c.

[a] How these letters were obtained for publication is not mentioned, they were first printed in some compilation of Curll's, and are stated to have been written by Addison after refusing first a bank bill for £300, and afterwards a diamond ring of the like value, offered by a Major Dunbar for his good offices with the lord lieutenant in some suit, the nature of which does not appear.

Of the genuineness of these letters the reader will form his own opinion; but some difficulties which appear on a careful perusal, ought in fairness to be stated. The dating of the first is suspicious: Addison would have written January, 1714-15, according to the invariable practice of his time. The active exertions promised in behalf of a person,—a stranger apparently,—from whom he had just refused a bribe, and still more the offer of meeting him at a *bye* coffee-house, are great inconsistencies.

The promise to *call* on the lord lieutenant and mention the business if he should not be engaged in other company, or should be at home, are not suited to the character of a secretary, who must necessarily have done business with his principal at stated hours. Above all, it is impossible to conceive by what "secretary" the business could be obstructed, since Addison himself was the principal secretary for Ireland, and any business in which he had refused to take more than his *regular* fees must of course have been in his department.

It may be added, that there is an awkwardness in the style of the letters never found in any authenticated writing of Addison's, whatever might be its nature. (—AIKIN.)

LXXXIV. TO MAJOR DUNBAR.

1715.

SIR—I this morning urged to my Lord Lieutenant every thing which you suggest in your letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with the secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir William Saint Quintin to remove all difficulties with the secretary, and will again plead your cause with the secretary to-morrow morning. If you send me word where I may wait on you about eleven o'clock in some bye coffee-house, I will inform you of the result of this matter, if I find my Lord Sunderland at home, and will convince you that I was in earnest when I wrote to you before, by showing myself your most disinterested humble servant.

LXXXV. TO MR. BULLE.*

Cock-Pit, April 22, 1717.

SIR—I am to desire, in case any further conversation shall pass between you and Mons. de Alberoni, on the subject of an accommodation between the Emperor, and King of Spain, by the interposition of his Majesty, to send me an account of it on a separate letter, without mixing it with any other matter.

I am sorry that I am not likely to enjoy your correspondence very long; but shall be very proud of your friendship and acquaintance upon your arrival in England, being with great esteem, sir, your most obedient, and most humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Mr. Bulle.

* Official, and apparently to the British Minister or agent in Spain

LXXXVI. TO THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

I am highly sensible of the honor your Excellencies do me by your kind letter of congratulation upon my coming into a troublesome post.[1] I shall take a great deal of pleasure in it if it qualifies me to perform any thing that may be agreeable to your Excellencies, because I know every thing that is so will be for his Majesty's service. As many of the affairs of Ireland are to pass through my hands, I shall give them all the dispatch possible, and be always glad of receiving any commands from your Excellencies, being, &c.

April 23, 1717.

LXXXVII. TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

[The celebrated Charles, Earl of Peterborough, renowned for his brilliant courage, his military genius, his restless activity, and above all his eccentricities.—G.]

May 6, 1717.

My Lord—His Majesty having received complaints from the Court of Vienna that your Lordship in your travels through Italy has talked much against the interest of the Emperor, and spoken of his person in a reflecting manner, I am commanded to acquaint you that his Majesty thinks such a way of talking is very improper, especially in the country in which your Lordship is at present, since your Lordship knows very well that his Majesty is in friendship and good alliance with the Emperor. His Majesty is also of opinion, as well out of his consideration for your safety, as out of his regard for the Emperor, that your Lordship should not go into the kingdom of Naples, nor into any other of the Em-

[1] Addison had been appointed Secretary of State.—G.

peror's dominions in Italy, lest any misfortune should befal you on that account, or any occasion be given for a new complaint.

I am, &c.

LXXXVIII. TO THE DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS.

November 8, 1717

MADAM—Though I did not receive the honor of your Grace's letter till my return from Hampton Court, which was at ten o'clock last night, the messenger whom I immediately dispatched upon that occasion brought me his Majesty's commands by five this morning to respite the execution of the condemned criminals. I therefore humbly entreat your Grace to acquaint her Royal Highness that the king has been pleased to order a week's reprieve for such as are now in Newgate under sentence of death, and were to have suffered this day. A reprieve of this kind is the first usual step towards a pardon, and I hope will end in such a one as is hoped for, that the universal joy on such an occasion as is that of the young prince's birth may extend even to the persons and families of these miserable men.

I am very proud of this opportunity of performing my duty in obeying the commands which her Royal Highness has been pleased to honor me with. I am, &c.

LXXXIX. TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

September 28, 1717.

DEAR SIR—Having been confined to my chamber for some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find upon my coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the secretary to the ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson being convinced

that forms of law would in their ordinary course be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and himself, after which, if an ejectment ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejectment, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender make such a proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of opinion that upon your being possessed (which they look upon as sure and sudden) it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country than to live at Constantinople. For this reason they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the imperial court, and of joining Sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks.

I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favor at Vienna, and how necessary it is to humor that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honor to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of our first ministers, who told me that he believed Sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation which was carried on by my Lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favor and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person than at the distance you are from him at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could know your mind as to these several particulars, by a more speedy and certain conveyance, that I might act accordingly to the utmost of my power. Madam Kilmansech and my Lady Hervey desire me to

forward the enclosed to my Lady Mary Wortley, to whom I beg you will deliver them with my most humble respects. I am ever, sir, &c.

XC.

English Copy of Mr. Secretary Addison's Letter to the King desiring leave to resign the Seals.

SIR—It is with great concern that I find my health in such a condition as will not permit me to attend the duties of my office with that assiduity and application which it requires. Though I shall hereby lose the honor and pleasure of serving the greatest and best of masters in that high station with which your Majesty has been pleased to honor me, I shall embrace every opportunity to the last moment of my life to promote your Majesty's service, which is only promoting that of your people, as all who have had the honor to lay business before your Majesty ought in justice to acquaint the world. I think it therefore my duty both to your Majesty and the public, to resign with the deepest sentiments of gratitude and humility the seals of the Secretary's office, that they may be disposed of to one who, besides an inviolable zeal and attachment to your Majesty's interests, in which I shall

nobody shall ever go before me

never be behind any one, has a suitable stock of health to go through the business of so great an employ.[a]

[a] Tickell papers. In what language the original was written does not appear. Walpole could confer with his German master only in bad Latin, but Addison's instrument of communication was probably French.

XCI. TO DEAN SWIFT.

March 20, 1717–18.

DEAR SIR—Multiplicity of business and a long dangerous fit of sickness have prevented me from answering the obliging letter you honored me with some time since; but, God be thanked, I cannot make use of either of these excuses at present, being entirely free both of my office and my asthma. I dare not however venture myself abroad yet, but have sent the contents of your last to a friend of mine (for he is very much so, though my successor), who I hope will turn it to the advantage of the gentleman whom you mention. I know you have so much zeal and pleasure in doing kind offices to those you wish well to, that I hope you represent the hardship of the case in the strongest colors that it can possibly bear. However, as I always honored you for your good nature, which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world, I should be glad if I could any way concur with you in putting a stop to what you say is now in agitation.

I must condole with you upon the loss of that excellent man the Bishop of Derry, who has scarcely left behind him his equal in humanity, agreeable conversation, and all kinds of learning. We have often talked of you with great pleasure, and upon this occasion I cannot but reflect upon myself, who, at the same time that I omit no opportunity of expressing my esteem for you to others, have been so negligent in doing it to yourself. I have several times taken up my pen to write to you, but have always been interrupted by some impertinence or other; and to tell you unreservedly, I have been unwilling to answer so agreeable a letter as that I received from you, with one written in form only; but I must still have continued silent had I deferred writing till I could have made a suitable return. Shall we never again talk in

laconic? Whenever you see England your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House, where you are highly esteemed by Lady Warwick and the young Lord; though by none any where more than by, sir, your most faithful and most humble servant.

XCII. TO DEAN SWIFT.

Bristol, October 1, 1718.

Dear Sir—I have received the honor of your letter at Bristol, where I have just finished a course of water-drinking, which, I hope, has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my last winter's sickness. As for the subject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor safely be treated of in writing, I desired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have since troubled my Lady Ashe with a letter to the same effect, which I hope has not miscarried. However, upon my return to London, I will further inquire into that matter, and see if there is any room left for me to negotiate as you propose.

I still live in hopes of seeing you in England, and if you would take my house of Bilton on your way (which is within a mile of Rugby) I would strain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for some days.

The greatest pleasure I have met with for some months, is in the conversation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge, who, since the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the most candid and agreeable of all bishops: I would say, clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you, and when I assure you he has an excellent taste of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such a subject

I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can express my esteem to you, even to those who are not of the bishop's party, without giving offence. When a man has so much compass in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all sides admire. I am sure a sincere and zealous friendly behavior distinguishes you as much as many more shining talents; and as I have received particular instances of it, you must have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and respect you; and that I am ever, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

POLITICAL WRITINGS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

We now come to Addison's political writings, which deserve a careful perusal. They are written with the easy elegance and natural grace of his best manner, with an under-current of exquisite humor, and when the occasion required it, a ready flow of wit and satire, which, though free from bitterness, must have been very annoying to those against whom it was directed.

The first of these pieces, 'The Present State of the War,' was written to support the whig administration, which was rapidly losing ground both at court and in the country. On the continent the allies had every where been unsuccessful: losing the battle of Almanza in Spain, the 'impregnable lines' of Stalhofen in Germany, failing with the loss of half their army in the attempt upon Toulon, and seeing even the Duke of Marlborough kept at bay by the skilful manœuvres and judicious boldness of the Duke of Vendome. At court the arrogance of the Duchess of Marlborough had completely alienated the affections of the Queen, who, to borrow the severe expression of one who knew her well, "not having a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time" (v. Swift mem. relating to the change in Queen Anne's ministry), had transferred her confidence to Mrs. Masham, and through the new favorite, to Harley. The nation was dissatisfied, for nothing but brilliant success can reconcile a people to the burthen of a foreign war. For the moment, however, the ministry held their place; the war was continued: and Addison, who had not only a party feeling to gratify, but a place to preserve, may have flattered himself that his pamphlet was not without its share of influence upon this important occasion.

* * * * * * * *

In April 1713, the Treaty of Utrecht was announced to Parliament, calling forth such a flood of satires and libels that the ministry were compelled to introduce a measure for the more effectual suppression of libellous writings. This treaty which put an end to a long and desolating war, has been as bitterly condemned by recent writers as by the whigs of that day. But every lover of humanity will turn with pleasure from such views to the enlarged and philanthropic judgment of Sismondi: Si les ministres

whigs de la reine Anne l'avaient couronnée de plus de lauriers qui n'en remporta jamais la nation anglaise, les ministres tories, qui les remplacèrent, déployèrent pour rendre la paix au monde, une intelligence de la politique universelle, une sagesse, une modération, une puissance et une adresse, qui triomphèrent, en même temps, des faiblesses de leur souveraine, des passions de leurs alliés, et de l'aveuglement du public anglais." Sismondi Hist. des Français, ch. xli., p. 126.

Addison went, of course, with his party, and the following tract, which will always be read with pleasure for its ingenuity and wit, was a tribute to the policy which he had uniformly supported. The commercial advantages secured to England, great as they were, are the objects of his ridicule, in which he was joined by a large portion of the nation, still dazzled by a success of which the cost was to fall upon posterity.

The *Asiento* was an article of the treaty, extending to England the privilege of supplying the Spanish colonies with negroes during thirty years; and the grounds upon which Addison condemns it are a striking illustration of the changes in public opinion during the last century.—Ed.]

THE

PRESENT STATE OF THE WAR,

AND THE NECESSITY OF AN AUGMENTATION CONSIDERED.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following essay has endeavoured to draw into one continued scheme, the whole state of the present war, and the methods that appear to him the most proper for bringing it to a happy conclusion.

After having considered that the French are the constant and most dangerous enemies to the British nation, and that the danger from them is now greater than ever, and will still increase, till their present union with Spain be broken, he sets forth the several advantages which this union has already given France, and taken from Great Britain, in relation to the West Indies, the woollen manufacture, the trade of the Levant, and the naval power of the two nations.

He shows how these advantages will still rise higher after a peace, notwithstanding our present conquests, with new additions, should be confirmed to us; as well because the monarchy of Spain would not be weakened by such concessions, as because no

guarantee could be found sufficient to secure them to us. For which reasons, he lays it down as a fixed rule, that no peace is to be made without an entire disunion of the French and Spanish monarchies.

That this may be brought about, he endeavours to prove, from the progress we have already made towards it, and the successes we have purchased in the present war, which are very considerable, if well pursued, but of no effect if we acquiesce in them.

In order to complete this disunion, in which we have gone so far, he would not have us rely upon exhausting the French treasury, attempts on the Spanish Indies, descents on France, but chiefly upon out-numbering them in troops, France being already drained of her best supplies, and the confederates masters of much greater forces for multitude and strength, both in men and horse, and provided with generals of greater fame and abilities.

He then considers the wrong measures we have hitherto taken in making too small levies after a successful campaign, in regulating their number by that of the enemies' forces, and hiring them of our confederates; shewing at the same time the inconveniences we suffer from such hired troops, and several advantages we might receive from employing those of our own nation.

He further recommends this augmentation of our forces, to prevent the keeping up a standing body of them in times of peace, to enable us to make an impression on the enemy in the present posture of the war, and to secure ourselves against a prince, who is now at the head of a powerful army, and has not yet declared himself.

In the last place, he answers by several considerations those two popular objections, that we furnish more towards the war than the rest of the allies, and, that we are not able to contribute more than we do already.

These are the most material heads of the following essay, in which there are many other subordinate reflections that naturally grow out of so copious a subject

November, 1707.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WAR, &c.

THE French are certainly the most implacable and the most dangerous enemies of the British nation. Their form of government, their religion, their jealousy of the British power, as well as their prosecutions of commerce, and pursuits of universal monarchy, will fix them for ever in their animosities and aversions towards us, and make them catch at all opportunities of subverting our constitution, destroying our religion, ruining our trade, and sinking the figure which we make among the nations of Europe: not to mention the particular ties of honour that lie on their present king to impose on us a prince, who must prove fatal to our country if he ever reigns over us.[1]

As we are thus in a natural state of war, if I may so call it, with the French nation; it is our misfortune, that they are not only the most inveterate, but most formidable of our enemies; and have the greatest power, as well as the strongest inclination, to ruin us. No other state equals them in the force of their fleets and armies, in the nearness and conveniency of their situation, and in the number of friends and well-wishers, which, it is to be feared, they have among us.

For these reasons, our wars with France have always affected us in our most tender interests, and concerned us more than those

[1] The Pretender.

we have had with any other nation; but I may venture to say, this kingdom was never yet engaged in a war of so great consequence, as that which now lies upon our hands. Our *all* is at stake, and irretrievably lost, if we fail of success. At other times, if a war ended in a dishonourable peace, or with equal loss, we could comfort ourselves with the hopes of a more favourable juncture, that might set the balance right, or turn it to our advantage. We had still the prospect of forming the same alliance, or, perhaps, strengthening it with new confederacies, and, by that means, of trying our fortune a second time, in case the injustice or ambition of the enemy forced us into the field. At present, if we make a drawn game of it, or procure but moderate advantages, we are in a condition which every British heart must tremble at the thought of. There are no second trials, no wars in reserve, no new schemes of alliance to which we can have recourse. Should the French king be able to bear down such an united force as now makes head against him, at a time when Spain affords him no greater assistance; what will he do when the trade of the Levant lies at his mercy; when the whole kingdom of Spain is supplied with his manufactures, and the wealth of the Indies flows into his coffers; and, what is yet worse, when this additional strength must arise in all its particulars from a proportionable decay in the states that now make war upon him? It is no wonder, therefore, that our late king, of glorious memory,[1] who, by the confession of his greatest enemies, was a prince that perfectly understood the interests of Europe, should, in his last speech, recommend to his parliament the declaring war against France in those memorable words: 'You have yet an opportunity by God's blessing, to secure to you and your posterity the quiet enjoyment of your religion and liberties, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient vigour of the English

[1] William III.

nation: but, I tell you plainly, my opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this occasion, you have no reason to hope for another.'

We have already a dreadful proof of the increase of power that accrues to France, from its conjunction with Spain. So expensive a war as that which the French monarchy hath been carrying on in so many and so remote parts at once, must long since have drained and exhausted all its substance, had there not been several secret springs, that swelled their treasury from time to time, in proportion as the war has sunk it. The king's coffers have been often reduced to the lowest ebb, but have still been seasonably refreshed by frequent and unexpected supplies from the Spanish America. We hear, indeed, of the arrival but of very few ships from those parts; but, as in every vessel there is stowage for immense treasures, when the cargo is pure bullion, or merchandise of as great a value; so we find by experience they have had such prodigious sums of money conveyed to them by these secret channels, that they have been enabled to pay more numerous armies, than they ever had on foot before; and that at a time when their trade fails in all its other branches, and is distressed by all the arts and contrivances of their neighbouring nations. During the last four years, by a modest computation, there have been brought into Brest above six millions of pounds sterling in bullion. What then shall we suppose would be the effect of this correspondence with America, might the wealth of those parts come to them on squadrons of men of war, and fleets of galleons? If these little by-currents, that creep into the country by stealth, have so great a force, how shall we stem the whole torrent, when it breaks in upon us with its full violence? and this certainly will be our case, unless we find a means to dissolve the union between France and Spain. I have dwelt the longer on this consideration, because the present war hath already furnished us with the experiment, and sensibly convinced us of

the increase of power, which France has received from its inter course with the Spanish West-Indies.

As there are many who look upon every thing which they do not actually see and feel as bare probability and speculation, I shall only touch on those other reasons of which we have already had some experience, for our preventing this coalition of interests and designs in the two monarchies.

The woollen manufacture is the British strength, the staple commodity and proper growth of our country; if this fails us, our trade and estates must sink together, and all the cash of the nation be consumed on foreign merchandise. The French, at present, gain very much upon us in this great article of our trade, and, since the accession of the Spanish monarchy, supply with cloth, of their own making, the very best mart we had in Europe. And what a melancholy prospect have we, if ever a peace gives them leave to enrich their manufacture with mixtures of Spanish wool to multiply the hands employed in it, to improve themselves in all the niceties of the art, and to vend their wares in those places where was the greatest consumption of our woollen works, and the most considerable gain for the British merchant. Notwithstanding our many seasonable recruits from Portugal, and our plantations, we already complain of our want of bullion; and must at last be reduced to the greatest exigencies, if this great source be dried up, and our traffic with Spain continue under its present discouragement.

The trade of the Levant must likewise flourish or decay in our hands, as we are friends or enemies of the Spanish monarchy. The late conquest of Naples [1] will very little alter the case though Sicily should follow the fate of her sister kingdom. The Straights' mouth is the key of the Levant, and will be always in

[1] By the Imperial army under Count Daun in the summer of 1707.—G

the possession of those who are kings of Spain.[1] We may only add, that the same causes which straighten the British commerce, will naturally enlarge the French; and that the naval force of either nation will thrive or languish in the same degree as their commerce gathers or loses strength. And if so powerful and populous a nation as that of France become superior to us by sea, our whole is lost, and we are no more a people. The consideration of so narrow a channel betwixt us, of such numbers of regular troops on the enemy's side, of so small a standing force on our own, and that too in a country destitute of all such forts and strong places as might stop the progress of a victorious army, hath something in it so terrifying, that one does not care for setting it in its proper light. Let it not, therefore, enter into the heart of any one that hath the least zeal for his religion, or love of liberty, that hath any regard either to the honour or safety of his country, or a well-wish for his friends or posterity, to think of a peace with France, till the Spanish monarchy be entirely torn from it, and the house of Bourbon disabled from ever giving the law to Europe.

Let us suppose that the French king would grant us the most advantageous terms we can desire; without the separation of the two monarchies they must infallibly end in our destruction. Should he secure to us all our present acquisitions; should he add two or three frontier-towns to what we have already in Flanders; should he join the kingdoms of Sicily and Sardinia to Milan and Naples; should he leave King Charles in the peaceable possession of Catalonia; should he make over to Great Britain the town and harbour of Cadiz, as well as that of Gibraltar, and, at the same time, resign his conquests in Portugal; it would all be of no effect towards the common safety of Europe, while

[1] Gibraltar had already been in the hands of the English since August 4, 1704.—G.

the bulk of the Spanish continent, and the riches of America, remain in the possession of the Bourbon family.

Boccalini, when he weighs the states of Europe in his political balance, after having laid France in one scale, throws Spain into the other, which wanted but very little of being a counterpoise. The Spaniards upon this, says he, begun to promise themselves the honour of the balance; reckoning that if Spain of itself weighed so well, they could not fail of success when the several parts of the monarchy were lumped in the same scale. Their surprise was very great, when, upon the throwing in of Naples, they saw the scale rise, and was greater still when they found that Milan and Flanders had the same effect. The truth of it is, these parts of the Spanish monarchy are rather for ornament than strength. They furnish out vice-royalties for the grandees, and posts of honour for the noble families; but in a time of war are encumbrances to the main body of the kingdom, and leave it naked and exposed by the great number of hands they draw from it to their defence. Should we, therefore, continue in the possession of what[a] we have already made ourselves masters with such additions as have been mentioned, we should have little more than the excrescences of the Spanish monarchy. The strength of it will still join itself to France, and grow the closer to it by its disunion from the rest. And in this case the advantages which must arise to that people from their intimate alliance with the remaining part of the Spanish dominions, would, in a very few years, not only repair all the damages they have sustained in the present war, but fill the kingdom with more riches than it hath yet had in its most flourishing periods.

The French king hath often entered on several expensive pro-

[a] *What*—is properly,—*that which*, but is here used for,—*that of which*—to prevent the repetition of, *of*. I think, allowably. See the note on *whom*, in the *Freeholder*, No. 49, where the same liberty is taken.

jects, on purpose to dissipate the wealth that is continually gathering in his coffers in times of peace. He hath employed immense sums on architecture, gardening, water-works, painting, statuary, and the like, to distribute his treasures among his people, as well as to humour his pleasures and his ambition: but if he once engrosses the commerce of the Spanish Indies, whatever quantities of gold and silver stagnate in his private coffers, there will be still enough to carry on the circulation among his subjects. By this means, in a short space of time, he may heap up greater wealth than all the princes of Europe joined together; and in the present constitution of the world, wealth and power are but different names for the same thing. Let us therefore suppose that, after eight or ten years of peace, he hath a mind to infringe any of his treaties, or invade a neighbouring state; to revive the pretensions of Spain upon Portugal, or attempt the taking those places which were granted us for our security; what resistance, what opposition, can we make to so formidable an enemy? Should the same alliance rise against him, that is now in war with him, what could we hope for from it, at a time when the states engaged in it will be comparatively weakened, and the enemy, who is now able to keep them at a stand, will have received so many new accessions of strength.

But I think it is not to be imagined that in such a conjuncture as we here suppose, the same confederates, or any other of equal force, could be prevailed upon to join their arms, and endeavour at the pulling down so exorbitant a power. Some might be bought into his interests by money, others drawn over by fear, and those that are liable to neither of these impressions, might not think their own interest so much concerned as in the present war; or, if any appeared in a disposition to enter into such a confederacy, they might be crushed separately, before they could concert measures for their mutual defence.

The keeping together of the present alliance can be ascribed to nothing else, but the clear and evident conviction, which every member of it is under, that, if it should once break without having had its effect, they can never hope for another opportunity of reuniting, or of prevailing, by all the joint efforts of such an union. Let us, therefore, agree on this as a fixed rule, and an inviolable maxim, never to lay down our arms against France, till we have utterly disjoined her from the Spanish monarchy. Let this be the first step of a public treaty, the basis of a general peace.

Had the present war, indeed, run against us, and all our attacks upon the enemy been vain, it might look like a degree of frenzy, or a mixture of obstinacy and despair, to be determined on so impracticable an undertaking. But, on the contrary, we have already done a great part of our work, and are come within view of the end that we have been so long driving at. We remain victorious in all the seats of war. In Flanders, we have got into our hands several open countries, rich towns, and fortified places. We have driven the enemy out of all his alliances, dispossessed him of his strong holds, and ruined his allies in Germany. We have not only recovered what the beginning of the war had taken from us, but possessed ourselves of the king dom of Naples, the duchy of Milan, and the avenue of France in Italy. The Spanish war hath given us a haven for our ships, and the most populous and wealthy province of that kingdom. In short, we have taken all the outlying parts of the Spanish monarchy, and made impressions upon the very heart of it. We have beaten the French from all their advanced posts in Europe, and driven them into their last entrenchments. One vigorous push on all sides, one general assault, will force the enemy to cry out for quarter, and surrender themselves at discretion.

Another Blenheim or Ramillies will make the confederates masters of their own terms, and arbitrators of a peace.

But notwithstanding the advantages already gained are very considerable if we pursue them, they will be of no effect, unless we improve them towards the carrying of our main point. The enemy staggers; if you follow your blow, he falls at your feet; but if you allow him respite, he will recover his strength, and come upon you with greater fury. We have given him several repeated wounds that have enfeebled him, and brought him low; but they are such as time will heal, unless you take advantage, from his present weakness, to redouble your attacks upon him. It was a celebrated part in Cæsar's character, and what comes home to our present purpose, that he thought nothing at all was done, while any thing remained undone. In short, we have been tugging a great while against the stream, and have almost weathered our point; a stretch or two more will do the work; but if, instead of that, we slacken our arms, and drop our oars, we shall be hurried back in a moment to the place from whence* we first set out.

After having seen the necessity of an entire separation of the kingdoms of France and Spain, our subject naturally leads us into the consideration of the most proper means for effecting it.

We have a great while flattered ourselves with the prospect of reducing France to our own terms, by the want of money among the people, and the exigencies of the public treasury; but have been still disappointed by the great sums imported from America, and the many new expedients which the court hath found out for its relief. A long consumptive war is more likely to break the grand alliance, than disable France from maintaining sufficient armies to oppose it. An arbitrary government will

* *From whence. From*, is redundant when joined with *whence*, which, of itself, means *from which*.

never want money, so long as the people have it; and so active a people will always have it, whilst they can send what merchandises they please to Mexico and Peru. The French, since their alliance with Spain, keep thirty ships in constant motion, between the western ports of France, and the south seas of America. The king himself is an adventurer in this traffic, and besides the share that he receives out of the gains of his subjects, has immense sums that come directly from it into his own hands.

We may further consider, that the French, since their abandoning Bavaria and Italy, have very much retrenched the expence of the war, and lay out among themselves all the money that is consumed in it.

Many are of opinion, that the most probable way of bringing France to reason, would be by the making an attempt upon the Spanish West Indies, and, by that means, to cut off all communication with this great source of riches, or turn the current of it into our own country. This, I must confess, carries so promising an appearance, that I would by no means discourage the attempt: but, at the same time, I think it should be a collateral project, rather than our principal design. Such an undertaking, (if well concerted, and put into good hands) would be of infinite advantage to the common cause: but certainly, an enterprise that carries in it the fate of Europe, should not turn upon the uncertainty of winds and waves, and be liable to all the accidents that may befal a naval expedition.

Others there are, that have long deceived themselves with the hopes of an insurrection in France, and are, therefore, for laying out all our strength on a descent. These, I think, do not enough consider the natural love which the gross of mankind have for the constitution of their fathers. A man that is not enlightened by travel or reflection, grows as fond of arbitrary power, to which he hath been used from his infancy, as of cold

climates or barren countries, in which he hath been born and bred. Besides, there is a kind of sluggish resignation, as well as poorness and degeneracy of spirit, in a state of slavery, that* we meet with but very few who will be at the pains or danger of recovering themselves out of it; as we find in history, instances of persons, who, after their prisons have been flung open, and their fetters struck off, have chosen rather to languish in their dungeons, than stake their miserable lives and fortunes upon the success of a revolution. I need not instance the general fate of descents, the difficulty of supplying men and provisions by sea, against an enemy that hath both at hand, and without which, it is impossible to secure those conquests that are often made in the first onsets of an invasion. For these, and other reasons, I can never approve the nursing up commotions and insurrections in the enemy's country, which, for want of the necessary support, are likely to end in the massacre of our friends, and the ruin of their families.

The only means, therefore, for bringing France to our conditions, and what appears to me, in all human probability, a sure and infallible expedient, is to throw in multitudes upon them, and overpower them with numbers. Would the confederacy exert itself as much to annoy the enemy, as they themselves do for their defence, we might bear them down with the weight of our armies, and, in one summer, overset the whole power of France.

The French monarchy is already exhausted of its best and bravest subjects. The flower of the nation is consumed in its wars: the strength of their armies consists, at present, of such as have saved themselves by flight from some or other of the victorious confederates; and the only proper persons to recruit them, are but the refuse of those who have been already picked out

* *That*,—had been right, if *such* had preceded. He should have said—*so that*—

for the service. Mareschal de Vauban, though infinitely partial in his calculations of the power of France, reckons that the number of its inhabitants was two millions less, at the peace of Ryswick, than in the beginning of the war that was there concluded: and though that war continued nine years, and this hath as yet, lasted but six, yet, considering that their armies are more strong and numerous; that there hath been much more action in the present war; and that their losses sustained in it have been very extraordinary; we may, by a moderate computation, suppose, that the present war hath not been less prejudicial than the foregoing one, in the ravage which it has made among the people. There is, in France, so great a disproportion between the number of males and females; and among the former, between those who are capable of bearing arms, and such as are too young sickly, or decrepit for the service; and at the same time, such vast numbers of ecclesiastics, secular and religious, who live upon the labours of others, that when the several trades and professions are supplied, you will find most of those that are proper for war, absolutely necessary for filling up the laborious part of life, and carrying on the underwork of the nation. They have already contributed all their superfluous hands, and every new levy they make, must be at the expence of their farms and vineyards, their manufactures and commerce.

On the contrary, the grand alliance have innumerable sources of recruits, not only in Britain and Ireland, the United Provinces, and Flanders; but in all the populous parts of Germany, that have little trade or manufactures, in proportion to the number of their inhabitants. We may add, that the French have only Switzerland, besides their own country, to recruit in; and we know the difficulties they meet with in getting thence a single regiment: whereas, the allies have not only the same resource, but may be supplied for money from Denmark, and other neutral

states. In short, the confederates may bring to the field what forces they please, if they will be at the charge of them: but France, let her wealth be what it will, must content herself with the product of her own country.

The French are still in greater straits for supplies of horse than men. The breed of their country is neither so good nor numerous as what are to be found in most of the countries of the allies. They had, last summer, about threescore thousand in their several armies, and could not, perhaps, bring into the field thirty thousand more, if they were disposed to make such an augmentation.

The French horse are not only few, but weak, in comparison of ours. Their cavalry, in the battle of Blenheim, could not sustain the shock of the British horse. For this reason, our late way of attacking their troops sword in hand, is very much to the advantage of our nation, as our men are more robust, and our horses of a stronger make than the French; and in such attacks, it is the weight of the forces, supposing equal courage and conduct, that will always carry it. The English strength turned very much to account, in our wars against the French of old, when we used to gall them with our long bows, at a greater distance than they could shoot their arrows; this advantage we lost upon the invention of fire-arms; but, by the present method, our strength, as well as bravery, may again be of use to us in the day of battle.

We have very great encouragement to send what numbers we are able into the field, because our generals, at present, are such as are likely to make the best use of them, without throwing them away on any rash[1] attempts, or ill-concerted projects. The confederate armies have the happiness of being commanded by persons who are esteemed the greatest leaders of the present age, and are, perhaps, equal to any that have preceded them. There

1 *Fresh* in Tickell and Hurd. I correct on conjecture.—G

whole Spanish monarchy out of the hands of the enemy; and in order to it, to work our way into the heart of his country, by dint of arms. We should, therefore, put forth all our strength, and, without having an eye to his preparations, make the greatest push that we are able on our own side. We are told that the enemy, at present, thinks of raising three score thousand men for the next summer; if we regulate our levies in that view, we do nothing; let us perform our utmost, as they do, and we shall overwhelm them with our multitudes. We have it in our power, at least, to be four times as strong as the French, but if ten men are in war with forty, and the latter detach only an equal number to the engagement, what benefit do they receive from their superiority?

It seems, therefore, to be the business of the confederates to turn to their advantage their apparent odds in men and horse; and, by that means, to out-number the enemy in all rencounters and engagements. For the same reason, it must be for the interest of the allies to seek all opportunities of battle, because all losses on the opposite side are made up with infinitely more difficulty than on ours; besides that the French do their business by lying still, and have no other concern in the war than to hold fast what they have already got into their hands.

The miscarriage of the noblest project that ever was formed in Europe, can be ascribed to nothing else but our want of numbers in the several quarters of the war. If our armies, on all sides, had begun to busy and insult the enemy, at the same time that the forces marched out to Piemont, Toulon had been at present in the hands of the Duke of Savoy. But could that prince ever have imagined that the French would have been at liberty to detach whole armies against him? or will it appear credible to posterity, that in a war carried on by the joint force *of so many* populous and powerful nations, France could send so

great a part of its troops to one seat of the war, without suffering in any of the rest? Whereas, it is well known, that if the duke of Savoy had continued before Toulon eight days longer, he had been attacked by an army of sixty thousand men, which was more than double the number of his own; and yet the enemy was strong enough every where else to prevent the confederates making any impression upon them. However, let us fall into the right measures, and we may hope that the stroke is only deferred. The duke of Savoy hath secured a passage into Dauphiny; and, if the allies make such efforts in all parts, as we may reasonably expect from them, that prince may still make himself master of the French dominions on the other side of the Rhone.

There is another part of our conduct which may, perhaps, deserve to be considered. As soon as we have agreed with the States General upon any augmentation of our forces, we immediately negociate with some or other of the German princes, who are in the same confederacy, to furnish out our quota in mercenaries. This may be doubly prejudicial to the alliance: first, as it may have an ill influence on the resolutions of those princes in the diet of the empire, who may be willing to settle as small a quota as they can for themselves, that they may have more troops to hire out; and, in the next place, as it may hinder them from contributing the whole quota which they have settled. This actually happened in the last campaign, when we are told the Germans excused themselves for their want of troops upon the Rhine, as having already put most of their forces into the British and Dutch service. Such an excuse, indeed, is very unjust, but it would be better to give them no occasion of making it; and on such occasions, to consider what men are apt to do, as well as what they may do with reason.

It might, therefore, be to our advantage, that all the foreign troops in British pay should be raised in neutral countries.

Switzerland in particular, if timely applied to, might be of great use to us; not only in respect of the reinforcements which we might draw from thence, but because such a draught of forces would lessen the number of those that might otherwise be employed in the French service. The bulk of our levies should, nevertheless, be raised in our own country, it being impossible for neutral states to furnish both the British and Dutch with a sufficient number of effective men; besides that the British soldiers will be more at the disposal of their general, and act with greater vigor, under the conduct of one for whom they have so just a value, and whom they do not consider only as their leader, but as their countryman. We may likewise suppose that the soldiers of a neutral state, who are not animated by any national interest, cannot fight for pay with the same ardor and alacrity as men that fight for their prince and country, their wives and children.

It may, likewise, be worth while to consider, whether the military genius of the English nation may not fall by degrees, and become inferior to that of our neighbouring states, if it hath no occasion to exert itself. Minds that are altogether set on trade and profit, often contract a certain narrowness of temper, and at length become uncapable of great and generous resolutions. Should the French ever make an unexpected descent upon us, we might want soldiers of our own growth to rise up in our defence: and might not have time to draw a sufficient number of troops to our relief from the remote corners of Germany. It is generally said, that if king Charles II. had made war upon France, in the beginning of his reign, he might have conquered it, by the many veterans which were scattered up and down this kingdom, and had been inured to service in the civil wars. It is to be hoped we shall never have such another nursery of soldiers; *but if the* present war gives a more military turn to all other na-

tions of Europe, than to our own, it is to be feared we may lose in strength what we gain in number. We may apply the same consideration nearer home. If all our levies are made in Scotland or Ireland, may not these two parts of the British monarchy, after the disbanding of the present army, be too powerful for the rest in case of a revolt? though, God be thanked, we are not in any danger of one at present. However, as these considerations do not concern the more essential part of our design, it is sufficient to have mentioned them.

The sparing of ourselves in so important a conjuncture, when we have but this single opportunity left for the preserving every thing that is precious amongst us, is the worst sort of management that we can possibly fall into. The good husbandry of one age may entail an endless expence upon all posterity. We must venture the sacrificing a part of our lives and fortunes at present, if we will effectually secure both for the future. The British kingdom is so well stocked with people, and so much abounds in horse, that we have power enough in our own hands, did we make our utmost use of it, to humble France, and in a campaign or two to put an end to the war.

There is not a more disagreeable thought to the people of Great Britain, than that of a standing army. But if a peace be made before the disunion of France and Spain, there are few, perhaps, that will not think the maintaining a settled body of numerous forces indispensable for the safety of our country. We have it, therefore, in our choice, to raise such a strong reinforcement of troops, as at present may be sufficient, in conjunction with those of the allies, for breaking the strength of the enemy; or, when the peace is concluded, to keep on foot such an army as will be necessary for preventing his attempts upon us.

It is to be hoped, that those who would be the most zealous against keeping up a constant body of regular troops after a gen-

eral peace, will the most distinguish themselves, for the promoting an[a] augmentation of those which are now on foot; and, by that means, take care that we shall not stand in need of such an expedient.

We are, indeed, obliged, by the present situation of our affairs, to bring more troops into the field than we have yet done. As the French are retired within their lines, and have collected all their strength into a narrow compass, we must have greater numbers to charge them in their intrenchments, and force them to a battle. We saw, the last campaign, that an army of fourscore thousand of the best troops in Europe, with the Duke of Marlborough at the head of them, could do nothing against an enemy that were too numerous to be assaulted in their camps, or attacked in their strong holds.

There is another consideration which deserves our utmost attention. We know very well, that there is a prince at the head of a powerful army, who may give a turn to the war in which we are engaged, if he thinks fit to side with either party. I cannot presume to guess how far our ministers may be informed of his designs: but unless they have very strong assurances of his falling in with the grand alliance, or not opposing it; they cannot be too circumspect and speedy in taking their precautions against any contrary resolution. We shall be unpardonable, if, after such an expence of blood and treasure, we leave it in the power of any single prince to command a peace, and make us accept what conditions he thinks fit. It is certain, according to the posture of our affairs in the last campaign, this prince could have turned the balance on either side; but it is to be hoped, the liberties of Europe will not depend any more on the determination

[a] *For the promoting an.* He has expressed himself in this careless way two or three times in this page. He should have said—*the promoting of an*—but the proposition, *for*, is, also, wrong It should be, *by—distinguish themselves by—*

of one man's will. I do not speak this because I think there is any appearance of that prince's uniting himself to France. On the contrary, as he hath an extraordinary zeal for the reformed religion, and great sentiments of honour, I think it is not improbable we should draw him over to the confederacy, if we press him to it by proper motives. His love for religion, and his sense of glory, will both have their effect on a prince who hath already distinguished himself by being a patron of Protestants, and guarantee of the Westphalian treaty. And if his interest hath any part in his actions, the allies may make him greater offers than the French king can do in the present conjuncture. There are large extents of dominion in the forfeited principalities of the empire; doubtful successions, to which the King of Sweden seems to have very just pretensions; and, at the same time, a great title not yet disposed of, and a seat of war on the Moselle, where none of our generals have signalized themselves. It would be presumption to be particular in any proposals on such an occasion; it is enough to have shewn in general, that there are fair opportunities, of which the wisdom of the confederates may make use.

Common sense will direct us, when we see so warlike a prince at the head of so great an army hovering on the borders of our confederates, either to obtain his friendship, or secure ourselves against the force of his arms. We are sure, whatever numbers of troops we raise, we shall have no hands but what will turn to account. Nay, we are certain, that extraordinary funds and augmentations for one or two campaigns may spare us the expence of many years, and put an end to taxes and levies for a whole age; whereas a long parsimonious war will drain us of more men and money, and in the end may prove ineffectual.

There is still a great popular objection, which will be made to every thing that can be urged on this subject. And indeed it is such a one as falls so much in with the prejudices and little

passions of the multitude, that when it is turned and set off to advantage by ill-designing men, it throws a damp on the public spirit of the nation, and gives a check to all generous resolutions for its honour and safety. In short, we are to be told, that England contributes much more than any other of the allies, and that, therefore, it is not reasonable she should make any addition to her present efforts. If this were true in fact, I do not see any tolerable colour for such a conclusion. Supposing, among a multitude embarked in the same vessel, there are several that in the fury of a tempest will rather perish, than work for their preservation; would it not be madness in the rest to stand idle, and rather chuse to sink together than do more than comes to their share? Since we are engaged in a work so absolutely necessary for our welfare, the remissness of our allies should be an argument for us to redouble our endeavours rather than slacken them. If we must govern ourselves by example, let us rather imitate the vigilance and activity of the common enemy, than the supineness and negligence of our friends.

We have, indeed, a much greater share in the war than any other part of the confederacy. The French king makes at us directly, keeps a king by him to set over us, and hath very lately augmented the salary of his court, to let us see how much he hath that design at his heart. Few of the nations in war with him, should they ever fall into his hands, would lose their religion or form of government, or interfere at present with him in matters of commerce. The Dutch, who are likely to be the greatest losers after the Britons, have but little trade to the Levant in comparison with ours, have no considerable plantations or commerce in the West Indies, or any woollen-manufactures for Spain; not to mention the strong barrier they have already purchased between France and their own country.

But, after all, every nation in the confederacy makes the same

complaint, and fancies itself the greatest sufferer by the war. Indeed, in so common a pressure, let the weight be never so equally distributed, every one will be most sensible of that part which lies on his own shoulders. We furnish, without dispute, more than any other branch of the alliance: but the question is, whether others do not exert themselves in proportion according to their respective strength. The Emperor, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Hanover, as well as the States of Holland and the Duke of Savoy, seem at least to come up to us. The greatest powers in Germany are borrowing money where they can get it, in order to maintain their stated quotas, and go through their part of the expence: and if any of the circles have been negligent, they have paid for it much more, in their late contributions, than what would have furnished out their shares in the common charges of the war.

There are others who will object the poverty of the nation, and the difficulties it would find in furnishing greater supplies to the war than it doth at present. To this we might answer, that if the nation were really as poor as this objection makes it, it should be an argument for enforcing rather than diminishing our present efforts against France. The sinking our taxes for a few years would be only a temporary relief, and in a little time occasion far greater impositions, than those which are now laid upon us. Whereas the seasonable expence [a] of part of our riches, will not only preserve the rest; but, by the right use of them, procure vast additions to our present stock. It may be necessary for a person languishing under an ill habit of body to lose several ounces of blood, notwithstanding it will weaken him for a time, in order to put a new ferment into the remaining mass, and draw into it fresh supplies.

But we can by no means make this concession, to those who

[a] *Expence*—for *laying-out*—not usual.

so industriously publish the nation's poverty. Our country is not only rich, but abounds in wealth much more than any other of the same extent in Europe. France, notwithstanding the goodness of its climate, the fertility of its soil, the multitude of its inhabitants, its convenient harbours, both for the ocean and Mediterranean, and its present correspondence with the West-Indies, is not to compare [a] with Great-Britain in this particular. I shall transcribe, word for word, the passage of a late celebrated French author, which will lay this matter in its full light; and leave the reader to make the counterpart of the parallel between the two nations.

"According to all the inquiries that I have been able to make during several years, in which I have applied myself to this sort of remarks, I have observed, that about a tenth part of the people of this kingdom are reduced to beggary, and are actual beggars. That among the nine other parts, five are not in a condition to give alms or relief to these aforementioned, being very near reduced themselves to the same miserable condition. Of the four other remaining parts, three are very uneasy in their circumstances, and embarrassed with debts and law-suits. In the tenth part, I reckon the soldiers, lawyers, ecclesiastics, merchants and substantial citizens, which cannot make up more than a hundred thousand families. And, I believe, I should not be mistaken, if I should say, that there are not above ten thousand of these families, who are very much at their ease: and if out of these ten thousand, we should take the men that are employed in public business, with their dependants and adherents, as also those whom the king supports by his bounty, with a few merchants, the number of those who remain will be surprisingly little." *Dixme Royale.*

What a dreadful account is this of nineteen millions of people; for so many the author reckons in that kingdom. How can we

[a] *Is not to compare.* Somewhat vulgar. We generally prefer the passive form—*is not to be compared.*

see such a multitude of souls cast under so many subdivisions of misery, without reflecting on the absurdity of a form of government that sacrifices the ease and happiness of so many reasonable beings to the glory of one of their fellow-creatures? But this is not our affair at present.

If we run over the other nations of Europe that have any part in the present war, we shall only pass through so many different scenes of poverty. Spain, Portugal, and Savoy, are reduced to great extremities. Germany is exhausted to the last degree in many parts of it, and in others plundered of all she had left. Holland, indeed, flourishes above the rest in wealth and plenty; but if we consider the infinite industry and penuriousness of that people, the coarseness of their food and raiment, their little indulgences of pleasure[a] and excess, it is no wonder, that, notwithstanding they furnish as great taxes as their neighbours, they make a better figure under them. In a commonwealth there are not so many overgrown estates as in monarchies, the wealth of the country is so equally distributed, that most of the community are at their ease, though few are placed in extraordinary points of splendour and magnificence. But, notwithstanding these circumstances may very much contribute to the seeming prosperity of the United Provinces, we know they are indebted many millions more than their whole republic is worth, and if we consider the variety of taxes and impositions they groan under at a time when their private dissensions run high, and some of the wealthiest parts of the government refuse to bear their share in the public expence, we shall not think the condition of that people so much to be envied as some amongst us would willingly represent it.

Nor is Great Britain only rich as she stands in comparison

[a] *Their little indulgences of pleasure.* Concisely, but inaccurately, expressed, for—*the little indulgences they give themselves in pleasure.*

with other states, but is really so in her own intrinsic wealth She had never more ships at sea, greater quantities of merchandise in her warehouses, larger receipts of customs, or more numerous commodities rising out of her manufactures than she has at present. In short, she sits in the midst of a mighty affluence of all the necessaries and conveniences of life.[a] If our silver and gold diminishes, our public credit continues unimpaired, and if we are in want of bullion, it lies in our own power to supply ourselves. The old Roman general, when he heard his army complain of thirst, shewed them the springs and rivers that lay behind the enemy's camp. It is our own case: the rout of a Spanish army would make us masters of the Indies.

If Prince Eugene takes upon him the command of the confederate forces in Catalonia, and meets with that support from the alliance which they are capable of giving him, we have a fair prospect of reducing Spain to the entire obedience of the house of Austria. The Silesian fund (to the immortal reputation of those generous patriots who were concerned in it) enabled that prince to make a conquest of Italy, at a time when our affairs were more desperate there, than they are at present in the kingdom of Spain.

When our parliament have done their utmost, another public spirited project of the same nature, which the common enemy could not foresee nor prepare against, might, in all probability, set King Charles upon the throne for which he hath so long contended. One pitched battle would determine the fate of the Spanish continent.

Let us, therefore, exert the united strength of our whole island, and by that means put a new life and spirit into the confederates, who have their eyes fixed upon us, and will abate or in-

[a] The image, in this sentence, is fine; but the expression somewhat *exceptionable* on the account of three *of's* coming together.

crease their preparations according to the example that is set them. We see the necessity of an augmentation if we intend to bring the enemy to reason, or rescue our country from the miseries that may befal it; and we find ourselves in a condition of making such an augmentation as, by the blessing of God, cannot but prove effectual. If we carry it on vigorously, we shall gain for ourselves and our posterity, a long, a glorious, and a lasting peace; but if we neglect so fair an opportunity, we may be willing to employ all our hands, and all our treasures, when it will be too late; and shall be tormented with one of the most melancholy reflections of an afflicted heart, That it was once in our power to have made ourselves and our children happy.[a]

[a] I am by no means a judge of the subject debated in this paper: which was, apparently, written to serve the cause, and to promote the views, of the author's friends and patrons, then in the direction of affairs. What every one sees is, that, if all political pamphlets were composed with the clearness, the good sense, and the good temper, so conspicuous in this, they would be very useful to the public, or, at least, could do no hurt. When Mr. Addison submitted, sometimes, to become a party-writer, he knew how to maintain the fairness, the elegance, and even dignity, of his character.

THE LATE TRIAL AND CONVICTION OF

COUNT TARIFF.*

THE whole nation is at present very inquisitive after the proceedings in the cause of Goodman Fact, plaintiff, and Count Tariff, defendant; as it was tried on the 18th of June, in the thirteenth year of her majesty's reign, and in the year of the Lord 1713. I shall therefore give my countrymen a short and faithful account of that whole matter. And in order to it, must in the first place premise some particulars relating to the person and character of the said plaintiff, Goodman Fact.

Goodman Fact is allowed by every body to be a plain-spoken person, and a man of very few words. Tropes and figures are his aversion. He affirms every thing roundly, without any art, rhetoric, or circumlocution. He is a declared enemy to all kinds of ceremony and complaisance. He flatters nobody. Yet so great is his natural eloquence, that he cuts down the finest orator, and destroys the best-contrived argument, as soon as ever he gets

* This humorous paper relates to the *Tariff*, as it is called, or *treaty of commerce*, declaring the duties of import and export, which the ministry had agreed to, at the peace of Utrecht. A bill, which the Commons had ordered to be brought in, for the confirmation of that treaty, occasioned great debates, and was at length thrown out by a small majority. This fate of the *Tariff* was thought to reflect no small disgrace on the makers of the peace, and was matter of great triumph to the Whig party. See the *particulars* in *Burnet*, under the year 1713, and, in *Tindal's Continuation*.

himself to be heard. He never applies to the passions or prejudices of his audience: when they listen with attention and honest minds, he never fails of carrying his point. He appeared in a suit of English broad-cloth, very plain, but rich. Every thing he wore was substantial, honest, home-spun ware. His cane, indeed, came from the East-Indies, and two or three little superfluities from Turkey, and other parts. It is said that he encouraged himself with a bottle of neat Port, before he appeared at the trial. He was huzzaed into the court by several thousands of weavers, clothiers, fullers, dyers, packers, calenders, setters, silk-men, spinners, dressers, whitsters, winders, mercers, throwsters, sugar-bakers, distillers, drapers, hosiers, planters, merchants, and fishermen; who all unanimously declared that they could not live above two months longer, if their friend Fact did not gain his cause.

Every body was overjoyed to hear that the good man was come to town. He no sooner made his appearance in court, but several of his friends fell a weeping at the sight of him: for, indeed, he had not been seen there three years before.

The charge he exhibited against Count Tariff was drawn up in the following articles.

I. That the said Count had given in false and fraudulent reports in the name of the plaintiff.

II. That the said Count had tampered with the said plaintiff and made use of many indirect methods to bring him over to his party.

III. That the said Count had wilfully and knowingly traduced the said plaintiff, having misrepresented him in many cunningly-devised speeches, as a person in the French interest.

IV. That the said Count had averred in the presence of above five hundred persons, that he had heard the plaintiff speak in derogation of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders

and others; who were the persons whom the said plaintiff had always favoured in his discourse, and whom he should always continue to favour.

V. That the said Count had given a very disadvantageous relation of three great farms, which had long flourished under the care and superintendency of the plaintiff.

VI. That he would have obliged the owners of the said farms to buy up many commodities which grew upon their own lands. That he would have taken away the labour from the tenants, and put it into the hands of strangers. That he would have lessened and destroyed the produce of the said farms.

That by these, and many other wicked devices, he would have starved many honest day-labourers: have impoverished the owner, and filled his farms with beggars, &c.

VII. That the said Count had either sunk or mislaid several books, papers, and receipts, by which the plaintiff might sooner have found means to vindicate himself from such calumnies, aspersions, and misrepresentations.

In all these particulars, Goodman Fact was very short but pithy: for, as I said before, he was a plain, home-spun man. His yea was yea, and his nay, nay. He had further so much of the Quaker in him, that he never swore, but his affirmation was as valid as another's oath.

It was observed, that Count Tariff endeavoured to brow-beat the plaintiff all the while he was speaking: but though he was not so impudent as the Count, he was every whit as sturdy; and when it came to the Count's turn to speak, old Fact so stared him in the face, after his plain, downright way, that the Count was very often struck dumb, and forced to hold his tongue in the middle of his discourse.

More witnesses appeared on this occasion, to attest Goodman *Fact's veracity*, than ever were seen in a court of justice. His

cause was pleaded by the ablest men in the kingdom; among whom was a gentleman of Suffolk,[a] who did him signal service.

Count Tariff appeared just the reverse of Goodman Fact. He was dressed in a fine brocade waistcoat, curiously embroidered with flower-de-luces. He wore also, a broad-brimmed hat, a shoulder-knot, and a pair of silver-clocked stockings. His speeches were accompanied with much gesture and grimace. He abounded in empty phrases, superficial flourishes, violent assertions, and feeble proofs. To be brief, he had all the French assurance, cunning, and volubility of tongue; and would most certainly have carried his cause, had he dealt with any one antagonist in the world beside Goodman Fact.

The Count being called upon to answer to the charge which had been made against him, did it after a manner peculiar to the family of the Tariffs, viz. by railing and calling names.

He, in the first place, accused his adversary of *scandalum magnatum*, and of speaking against his superiors with sauciness and contempt. As the plain good man was not of a make to have any friends at court, he was a little startled at this accusation, till at length he made it appear, that it was impossible for any of his family to be either saucy or cringing; for that their character was, above all others in the world, to do what was required of them by the court, that is, "To speak the truth, and nothing but the truth."

The Count in the next place assured the court, that his antagonist has taken upon him a wrong name, having curtailed it of two or three letters; for that in reality his name was not Fact, but Faction. The Count was so pleased with this conceit, that for an hour together he repeated it in every sentence; calling his antagonist's assertions, the reports of faction; his friends, the

[a] Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, at first, had favoured the treaty, but afterwards spoke warmly and with effect against it.

sons of faction; the testimonies of his witnesses, the dictates of faction; nay, with such a degree of impudence did he push this matter, that when he heard the cries of above a million of people, begging for their bread, he termed the prayers and importunities of such a starving multitude, the Clamours of Faction.

As soon as the Count was driven out of this device, he affirmed roundly in the court, that Fact was not an Englishman by birth, but that he was of Dutch extraction, and born in Holland. In consequence of this assertion, he began to rally the poor plaintiff, under the title of Mynheer Van Fact; which took pretty well with the simpletons of his party, but the men of sense did not think the jest worth all their lands and tenements.

When the Count had finished his speech, he desired leave to call in his witnesses, which was granted; when immediately there came to the bar, a man with a hat drawn over his eyes in such a manner, that it was impossible to see his face. He spoke in the spirit, nay in the very language of the Count, repeated his arguments, and confirmed his assertions. Being asked his name, he said the world called him Mercator:[a] but as for his true name, his age, his lineage, his religion, his place of abode, they were particulars, which, for certain reasons, he was obliged to conceal. The court found him such a false, shuffling, prevaricating rascal, that they set him aside, as a person unqualified to give his testimony in a court of justice; advising him, at the same time, as he tendered his ears, to forbear uttering such notorious falsehoods as he had then published. The witness, however, persisted in his contumacy, telling them, he was sorry to find, that, notwithstanding what he had said, they were resolved to be as arrant fools as all their forefathers had been for a hundred years before them.

[a] A ministerial paper, so called, written by *Daniel de Foe*, in vindication of *the treaty of commerce.*

There came up another witness,[a] who spoke much to the reputation of Count Tariff. This was a tall, black, blustering person, dressed in a Spanish habit, with a plume of feathers on his head, a Golillio about his neck, and a long Toledo sticking out by his side: his garments were so covered with tinsel and spangles that at a distance, he seemed to be made up of silver and gold He called himself Don Assiento, and mentioned several nations that had sought his friendship; but declared that he had been gained over by the Count; and that he was come into these parts to enrich every one that heard him. The court was, at first, very well pleased with his figure, and the promises he made them; but upon examination, found him a true Spaniard; nothing but show and beggary. For it was fully proved, that, notwithstanding the boasts and appearance which he made, he was not worth a groat: nay, that upon casting up his annual expenses, with the debts and encumbrances which lay upon his estate, he was worse than nothing.

There appeared another witness in favour of the Count, who spoke with so much violence and warmth, that the court begun to listen to him very attentively; till, upon hearing his name, they found he was a notorious knight of the post, being kept in pay, to give his testimony on all occasions where it was wanted. This was the Examiner;[b] a person who had abused almost every man in England, that deserved well of his country. He called Goodman Fact a liar, a seditious person, a traitor, and a rebel; and so much incensed the honest man, that he would certainly have knocked him down, if he could have come at him. It

[a] By this witness, is meant, *the Assiento Contract*, or grant, made by the king of Spain, for the importation of negroes into his American dominions, to the South-sea Company; the supposed benefits of which contract, being part of the treaty of commerce, were much insisted upon by the ministerial advocates.

[b] The famous political paper of that name, in which Swift, and some other writers of credit, were concerned.

was allowed by every body, that so foul-mouthed a witness never appeared in any cause. Seeing several persons of great eminence, who had maintained the cause of Goodman Fact, he called them idcots, blockheads, villains, knaves, infidels, atheists, apostates, fiends, and devils; never did man show so much eloquence in ribaldry. The court was, at length, so justly provoked with this fellow's behaviour, who spared no age, nor sex, nor profession, which had shown any friendship or inclination for the plaintiff, that several began to whisper to one another, it was high time to bring him to punishment. But the witness overhearing the word Pillory repeated twice or thrice, slunk away privately, and hid himself among the people.

After a full hearing on both sides, Count Tariff was cast, and Goodman Fact got his cause; but the court, sitting late, did not think it fit, at that time, to give him costs, or, indeed, to enter into that matter. The honest man immediately retired, after having assured his friends, that at any time, when the Count should appear on the like occasion, he would undertake their defence, and come to their assistance, if they would be at the pains to find him out.

It is incredible, how general a joy Goodman Fact's success created in the city of London; there was nothing to be seen or heard the next day, but shaking of hands, congratulations, reflections on the danger they had escaped; and gratitude to those who had delivered them from it.

The night concluded with balls, bonfires, ringing of bells, and the like public demonstrations of joy.

THE WHIG-EXAMINER.

[The notes marked N. are taken from Nichols' edition of 1789.]

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"EVERY reader of every party, since personal malice is past, and the Papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of Wit, must wish for more of The Whig Examiners; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his Wit more evidently appear." DR. JOHNSON.

"Soon after the first appearance of the Examiner[a] came out a paper from the other side, called The Whig Examiner,[b] written with so much fire, and in so excellent a style, as put the Tories in no small pain for their favourite hero: every one cried, Bickerstaff must be the author; and people were the more confirmed in this opinion, upon its being so soon laid down, which seemed to show that it was only written to bind the

[a] On the 3d of August, 1710, appeared the first number of "The Examiner," the ablest vindication of the measures of the queen and her new ministry. "About a dozen of these papers," Dr Swift tells us, "written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Secretary St. John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr. Atterbury, since Bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr. Prior Dr. Freind, &c., were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was, that I should continue it, which I did accordingly eight months. But, my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death." Dr. Swift began with No. 13, and ended by writing a part of No. 46; when Mrs. Manley took it up, and finished the first volume; it was afterwards resumed by Mr. Oldisworth, who completed four volumes more, and published nineteen numbers of a sixth volume, when the queen's death put an end to the whole.—N.

[b] In this work Mr. Addison was assisted by Maynwaring. Mr. Oldmixon, indeed, from the circumstance of its being laid down to make room for The Medley, apprehended it to have been principally the production of Mr. Maynwaring. See the *notes* on No. III.—N.

Examiners to their good behaviour, and was never designed to be a weekly paper." GAY's Present State of Wit, 1711.

"Addison wrote, as different exigencies required, in 1707, 'The present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation;' which, however judicious, being written on temporary topics, and exhibiting no peculiar powers, has naturally sunk, by its own weight, into neglect. This cannot be said of the few papers intituled, 'The Whig Examiner,' in which is exhibited all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire. Of this paper, which just appeared and expired, Swift remarks with exultation, that 'it is now down among the dead men.' He might well rejoice at the death of that which he could not have killed."

DR. JOHNSON.

No. 1. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, and cum folia ista diemque
Oderit———————— VIRG. Æn. x. 501.

'O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain;
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.'—DRYDEN.

THE design of this work is to censure the writings of others, and to give all persons a rehearing, who have suffered under any unjust sentence of the Examiner. As that author has hitherto proceeded, his paper would have been more properly entitled the Executioner.[a] At least, his examination is like that which is made by the rack and wheel. I have always admired a critic that has discovered the beauties of an author, and never knew

[a] We are to impute to this provocation, the peculiar keenness of our author's reproof, in these papers. But one is surprised to observe how much of that keenness is directed against the style of his antagonist. The reason is, that the good taste of that time would not endure a want of correct and just composition, even in a party-writer.

one who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers, that was not guilty of greater himself; as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor, than the criminal that suffers by his hand. To prove what I say, there needs no more, than to read the annotations which this author has made upon Dr. Garth's poem, with the preface in the front, and a riddle at the end of them. To begin with the first: did ever an advocate for a party open with such an unfortunate assertion? 'The collective body of the whigs have already engrossed our riches:' That is, in plain English, the whigs are possessed of all the riches of the nation. Is not this giving up all he has been contending for these six weeks? Is there any thing more reasonable, than that those who have all the riches of the nation in their possession, or, if he likes his own phrase better, as indeed I think it is stronger, that those who have already engrossed our riches, should have the management of our public treasure, and the direction of our fleets and armies? But let us proceed: 'Their representative, the Kit-Cat, have pretended to make a monopoly of our sense.'[a] Well, but what does all this end in? If the author means any thing, it is this; that, to prevent such a monopoly of sense, he is resolved to deal in it himself by retail, and sell a pennyworth of it every week. In what follows, there is such a shocking familiarity, both in his railleries and civilities, that one cannot long be in doubt who is the author. The remaining part of the preface has so much of the pedant, and so little of the conversation of men in it, that I shall pass it over, and hasten to the riddles, which are as follows.

[a] Prior was the author of the number and annotations animadverted upon in this Paper. About this time he had deserted the Whig party, to join the Tory administration. About the time of his apostacy he was expelled from the Kit-Cat Club; and he alludes, in the words here quoted, to his expulsion. He seems to have been the first person fixed upon for the management of the Examiner, which devolved ultimately on Dr. Swift. The drubbing he received here from Addison probably sickened Prior, and disabled him for his new honourable employment. See Tat 12mo. 6 vols. *Notes* on the *Examiner*, No. 210 & No. 229.—N.

THE RIDDLE.

SPHINX was a monster, that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get:
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.
Œdipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts could do:
Says Sphinx, on this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright?
Has two at noon, and three at night?
'Tis man, said he, who weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four: as years accrue,
With sturdy steps, he walks on two;
In age, at length, grown weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts the stick.
Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,
What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four.

The first part of this little mystical poem is an old riddle, which we could have told the meaning of, had not the author given himself the trouble of explaining it; but as for the exposition of the second, he leaves us altogether in the dark. The riddle runs thus: 'What creature is it that walks upon four legs in the morning, two legs at noon, and three legs at night?' This he solves, as our forefathers have done for these two thousand years; and not according to Rabelais, who gives another reason why a man is said to be a creature with three legs at night. Then follows the second riddle: 'What creature, (says he,) is it that first uses four legs, then two legs, then three legs: then loses one leg, then gets two legs, and at last runs away upon four legs?' Were I disposed to be splenetic, I should ask if there was any thing in the New Garland of Riddles so wild, so

childish, or so flat: but though I dare not go so far as that, I shall take upon me to say, that the author has stolen his hint out of the Garland, from a riddle which I was better acquainted with than the Nile, when I was but twelve years old. It runs thus: Riddle my riddle my ree, what is this? Two legs sat upon three legs, and held one leg in her hand; in came four legs, and snatched away one leg; up started two legs, and flung three legs at four legs, and brought one leg back again. This enigma, joined with the foregoing two, rings all the changes that can be made upon four legs. That I may deal more ingenuously with my reader than the abovementioned enigmatist has done, I shall present him with a key to my riddle: which, upon application, he will find exactly fitted to all the words of it: one leg is a leg of mutton, two legs is a servant maid, three legs is a joint stool, which in the sphinx's country was called a tripode; as four legs is a dog, who, in all nations and ages has been reckoned a quadruped. We have now the exposition of our first and third riddles upon legs; let us here, if you please, endeavour to find out the meaning of our second, which is thus in the author's words:

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three;
> Then loses one, then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four?

This riddle, as the poet tells us, was proposed by Œdipus to the sphinx, after he had given his solution to that which the sphinx had proposed to him. This Œdipus, you must understand though the people did not believe it, was son to a king of Thebes and bore a particular grudge to the treasurer of that kingdom which made him so bitter upon H. L. in this enigma.

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three

By which he intimates, that this great man at Thebes, being 'weak by nature,' as he admirably expresses it, could not walk as soon as he was born, but, like other children, fell upon all four when he attempted it; that he afterwards went upon two legs, like other men; and that, in his more advanced age, he got a white staff in Queen Jocasta's court, which the author calls his third leg. Now it so happened, that the treasurer fell, and by that means broke his third leg, which is intimated by the next words, 'Then loses one'—Thus far, I think, we have travelled through the riddle with good success.

> What stranger creature yet is he,
> That has four legs, then two, then three?
> Then loses one————

But now comes the difficulty that has puzzled the whole town and which, I must confess, has kept me awake for these three nights:

> ————Then gets two more,
> And runs away at last on four.

I at last thought the treasurer of Thebes might have walked upon crutches, and so ran away on four legs, viz. two natural and two artificial. But this I have no authority for; and therefore, upon mature consideration, do find that the words (Then gets two more) are only Greek expletives, introduced to make up the verse, and to signify nothing and that *runs*, in the next line, should be *rides*. I shall, therefore, restore the true ancient reading of this riddle, after which it will be able to explain itself.

ŒDIPUS speaks:

> Now in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
> You should resolve me, Madam Sphinx,

What stranger creature yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gains two more,
And rides away at last on four

I must now inform the reader, that Thebes was on the continent, so that it was easy for a man to ride out of his dominions on horseback, an advantage that a British statesman would be deprived of. If he would run away, he must do it 'in an open boat;' for to say of an Englishman, in this sense, that he runs away on all four, would be as absurd, as to say, he clapped spurs to his horse at St. James's gate, and galloped away to the Hague.

Before I take my farewell of this subject, I shall advise the author, for the future, to speak his meaning more plainly. I allow he has a happy talent at doggrel, when he writes upon a known subject: where he tells us in plain intelligible language, how Syrisca's ladle was lost in one hole, and Hans Carvel's finger in another,[a] he is very jocular and diverting; but, when he wraps a lampoon in a riddle, he must consider that his jest is lost to every one, but the few merry wags that are in the secret. This is making darker satires than ever Persius did. After this cursory view of the Examiner's performance, let us consider his remarks upon the doctor's. That general piece of raillery which he passes upon the doctor's considering the treasurer in several different views, is that which might fall upon any poem in Waller, or any other writer, who has diversity of thoughts and allusions: and though it may appear a pleasant ridicule to an ignorant reader, is wholly groundless and unjust. I do likewise dissent[b] with the Examiner, upon the phrases of 'passions being

[a] These allusions to Prior's poems confirm what has been said in the preceding note on this paper. p. 6.—N.

[b] *Dissent with.* They who delight in Latinizing the English tongue, would correct without scruple—*dissent from.*—But the matter is not quite so clear as they pretend. *Dis*, in the compound words of our language

poised,' and of the 'retrieving merit from dependance,' which are very beautiful and poetic. It is the same cavilling spirit, that finds fault with that expression of the 'pomp of peace among the woes of war,' as well as of 'offering unasked.' As for the Nile, how Icarus and Phaëton came to be joined with it, I cannot conceive. I must confess, they have been formerly used to represent the fate of rash ambitious men; and I cannot imagine why the author should deprive us of those particular similies for the future. The next criticism upon the stars, seems introduced for no other reason, but to mention Mr. Bickerstaff, whom the author every where endeavours to imitate and abuse. But I shall refer the Examiner to the frog's advice to her little one, that was blowing itself up to the size of an ox:

——Non si te ruperis, inquit,
Par eris——

The allusion to the victim may be a gallimatia in French politics, but is an apt and noble allusion to a true English spirit, And as for the Examiner's remarks on the word *bleed*, (though a man would laugh to see impotent malice so little able to con-

is not always a preposition, properly so called, like the Latin, *de*, but an article, expressing very strongly *negation*, or *contrariety*; as, *disallow*, *disown*, *disagree*, &c., which mean the same thing as, *I do not allow*, *do not own*, *do not agree*, &c. The prepositive article, *dis*, thus understood, not only may, but frequently must, be followed by the preposition *with*: as, *I dispute with you*, *I disagree with you*, *I differ with you*, (which is unquestionably good English,) and, agreeably to this analogy, we must say, *I dissent with you*—the sense being respectively, I do *not understand*, *agree*, *hold*, or *think with* you.

But *dissent with*, it will be said, must be wrong, because the word *dissent*, being of Latin derivation, must follow the idiom of that tongue. Here, again, there is some doubt: for the Latin writers do not only say—*dissentire ab aliquo*—but, *cum aliquo*, as *cum Catone meo saepe dissensi*. [*Cic. de Off.*, *lib.* iii., *c.* 22. *Ed. Pearce.*]

To compromise the matter, however, I would lay down this rule—"that, where the compound verb is purely of Latin original, there the most *usual* idiom of the Latin tongue is to be followed." And, because that is evidently the case in the verb *dissent*, I would choose rather to say, *dissent from*, than *dissent with*; it being, I believe, more customary with the Latin writers to say *dissentire ab*,—than—*dissentire cum*, though the practice be not universal.

tain itself,) one cannot but observe in them the temper of the banditti whom he mentions in the same paper, who always murder where they rob. The last observation is upon the line, 'Ingratitude's a weed of every clime.' Here he is very much out of humour with the doctor, for having called that the *weed*, which Dryden only terms the *growth* of every clime. But, for God's sake, why so much tenderness for ingratitude?[a]

But I shall say no more. We are now in an age wherein impudent assertions must pass for arguments: and I do not question, but the same who has endeavoured here to prove, that he who wrote the Dispensary was no poet, will very suddenly undertake to shew, that he who gained the battle of Blenheim is no general.[b]

No. 2. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER, 21, 1710.

———Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares———

VIRG. Ecl. vii. 4.

"Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing and answer as the song requir'd.

DRYDEN.

I NEVER yet knew an author that had not his admirers.[c] Bunyan and Quarles have passed through several editions, and please as many readers as Dryden and Tillotson. The Examiner had not written two half-sheets of paper, before he met with one that was astonished at the 'force he was master of,' and approaches him with awe, when he mentions state subjects, as 'en-

[a] Prior had been under great obligations to the Whig party, particularly to Lord Halifax. This is one of Addison's *oblique strokes*.—N.

[b] He was deprived of his *Generalship* soon after this: to the astonishment of all Europe.—N.

[c] "He who pleases many" as Dr. Johnson observes of Pomfret, "must have merit."—N.

croaching on the province that belonged to him,' and treating of things that deserved to pass under his pen.' The same humble author tells us, that the Examiner can furnish mankind with an 'antidote to the poison that is scattered through the nation.' This crying up of the Examiner's antidote, puts me in mind of the first appearance that a celebrated French quack made in the streets of Paris. A little boy walked before him, publishing with a shrill voice, *Mon père guerit toutes sortes de maladies*, 'My father cures all sorts of distempers:' to which the doctor, who walked behind him, added, in a grave and composed manner, *L'enfant dit vrai*, The child says true.'

That the reader may see what party the author of this letter is of, I shall shew how he speaks of the French king and the duke of Anjou, and how of our greatest allies, the emperor of Germany and the States General. 'In the mean while the French king has withdrawn his troops from Spain, and has put it out of his power to restore that monarchy to us, was he reduced low enough really to desire to do it. The duke of Anjou has had leisure to take off those whom he suspected, to confirm his friends, to regulate his revenues, to increase and form his troops, and above all, to rouse that spirit in the Spanish nation, which a succession of lazy and indolent princes had lulled asleep. From hence it appears probable enough, that if the war continue much longer on the present foot, instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years; by whose arms, in the day of his infancy, he was upheld.' What expressions of tenderness, duty, and submission! The panegyric on the duke of Anjou, is by much the best written part of this whole letter; the apology for the French king is, indeed, the same which the Post-boy has often made, but worded with greater deference and respect to that great prince. There are

many strokes of the author's good-will to our confederates, the Dutch and the emperor, in several parts of this notable epistle; I shall only quote one of them, alluding to the concern which the bank, the states general, and the emperor expressed for the ministry, by their humble applications to her majesty, in these words:

'Not daunted yet, they resolve to try a new expedient, and the interest of Europe is to be represented as inseparable from that of the ministers.

Haud dubitant equidem implorare quod usquam est;
Flectere si nequeunt Superos, Acheronta movebunt.[a]

The members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, arè called in as confederates to the ministry.' This, in the mildest English it will bear, runs thus: 'They are resolved to look for help wherever they can find it; if they cannot have it from heaven, they will go to hell for it;' that is to the members of the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna. The French king, the pope, and the devil, have been often joined together, by a well-meaning Englishman; but I am very much surprised to see the Bank, the Dutch, and the court of Vienna, in such company. We may still see this gentleman's principles, in the accounts which he gives of his own country: speaking of 'the General,[b] the quondam Treasurer,[c] and the Junto,' which, every one knows, comprehends the whigs, in their utmost extent; he adds, in opposition to them, 'For the queen and the whole body of the British nation,—

Nos numerus sumus.

[a] These lines are cited, with a little variation, from Virgil, *Æn* vii. 312.

"If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply."
DRYDEN.—N.

[b] Marlborough.—N. [c] Godolphin.—N.

In English,

We are cyphers.

How properly the tories may be called the whole body of the British nation, I leave to any one's judging: and wonder how an author can be so disrespectful to her majesty, as to separate her, in so saucy a manner, from that part of her people, who, according to the Examiner himself, 'have engrossed the riches of the nation:' and all this to join her, with so much impudence, under the common denomination of We; that is, 'WE queen and tories are cyphers. *Nos numerus sumus*, is a scrap of Latin, more impudent than Cardinal Woolsey's *Ego et Rex meus*. We find the same particle, 'WE,' used with great emphasis and significancy in the eighth page of this letter; 'But nothing decisive, nothing which had the appearance of earnest, has been so much as attempted, except that wise expedition to Toulon, which WE suffered to be defeated before it began.' Whoever did, God forgive them: there were, indeed, several stories of discoveries made, by letters and messengers that were sent to France.

Having done with the author's party and principle, we now shall consider his performance, under the three heads of wit, language, and argument. The first lash of his satire falls upon the censor of Great Britain, who, says he, resembles the famous censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the 'cause of the vanquished.' Our letter-writer here alludes to that known verse in Lucan,

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

'The gods espoused the cause of the conquerors, but Cato espoused the cause of the vanquished.' The misfortune is, that this verse was not written of Cato the censor, but of Cato of Utica. How Mr. Bickerstaffe, who has written in favour of a party that is not vanquished, resembles the younger Cato, who

was not a Roman censor, I do not well conceive, unless it be in struggling for the liberty of his country. To say, therefore, that the censor of Great Britain resembles that famous censor of Rome, in nothing but espousing the cause of the vanquished; is just the same, as if one should say, in regard to the many obscure truths, and secret histories, that are brought to light in this letter, that the author of these new revelations, resembles the ancient author of the revelations 'in nothing but venturing his head.' Besides that there would be no ground for such a resemblance, would not a man be laughed at by every common reader, should he thus mistake one St. John for another, and apply that to St. John the evangelist, which relates to St. John the baptist, who died many years before him?[a]

Another smart touch of the author we meet with in the fifth page, where, without any preparation, he breaks out all on a sudden, into a vein of poetry; and, instead of writing a letter to the Examiner, gives advice to a painter in these strong lines: 'Paint, sir, with that force which you are master of, the present state of the war abroad; and expose to the public view, those principles upon which, of late, it has been carried on, so different from those upon which it was originally entered into. Collect some few of the indignities which have been this year offered to her majesty, and those unnatural struggles which have betrayed the weakness of a shattered constitution.' By the way, a man may be said to paint a battle, or if you please, a war; but I do not see how it is possible to paint the present state of a war. So a man may be said to describe or to collect accounts of indignities and unnatural struggles; but to collect the things themselves, is a figure which this gentleman has introduced into our English prose. Well, but what will be the use of this picture

[a] Or confound, as Sterne says, Alexander the *Great* with 'Alexander the Coppersmith.'—N.

of a state of the war? and this collection of indignities and struggles? It seems, the chief design of them is to make a dead man blush, as we may see in those inimitable lines which immediately follow: 'And when this is done, D——n shall blush in his grave among the dead, Walpole among the living, and even Volpone shall feel some remorse.' Was there ever any thing, I will not say so stiff and so unnatural, but so brutal and so silly! this is downright hacking and hewing in satire. But we see a masterpiece of this kind of writing in the twelfth page; where, without any respect to a duchess of Great Britain,[a] a princess of the empire, and one who was a bosom friend of her royal mistress, he calls a great lady 'an insolent woman, the worst of her sex, a fury, an executioner of divine vengeance, a plague;' and applies to her a line which Virgil writ originally upon Alecto. One would think this foul-mouthed writer must have received some particular injuries, either from this great lady or from her husband; and these the world shall be soon acquainted with, by a book which is now in the press, entitled, 'An essay towards proving that gratitude is no virtue.' This author is so full of satire, and is so angry with every one that is pleased with the Duke of Marlborough's victories, that he goes out of his way to abuse one of the queen's singing men, who, it seems, did his best to celebrate a thanksgiving day in an anthem; as you may see in that passage: 'Towns have been taken, and battles have been won; the mob has huzzaed round bonfires, the stentor of the chapel has strained his throat in the gallery, and the stentor of Sarum,[b] has deafened his audience from the pulpit.' Thus you see how like a true son of the high-church, he falls upon a learned and reverend prelate, and for no other crime, but for preaching with an audible voice. If a man lifts up his voice

[a] Duchess of Marlborough.—N.
[b] Dr. Gilbert Burnet, at this time Bishop of Sarum.—N.

like a trumpet to preach sedition,* he is received by some men as a confessor; but if he cries aloud, and spares not to animate people with devotion and gratitude, for the greatest public blessings that ever were bestowed on a sinful nation, he is reviled as a Stentor.

I promised in the next place to consider the language of this excellent author, who, I find, takes himself for an orator. In the first page he censures several for the poison which they 'profusely scatter' through the nation: that is, in plain English, 'for squandering away their poison.' In the second, he talks of 'carrying probability through the thread of a fable;' and, in the third, 'of laying an odium at a man's door.' In the fourth he rises in his expressions; where he speaks of those who would persuade the people, that the 'General, the quondam Treasurer, and the Junto, are the only objects of the confidence of the allies, and of the fears of the enemies.' I would advise this author to try the beauty of this expression. Suppose a foreign minister should address her majesty in the following manner, (for certainly it is her majesty only to whom the sense of the compliment ought to be paid) 'Madam, you are the object of the confidence of the allies;' or, 'Madam, your majesty is the only object of the fears of the enemies.' Would a man think that he had learned English? I would have the author try, by the same rule, some of his other phrases, as page seven, where he tells us, 'that the balance of power in Europe would be still precarious.' What would a tradesman think, if one should tell him in a passion, that his 'scales were precarious;' and mean by it, that they were 'not fixed?' In the thirteenth page he speaks of 'certain profligate wretches, who, having usurped the royal seat, resolved to venture overturning the chariot of government, rather than to lose their place in it.' A plain-spoken man would have left the chariot out

* Dr. Sacheverell.—N.

of this sentence, and so have made it good English. As it is there, it is not only an impropriety of speech, but of metaphor; it being impossible for a man to have a place in the chariot which he drives. I would therefore advise this gentleman, in the next edition of his letter, to change the chariot of government into the chaise of government, which will sound as well, and serve his turn much better. I could be longer on the *errata* of this very small work, but will conclude this head with taking notice of a certain figure which was unknown to the ancients, and in which this letter-writer very much excels. This is called by some an *anti climax*, an instance of which we have in the tenth page; where he tells us, that Britain may expect to have this only glory left her, 'that she has proved a farm to the Bank, a province to Holland, and a jest to the whole world.' I never met with so sudden a downfal in so promising a sentence; a jest to the whole world gives such an unexpected turn to this happy period, that I was heartily troubled and surprised to meet with it. I do not remember, in all my reading, to have observed more than two couplets of verses that have been written in this figure; the first are thus quoted by Mr. Dryden:

> Not only London echoes with thy fame,
> But also Islington has heard the *same*.

The other are in French.

> Allez vous, luy dit il, sans bruit chez vos parens,
> Où vous avez laissé votre honneur & *vos gans*.

But we need not go further than the letter before us for examples of this nature, as we may find in page the eleventh. 'Mankind remains convinced, that a queen possessed of all the virtues requisite to bless a nation, or make a private family happy, sits on the throne.' Is this panegyric or burlesque? To see so glorious a queen celebrated in such a manner, gives every

good subject a secret indignation; and looks liker Scarron's character of the great Queen Semiramis, who, says that author, "was the founder of Babylon, conqueror of the East, and an excellent housewife."

The third subject being the argumentative part of this letter, I shall leave till another occasion.

No. 3. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1710.

——————— Non defensoribus istis
Tempus eget. ——————————

VIRG. Æn. ii. 521.

"These times want other aids."—DRYDEN.

I WAS once talking with an old humdrum fellow, and, before I had heard his story out, was called away by business. About three years after I met him again; when he immediately resumed the thread of his story, and began his salutation with, 'but, sir, as I was telling you.' The same method has been made use of by very polite writers; as, in particular, the author of Don Quixote, who inserts several novels in his works, and, after a parenthesis of about a dozen leaves, returns again to his story. Hudibras has broke off the Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle. The Tatler has frequently interrupted the course of a Lucubration, and taken it up again after a fortnight's respite; as the Examiner, who is capable of imitating him in this particular, has likewise done.

This may serve as an apology for my postponing the examination of the argumentative part of the Letter to the Examiner to a further day, though I must confess, this was occasioned by a letter which I received last post. Upon opening it, I found it

to contain a very curious piece of antiquity; which, without preface or application, was introduced as follows.

"Alcibiades[a] was a man of wit and pleasure, bred up in the school of Socrates; and one of the best orators of his age, notwithstanding he lived at a time when learning was at its highest pitch: he was likewise very famous for his military exploits, having gained great conquests over the Lacedæmonians, who had formerly been the confederates of his countrymen against the great King of Persia, but were at that time in alliance with the Persians. He had been once so far misrepresented and traduced by the malice of his enemies, that the priests cursed him. But after the great services which he had done for his country, they publicly repealed their curses, and changed them into applauses and benedictions.

"Plutarch tells us, in the life of Alcibiades, that one Taureas, an obscure man, contended with him for a certain prize, which was to be conferred by vote; at which time each of the competitors recommended himself to the Athenians by an oration. The speech which Alcibiades made on that occasion, has been lately discovered among the manuscripts of King's College in Cambridge; and communicated to me by my learned friend

[a] The speech of Alcibiades was written by Mr. Maynwaring. The occasion of it was, the opposition the victorious General Stanhope met with in the election for Westminster, 1710, when he stood candidate for member of parliament for that city, by his proxy, Major-general Davenport; and was opposed by Mr. Thomas Cross the Brewer. By Alcibiades is meant General Stanhope, by Taureas Mr. Cross, by the Lacedæmonians the Spaniards.

During the violence of this election, Swift tells Mrs. Johnson, "In the way to Knellers we met the electors for parliament-men; and the rabble came about our coach, crying, 'A Colt, a Stanhope,' &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken; and so were always of their side." Journal to Stella, Oct. 5, 1710.—"In the election the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused." Ibid. Oct. 12, 1710.—It appears by Swift's Journal, that Steele, Addison, and himself, were at this period in the strictest habits of intimacy.—N.

Dr. Bentley; who tells me, that by a marginal note it appears, that this Taureas, or, as the doctor rather chuses to call him, Toryas, was an Athenian brewer. This speech I have translated literally, changing very little in it, except where it was absolutely necessary to make it understood by an English reader. It is as follows:

"Is it then possible, O ye Athenians, that I, who hitherto have had none but generals to oppose me, must now have an artisan for my antagonist? That I, who have overthrown the princes of Lacedæmon, must now see myself in danger of being defeated by a brewer? What will the world say of the goddess that presides over you, should they suppose you follow her dictates? would they think she acted like herself, like the great Minerva? would they now say, she inspires her sons with wisdom? or would they not rather say, she has a second time chosen owls for her favourites? But, O ye men of Athens, what has this man done to deserve your voices? You say he is honest; I believe it, and therefore he shall brew for me. You say he is assiduous in his calling; and is he not grown rich by it? let him have your custom, but not your votes: you are now to cast your eyes on those who can detect the artifices of the common enemy, that can disappoint your secret foes in council, and your open ones in the field. Let it not avail my competitor, that he has been tapping his liquors, while I have been spilling my blood; that he has been gathering hops for you, while I have been reaping laurels. Have I not borne the dust and heat of the day, while he has been sweating at the furnace? behold these scars, behold this wound which still bleeds in your service; what can Taureas show you of this nature? What are his marks of honour? Has he any other wound about him, except the accidental scaldings of his wort, or bruises from the tub or barrel

Let it not, O Athenians, let it not be said, that your generals have conquered themselves into your displeasure, and lost your favour by gaining you victories. Shall those achievements that have redeemed the present age from slavery, be undervalued by those who feel the benefits of them? Shall those names that have made your city the glory of the whole earth, be mentioned in it with obloquy and detraction? Will not your posterity blush at their forefathers, when they shall read in the annals of their country, that Alcibiades, in the 90th Olympiad, after having conquered the Lacedæmonians, and recovered Byzantium, contended for a prize against Taureas the brewer? The competition is dishonourable, the defeat would be shameful. I shall not, however, slacken my endeavours for the security of my country. If she is ungrateful, she is still Athens. On the contrary, as she will stand more in need of defence, when she has so degenerate a people; I will pursue my victories, till such time as it shall be out of your power to hurt yourselves, and that you may be in safety even under your present leaders. But oh! thou genius of Athens, whither art thou fled? Where is now the race of those glorious spirits that perished at the battle of Thermopylæ, and fought upon the plains of Marathon? Are you weary of conquering, or have you forgotten the oath which you took at Agraulos, 'That you would look upon the bounds of Attica to be those soils only which are incapable of bearing wheat and barley, vines and olives?' Consider your enemies the Lacedæmonians; did you ever hear that they preferred a coffee-man to Agesilaus? No, though their generals have been unfortunate, though they have lost several battles, though they have not been able to cope with the troops of Athens, which I have conducted; they are comforted and condoled, nay, celebrated and extolled by their fellow-citizens. Their generals have been received with honour after their defeat, yours with ignomi

ny after conquest. Are there not men of Taureas's temper and character, who tremble in their hearts at the name of the great king of Persia? who have been *against* entering into a war with him, or *for* making a peace upon base conditions? that have grudged those contributions which have set our country at the head of all the governments of Greece? that would dishonour those who have raised her to such a pitch of glory? that would betray those liberties which your fathers in all ages have purchased or recovered with their blood? and would prosecute your fellow-citizens with as much rigour and fury, as of late years we have attacked the common enemy! I shall trouble you no more, O ye men of Athens; you know my actions, let my antagonist relate what he has done for you. Let him produce his vats and tubs, in opposition to the heaps of arms and standards which were employed against you, and which I have wrested out of the hands of your enemies. And when this is done, let him be brought into the field of election upon his dray-cart; and if I can finish my conquest sooner, I will not fail to meet him there in a triumphant chariot. But, O ye gods! let not the king of Persia laugh at the fall of Alcibiades! Let him not say, 'The Athenians have avenged me upon their own generals;' or let me be rather struck dead by the hand of a Lacedæmonian, than disgraced by the voices of my fellow-citizens."

No. 4. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1710.

Satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum.
SALLUST.
Of eloquence sufficient, of wisdom scanty.

HUDIBRAS has defined nonsense (as Cowley does wit,) by negatives. Nonsense, (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of nonsense, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own basis like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches. The major and the minor are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in nonsense: you may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of nonsense, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school-divinity.

After this short panegyric upon nonsense, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader, as Erasmus's Encomium of Folly, I must here solemnly protest, that I have not done it to curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any praise in an oblique manner upon the Letter to the Examiner: I have no private considerations to warp me in this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further, because it may be of great use to me in this dispute, to state the whole na-

ture of nonsense; and because 'tis a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, viz. high nonsense and low nonsense.

Low nonsense is the talent of a cold, phlegmatic temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurditics.

Videri vult pauper, et est pauper.

He has neither wit nor sense, and pretends to none.

On the contrary, your high nonsense blusters and makes a noise, it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of Sir Hercules Nonsense in the play called the Nest of Fools. In a word, your high nonsense has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like Æsop's ass clothed in a lion's skin.*

When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and was asked who he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being candidates for it; he called for two different sorts of wine, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by wine, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of, by small-beer.

Low nonsense is like that in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality, no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and, by the help of a little wind that has got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

* See Reader, No 3, and No. 4.—N.

We meet with a low grovelling nonsense in every Grub-street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the sublime in nonsense, besides Dr. Sacheverell in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

There is still another qualification in nonsense which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection, and eminently discovers itself in the Letter to the Examiner. This is when an author without any meaning, seems to have it; and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. Any one who reads this letter, as he goes through it, will lie under the same delusion; but after having read it, let him consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit. I did not, indeed, at first imagine there was in it such a jargon of ideas, such an inconsistency of notions, such a confusion of particles, that rather puzzle than connect the sense, which, in some places, he seems to have aimed at, as I found upon my nearer perusal of it: nevertheless, as nobody writes a book without meaning something, though he may not have the faculty of writing consequentially, and expressing his meaning; I think I have, with a great deal of attention and difficulty, found out what this gentleman would say, had he the gift of utterance. The system of his politics, when disembroiled and cleared of all those incoherences and independent matters that are woven into this motley piece, will be as follows. The conduct of the late ministry is considered first of all in respect to foreign affairs, and secondly to domestic: as to the first, he tells us, that 'the motives which engaged Britain in the present war, were both wise and generous;' so that the ministry is cleared as to that *particular*. These motives he tells us, 'were to restore the

Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria, and to regain a barrier for Holland. The last of these two motives,' he says, 'was effectually answered by the reduction of the Netherlands in the year 1706, or might have been so by the concessions which it is notorious that the enemy offered.' So that the ministry are here blamed for not contenting themselves with the barrier they had gained in the year 1706, nor with the concessions which the enemy then offered. The other motive of our entering into the war, viz. 'The restoring the Spanish monarchy to the house of Austria,' he tells us, 'remained still in its full force; and we are told,' says he, 'that though the barrier of Holland was secured, the trade of Britain, and the balance of power in Europe, would be still precarious: Spain, therefore, must be conquered.' He then loses himself in matter foreign to his purpose: but what he endeavours in the sequel of his discourse, is to shew, that we have not taken the proper method to recover the Spanish monarchy; 'that the whole stress of the war has been wantonly laid where France is best able to keep us at bay;' that the French King has made it impossible for himself to give up Spain, and that the Duke of Anjou has made it as impossible for us to conquer it: nay, 'that instead of regaining Spain, we shall find the Duke of Anjou in a condition to pay the debt of gratitude, and support the grandfather in his declining years, by whose arms, in the days of his infancy, he was upheld.' He then intimates to us, that the Dutch and the emperor will be so very well satisfied with what they have already conquered, that they may probably leave the house of Bourbon in the quiet possession of the Spanish monarchy.

This strange huddle of politics has been so fully answered by General Stanhope, that, if the author had delayed the publishing of his letter but a fortnight, the world would have been deprived of that elaborate production. Notwithstanding all that the

French king, or the Duke of Anjou have been able to do, notwithstanding the feeble efforts we have made in Spain, notwithstanding 'the little care the emperor takes to support king Charles,' notwithstanding the Dutch might have been contented 'with a larger and better country than their own, already conquered for them,' that victorious general, at the head of English and Dutch forces, in conjunction with those of the emperor, has wrested Spain out of the hands of the house of Bourbon; and added the conquest of Navarre, Arragon, and Castile, to those of Catalonia, Bavaria, Flanders, Mantua, Milan, Naples, Sicily, Majorca, Minorca, and Sardinia. Such a wonderful series of victories, and those astonishing returns of ingratitude which they have met with, appear both of them rather like dreams than realities: they puzzle and confound the present age, and it is to be hoped they will not be believed by posterity. Will the trifling author of this letter say, that the ministry did not apply themselves to the reduction of Spain, when the whole kingdom was twice conquered in their administration? The letter-writer says, 'that the Dutch had gained a good barrier after the battle of Ramillies in the year 1706.' But I would fain ask him, whether he thinks Antwerp and Brussels, Ghent and Bruges, could be thought a strong barrier, or that those important conquests did not want several towns and forts to cover them? But it seems our great general on that side has done more for us than we expected of him, and made the barrier too impregnable. 'But,' says the letter-writer, 'the stress of the war was laid in the wrong place:' but if the laying the stress of the war in the Low Countries drew thither the whole strength of France; if it weakened Spain, and left it exposed to an equal force; if France, without being pressed on this side, could have assisted the Duke of Anjou with a numerous army: and if, by the advantage of the *situation*, it could have sent and maintained in Spain ten regi

ments with as little trouble and expence as England could two regiments; every impartial judge would think that the stress of the war has been laid in the right place.

The author, in this confused dissertation on foreign affairs, would fain make us believe, that England has gained nothing by these conquests, and put us out of humour with our chief allies, the Emperor and the Dutch. He tells us, 'they hoped England would have been taken care of, after having secured a barrier for Holland:' as if England were not taken care of, by this very securing a barrier for Holland; which has always been looked upon as our bulwark, or, as Mr. Waller expresses it, 'our outguard on the continent;' and which, if it had fallen into the hands of the French, would have made France more strong by sea, than all Europe besides. Has not England been taken care of, by gaining a new mart in Flanders, by opening our trade into the Levant, by securing ports for us in Gibraltar, Minorca, and Naples, and by that happy prospect we have, of renewing that great branch of our commerce into Spain, which will be of more advantage to England, than any conquest we can make of towns and provinces? Not to mention the demolishing of Dunkirk, which we were in a fair way of obtaining during the last parliament, and which we never so much as proposed to ourselves at our first engaging in this war.

As for this author's aspersions of the Dutch and Germans, I have sometimes wondered that he has not been complained of for it to the secretary of state. Had not he been looked upon as an insignificant scribbler, he must have occasioned remonstrances and memorials: such national injuries are not to be put up, but when the offender is below resentment. This puts me in mind of an honest Scotchman, who, as he was walking along the streets of London, heard one calling out after him, 'Scot, Scot,' and casting forth, in a clamorous manner, a great deal of opprobrious

language against that ancient nation: Sawney turned about in a great passion, and found, to his surprise, that the person who abused him, was a saucy parrot, that hung up not far from him in a cage; upon which he clapped his hand to his sword, and told him, 'were he a man as he was a green goose, he would have run him through the wemb.'

The next head our politician goes upon, relates to our domestic affairs; where I am extremely at a loss to know what he would be at: all that I can gather from him is, that 'the queen had grieved her subjects' in making choice of such men for her ministers, as raised the nation to a greater pitch of glory than ever it was in the days of our forefathers, or than any other nation in these our days.

No. 5. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1710.[a]

Parere jam non scelus est.

MARTIAL.

"'Tis now no longer treason to obey."

WE live in a nation where, at present, there is scarce a single head that does not teem with politics. The whole island is peopled with statesmen, and not unlike Trinculo's kingdom of viceroys, every man has contrived a scheme of government for the benefit of his fellow-subjects, which they may follow and be safe.

[a] At the end of this number, the Whig Examiner was laid down to make room for the Medley, which Mr. Maynwaring began on the 5th of October, 1710, and continued for forty-five numbers, till August 6, 1711, a few weeks after, when Swift had discontinued the Examiner. A particular account of the Medleys written by Mr. Maynwaring, and of the assistance he received from other writers, may be seen in Oldmixon's

After this short preface, by which, as an Englishman, I lay in my claim to be a politician; I shall enter on my discourse.

The chief point that has puzzled the freeholders of Great Britain, as well as all those that pay scot and lot, for about these six months last past, is this, 'Whether they would rather be governed by a prince that is obliged by laws to be good and gracious, just and upright, a friend, father, and a defender of his people; or by one who, if he pleases, may drive away or plunder, imprison or kill, without opposition or resistance. This is the true state of the controversy relating to passive obedience and non-resistance. For I must observe, that the advocates of this doctrine have stated the case in the softest and most palatable terms that it will bear: and we very well know, that there is a great art in moulding a question; and that many a motion will pass with a *nemine contradicente* in some words, that would have been as unanimously rejected in others. Passive obedience, and non-resistance, are of a mild, gentle, and meek-spirited sound: they have respect but to one side of the relation between the sovereign and the subject, and are apt to fill the mind with no other ideas but those of peace, tranquillity, and resignation. To shew this doctrine in those black and odious colours that are natural to it, we should consider it with regard to the prince, as well as to the people: the question will then take another turn, and it will not be debated, whether resistance may be lawful, or whether we may take up arms against our prince; but whether the English form of government be a tyranny or a limited monarchy? Whether our prince be obliged, by our constitution,

Memoirs of him, published in 1715, p. 169—202. Among others, one number was by Steele, and another by Anthony Henley. On the 3d of March, 1711-12, a new Medley was begun; which, on the 16th of May following, branched out into two distinct papers, both published on the same days, Mondays and Fridays, one by A. Baldwin, the other by J. Baker: and these continued till the stamp duty of a halfpenny put an end to both, No. XLV., Aug. 4, 1712, being the last that was published.—N.

to act according to law, or whether he be arbitrary and despotical.

It is impossible to state the measures of Obedience, without settling the extent of Power; or to describe the Subject, without defining the King. An arbitrary prince is, in justice and equity, the master of a non-resisting people; for where the power is uncircumscribed, the obedience ought to be unlimited. Passive-obedience and non-resistance are the duties of Turks and Indians, who have no laws above the will of a Grand Signior or a Mogul. The same power which those princes enjoy in their respective governments, belongs to the legislative body in our constitution; and that for the same reason; because no body of men is subject to laws, or can be controlled by them, who have the authority of making, altering, or repealing whatever laws they shall think fit. Were our legislature vested in the person of our prince, he might, doubtless, wind and turn our constitution at his pleasure; he might shape our government to his fancy. In a word, he might oppress, persecute, or destroy, and no man say to him, what dost thou?

If, therefore, we would rightly consider our form of government, we should discover the proper measures of our duty and obedience: which can never rise too high to our sovereign, whilst he maintains us in those rights and liberties we were born to. But to say that we have rights which we ought not to vindicate and assert: that liberty and property are the birthright of the English nation, but that if a prince invades them, by violent and illegal methods, we must upon no pretence resist, but remain altogether passive; nay, that in such a case, we must all lose our lives unjustly, rather than defend them; this, I say, is to confound governments, and to join things together, that are wholly repugnant in their natures; since it is plain, that such a passive

subjection, such an unconditional obedience, can be only due to an arbitrary prince, or to a legislative body.

Were these smooth ensnaring terms rightly explained to the people, and the controversy of non-resistance set in this just light, we should have wanted many thousands of hands to some late addresses. I would fain know what freeholder in England would have subscribed the following address, had it been offered to him; or, whether her majesty, who values the rights of her subjects as much as her own prerogative, would not have been very much offended at it? and yet I will appeal to the reader, if this has not been the sense of many addresses, when taken out of several artificial qualifying expressions, and exposed in their true and genuine light.

"MADAM:—It is with unspeakable grief of heart, that we hear a set of men daily preaching up among us, that pernicious and damnable doctrine of self-preservation; and boldly affirming, as well in their public writings, as in their private discourses, that it is lawful to resist a tyrant, and take up arms in defence of their lives and liberties. We have the utmost horror and detestation of these diabolical principles, that may induce your people to rise up in vindication of their rights and freedoms, whenever a wicked prince shall make use of his royal authority to subvert them. We are astonished at the bold and impious attempts of those men, who, under the reign of the best of sovereigns, would avow such dangerous tenets as may secure them under the worst. We are resolved to beat down and discountenance these seditious notions, as being altogether republican, jesuitical, and conformable to the practice of our rebellious forefathers, who, in all ages, at an infinite expence of blood and treasure, asserted their rights and properties, and consulted the good of their posterity by resistance, arms, and pitched battles, to the great trouble and dis-

quiet of their lawful prince. We do, therefore, in the most humble and dutiful manner, solemnly protest and declare, that we will never resist a sovereign that shall think fit to destroy our Magna Charta, or invade those rights and liberties which those traitors procured for us; but will venture our lives and fortunes against such of our fellow-subjects who think they may stand up in defence of them."

It happens very unluckily, that there is something so supple and insinuating in this absurd, unnatural doctrine, as makes it extremely agreeable to a prince's ear: for which reason, the publishers of it have always been the favourites of weak kings. Even those who have no inclination to do hurt to others, says the famous satirist, would have the power of doing it if they pleased. Honest men, who tell their sovereigns what they expect from them, and what obedience they shall be always ready to pay them, are not upon an equal foot with such base and abject flatterers; and are, therefore, always in danger of being the last in the royal favour. Nor, indeed, would that be unreasonable, if the professors of non-resistance and passive-obedience would stand to their principle: but instead of that, we see they never fail to exert themselves against an arbitrary power, and to cast off the oppression when they feel the weight of it. Did they not, in the late revolution, rise up unanimously with those who always declared their subjection to be conditional, and their obedience limited? And very lately, when their queen had offended them in nothing, but by the promotion of a few great men to posts of trust and honour, who had distinguished themselves by their moderation and humanity to all their fellow-subjects, what was the behaviour of these men of meek and resigned principles? Did not the church-memorial, which they all applauded and cried up, as the language and sentiments of their party, tell H. M. that it

would not be safe for her to rely upon their doctrines of passive-obedience and non-resistance, for that 'nature might rebel against principles?' Is not this, in plain terms, that they will only practise non-resistance to a prince that pleases them, and passive-obedience when they suffer nothing? I remember, one of the rabble in Œdipus, when he is upbraided with his rebellion, and asked by the prophet if he had not taken an oath to be loyal, falls a scratching his head, and tells him, 'Why yes, truly, he had taken such an oath, but it was a hard thing, that an oath should be a man's master.' This is, in effect, the language of the church in the above-mentioned memorial. Men of these soft, peaceable dispositions, in times of prosperity, put me in mind of Kirke's Lambs;[a] for that wast he name he used to give his dragoons that had signalized themselves above the rest of the army by many military achievements among their own countrymen.

There are two or three fatal consequences of this doctrine, which I cannot forbear pointing out. The first of which is, that it has a natural tendency to make a good king a very bad one. When a man is told he may do what he pleases with impunity, he will be less careful and cautious of doing what he should do, than a man who is influenced by fear, as well as by other motives to virtue. It was a saying of Thales, the wise Milesian, 'That of all wild beasts, a tyrant is the worst; and of all tame beasts, a flatterer.' They do, indeed, naturally beget one another, and always exist together. Persuade a prince that he is irresistible, and he will take care not to let so glorious an attribute lie dead and useless by him. An arbitrary power has something so great in it, that he must be more than man who is endowed with it but never exerts it.

This consequence of the doctrine I have been speaking of, is very often a fatal one to the people; there is another, which is no

[a] See Gent. Mag. 1789, vol. LIX., p. 611.—N.

less destructive to the prince. A late unfortunate king very visibly owed his ruin to it. He relied upon the assurances of his people, that they would never resist him upon any pretence whatsoever, and accordingly, began to act like a king who was not under the restraint of laws, by dispensing with them, and taking on him that power which was vested in the whole legislative body. And what was the dreadful end of such a proceeding? It is too fresh in every body's memory. Thus is a prince corrupted by the professors of this doctrine, and afterwards betrayed by them. The same persons are the actors, both in the temptation and the punishment. They assure him they will never resist, but retain their obedience under the utmost sufferings; he tries them in a few instances, and is deposed by them for his credulity.

I remember, at the beginning of King James's reign, the Quakers presented an address, which gave great offence to the high-churchmen of those times. But, notwithstanding the uncourtliness of their phrases, the sense was very honest. The address was as follows, to the best of my memory, for I then took great notice of it; and may serve as a counterpart to the foregoing one.*

"THESE are to testify to thee our sorrow for our friend Charles, whom we hope thou wilt follow in every thing that is good.

* On the 6th of February. 1684-85, the day on which King Charles II. died; his Successor thus addressed the Privy Council: "My Lords, before I enter upon any other business, I think fit to say something to you. Since it hath pleased Almighty God to place me in this station, and I am now to succeed so good and gracious a king, as well as so very kind a brother, I think it fit to declare to you, that I will endeavour to follow his example, and most especially in that of his great clemency and tenderness to his people. I have been reported to be a man for arbitrary power; but that is not the only story has been made of me: and I shall make it my endeavour to preserve this government both in church and state as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for *monarchy*, and the members of it have shewed themselves good and loyal *subjects*; therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I

We hear that thou art not of the religion of the land, any more than we, and, therefore, may reasonably expect that thou wilt give us the same liberty that thou takest thyself.

We hope that in this and all things else, thou wilt promote the good of the people, which will oblige us to pray that thy reign over us may be long and prosperous."

Had all king James's subjects addressed him with the same integrity;[a] he had, in all probability, sat upon his throne till death had removed him from it.

know too that the laws of England are sufficient to make the king as great a monarch as I can wish; and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogative of the Crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in defence of this nation; and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it in all its just rights and liberties."—N.

[a] The Gazettes of that period are particularly amusing. Let us hear the Grand Jury of Middlesex: "Never had people more cause of exultation than we, in that God hath miraculously bestowed your Majesty upon us; who are a prince that hath shewed the greatest prowess and conduct for the glory and happiness of this nation; a prince that hath shewed the most eminent marks of justice and virtue, even beyond all the princes that now tread upon the face of the earth; a prince that hath patiently undergone the utmost hazards by sea and land, to abate the malice and fury of the most ungrateful and insolent sort of people that ever the earth bore, the Fanaticks of this nation; a prince, that notwithstanding all provocations, was pleased lately to declare in council, that he will follow the example of our late deceased king in clemency and tenderness to his people, and will preserve this government both in church and state, as it is now established by law: In all humility we render our most hearty and humble thanks for this your most gracious declaration. And we faithfully promise, in our several stations, to expose our lives and fortunes in defence of your sacred person, your rights and prerogatives against all opposers whatsoever; beseeching Almighty God to grant your Majesty a long and prosperous reign."

The University of Oxford says, "As we can never swerve from the principles of our institution in this place, and our religion by law established in the Church of England, which indispensably bind us to bear all faith and true obedience to our Sovereign without any restrictions or limitations; so we cannot but most thankfully acknowledge that further obligation your Majesty hath laid upon us, by your royal assurance to defend that religion which to the great joy of all our hearts you have vouchsafed to give us in your late most gracious declaration . . . No consideration whatsoever shall be able to shake that stedfast loyalty and allegiance, which in the days of your blessed father, that glorious martyr, and in the late times of discrimination, stood here firm and unalterable to your royal brother and yourself, under the sharpest trials." &c., &c.—N.

THE READER.*

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

[From Nichols' Edition.]

* The Reader was published in opposition to "The Examiner," The Lover and The Reader, first published together as the Tatler, Spectator and Guardian, in half sheets, were soon collected into one volume in 12mo and a small number of them were printed in 8vo. upon royal and demy paper to complete sets of the author's works. They are now republished with care and illustrations, in the same forms, and with the same view. This step a consideration of the elegance and usefulness of Steele's writings and publications prompted, and will abundantly justify. With a more particular design, Steele assumed a very general title for his paper that gave him a great latitude in the choice of his subjects, and left him at liberty to treat with propriety on any topic the productions of the press might supply or suggest for entertainment, correction, or instruction, in whatever way he judged requisite or expedient. The chief scope and design of this work, will best be discovered by a general account of the paper above-mentioned, to which it was directly opposed. For this purpose it may be sufficient to quote some passages from a more full and particular account given in the notes on the Tatler, to which the curious are referred for farther satisfaction, and especially to the notes on the Tatler, in 6 vols. cr. 8vo., edit. of 1786, No. 210, and No. 229.

"The paper, intituled The Examiner, was an engine of state *ad capiandum vulgus*, in the four last inglorious years of the reign of Queen Anne. It was employed occasionally, most commonly once, sometimes twice a week, to display the wisdom and blazon the integrity of her ministers during that period; to contrast their skill and virtues with the ignorance and vices of their predecessors; to whitewash or blacken characters; to state or mis-state facts; to varnish men and things, as simulation and dissimulation thought proper, and just as the nature and exigencies of their weak and wicked administration required. As it was directed to a variety of purposes, it was played off by a variety of hands, who, from the highest to the lowest, were venal prostitutes who did as they were desired to do, and all wrought, to borrow the elegant words of one of their principals, like 'Scrub hang-dog instruments of mischief and under-spur leathers,' rather *fortiter in re* than *suaviter in modo*."

Some lucubrations in the Tatler of a political nature, of which Steele was the author, or at least the publisher, exceedingly offended the ministry above-mentioned, and gave birth to the Examiner. The animadversions in it, on Steele and his politics, are penned with so much asperity and so little wit, that now that personal malice is passed, they counteract the ends of their original publication.

This work, in its early infancy, was committed to the care and conduct of Dr. Swift, who, as he declares in a confidential letter to Mrs. Johnson, with the assistance of under-spur leathers, penned and published the papers by the encouragement and direction of the great men, who assured him that they were all true. See Swift's "Works," Vol. XXII., p. 120, ed. cr. 8vo., 1769. Of this ill-employed clergyman, and all concerned with him in this ignominious service, it may be truly said, as Swift himself says, that for the value of sixpence, a woman from Billingsgate, prompted by the great men, who were the directors, might have done the business better than the best of them. Swift, in his journal letters to Mrs. Johnson, has given the history of the Examiner very particularly; the curious may have recourse to that source for farther information, or save themselves the trouble by consulting the fair impartial statement of Swift's own account in the notes on the Tatler, to the numbers above-mentioned. See Tatler in 6 vols., cr. 8vo., No. 210, and No. 229, *ut supra.*

[Compare this *not* impartial view with the introduction to the Examiner in Scott's or Roscoe's edition of Swift. Addison's contributions to the "Reader" consist of the two following papers, which are little more than a part of the Whig Examiner adapted to the occasion. These papers are printed from Nichol's edition of 1789.—G.]

No. 3. MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1714.

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mavi.
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 90.

"Who hates not living Bavius, let him be,
Dead Mævius, damn'd to love thy works and thee." DRYDEN.

IN my last I took notice of that sublime writer "The Examiner." The next to him among the journalists in dignity and order is "The Post-Boy:" this writer is excellent in his kind; but presenting them both to my imagination at one view, makes me turn to a passage of a Paper published in the volume of Medleys, called "The Whig-Examiner." There the Author, speaking

of a Paper entituled, "A Letter to the Examiner," finds it necessary to consider the nature of Nonsense: and afterwards very pleasantly, exquisitely pleasantly, represents to us the difference we ought to make between *High* NONSENSE and *Low* NONSENSE. A Reader cannot see any thing any where that has more wit and humour in it, nor that is more necessary to prepare him for the Reading the authors of whom I am speaking. A page or two of his will make up for many a page of mine, therefore I shall rehearse him. "The Whig-Examiner," No. 4. has it thus.

"HUDIBRAS has defined *Nonsense* (as COWLEY does *Wit*) by negatives. NONSENSE (says he) is that which is neither true nor false. These two great properties of *Nonsense*, which are always essential to it, give it such a peculiar advantage over all other writings, that it is incapable of being either answered or contradicted. It stands upon its own *basis* like a rock of adamant, secured by its natural situation against all conquests or attacks. There is no one place about it weaker than another, to favour an enemy in his approaches: the *major* and the *minor* are of equal strength. Its questions admit of no reply, and its assertions are not to be invalidated. A man may as well hope to distinguish colours in the midst of darkness, as to find out what to approve and disapprove in *Nonsense*. You may as well assault an army that is buried in intrenchments. If it affirms any thing, you cannot lay hold of it; or if it denies, you cannot confute it. In a word, there are greater depths and obscurities, greater intricacies and perplexities, in an elaborate and well-written piece of *Nonsense*, than in the most abstruse and profound tract of school divinity.

"After this short panegyric upon *Nonsense*, which may appear as extravagant to an ordinary reader as Erasmus's '*Encomium* of FOLLY; I must here solemnly protest, that I have not *done it to* curry favour with my antagonist, or to reflect any

praise in an oblique manner upon the 'Letter to the Examiner;" I have no private considerations to warp me into this controversy, since my first entering upon it. But before I proceed any further because it may be of great use to me in this dispute to state the whole nature of *Nonsense*, and because it is a subject entirely new, I must take notice that there are two kinds of it, *viz* *High* NONSENSE and *Low* NONSENSE.

"*Low* NONSENSE is the talent of a cold phlegmatic temper, that in a poor dispirited style creeps along servilely through darkness and confusion. A writer of this complexion gropes his way softly amongst self-contradictions, and grovels in absurdities: *Videri vult pauper* and *est pauper:* he has neither *Wit* nor *Sense*, and pretends to none.

"On the contrary, your *High* NONSENSE blusters and makes a noise: it stalks upon hard words, and rattles through polysyllables. It is loud and sonorous, smooth and periodical. It has something in it like manliness and force, and makes one think of the name of Sir *Hercules* NONSENSE, in the play called "The Nest of Fools." "In a word, your *High* NONSENSE has a majestic appearance, and wears a most tremendous garb, like ÆSOP'S 'Ass clothed in a Lion's skin.'

"When Aristotle lay upon his death-bed, and was asked whom he would appoint for his successor in his school, two of his scholars being candidates for it, he called for two different sorts of *wine*, and by the character which he gave of them, denoted the different qualities and perfections that shewed themselves in the style and writings of each of the competitors. As rational writings have been represented by *wine*, I shall represent those kinds of writings we are now speaking of by *small-beer*.

"*Low* NONSENSE is like that in the *barrel*, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. *High* NONSENSE is like that in the *bottle*, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than

the other, but frets, and flies, and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

"We meet with a *Low grovelling* NONSENSE in every Grub-street production; but I think there are none of our present writers who have hit the *Sublime* in NONSENSE, besides Dr. SACHEVERELL in divinity, and the author of this letter in politics; between whose characters in their respective professions, there seems to be a very nice resemblance.

"There is still another qualification in NONSENSE which I must not pass over, being that which gives it the last finishing and perfection. This is when an author without any meaning seems to have it, and so imposes upon us by the sound and ranging of his words, that one is apt to fancy they signify something. After having perused such writing, let the reader consider what he has learnt from it, and he will immediately discover the deceit."

As this excellent discourse was admirably suited to the day or time on which it was published, *viz.* October 5, 1710;[a] so, like all things that are truly good, it is still new and useful, and will prove very serviceable to persons who would be critics in the modern writings, especially those of the journalists. The Examiner began with that sort of spirit which is described by "*High* NONSENSE;" but of late has used that kind only which was last described, as putting off no meaning "by the sound and ranging of words." Give me leave therefore to express as a reader, what sentiments arise in me, and what temper I am left in by the perusal of the Examiner, and Post-boy. The chief aim and purpose of these authors are *Defamation*, which both carry on with security. The Examiner escapes punishment by being concealed

[a] See Whig-Examiner, No. 4; with this motto, "*Satis eloquentiæ sapientiæ parum.*"—SALLUST.

the Post-boy, by being below resentment. There was about the time of the Revolution a natural fool they called *Job* in one of the colleges of Oxford. The wags of that time used to teach him scandalous verses, which he had memory enough to repeat, though not wit enough to understand. The Post-Boy is thus made use of by our dabblers in politics; he is the vent for their crudities, before they appear themselves, and the Examiner is to argue them into reputation. Both these good works are carried on by the vehicle of NONSENSE. The NONSENSE of the Examiner is composed of *Malice* and *Impudence;* that of the Post-Boy, of *Ignorance* and *Stupidity*. The Examiner is a criminal which is not yet taken; the Post-Boy an accessory that we know could not of himself have entered into the guilt. The Examiner flies from the law; the Post-Boy need not fly, because he is exempt from it as an ideot. But as this is really the state of the case, I must own I cannot but be highly surprized why several of the good subjects of these realms are afflicted or exalted, at any of the NONSENSE uttered by those authors; for no one ought to hold himself commended or disparaged by those who do not themselves stand in the view of mankind, under the same rules of examination as to their own actions with the rest of the world. I therefore, by the force of natural justice and reason, pronounce all the NONSENSE which the Examiner ever has, or ever shall utter, let it be *never* so sublime, or *never* so mischievous in itself, to be of no effect of any moment, with regard to life, limb, honour, or fame of any of her Majesty's subjects, because no one knows who he is; and I pronounce the same of the Post-Boy, because every body knows who he is.

Indeed I could not but wonder how the Post-Boy should grow so very famous in this nation as he has, ever since I was shewed the man's person; for he is a personage of a very inconsiderable figure for one that makes so much noise in the world;

whereas all others who have risen by NONSENSE have had some thing overbearing and arrogant, and have had usually robust figures, and lofty language to set themselves off. But I shall do my endeavour in my future lectures to explain to the world how it has happened that NONSENSE has been so prevalent at sundry times in these kingdoms; but I cannot go into that matter till I have made the force of NONSENSE in general a little better understood, and shewed from Machiavel how by two kinds of perplexity, which he calls in the Italian, "NONSENSE to the *Understanding*, and NONSENSE to the *Conscience*," he could, for the use of the ambitious, make the terms *Honour*, *Justice*, and *Truth*, mere words, and of no other signification, but what shall serve the self-interest of him who shall utter them for his own private emolu-

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No. 4. WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1714.

—Nefas animam præferre pudori. JUV. Sat. viii. 83.

"——— rather choose
"To guard your honour, and your life to lose."—DRYDEN.

AFTER I had in my last Lecture considered *High* NONSENSE and *Low* NONSENSE, I proceeded in my discussion to a second division of it, from a manuscript of the great MACHIAVEL, to wit, into NONSENSE to the *Understanding*, and NONSENSE to the *Conscience*. That famous politician avers, that to carry considerable points, especially in assemblies (next to the hardness of caring for nothing else but carrying it) the main matter is to find out persons whom he calls in the Italian *Almoxarifasge*, which as far as we can reach it in the English, signifies "*Wrong* FELLOWS;" men who have the same right from fortune to be orators

and give their suffrage, but differ in the gifts of nature. These *Wrong* FELLOWS have in them something like *Sense* which is not *Sense*, but enough to confound all the SENSE in the world. They are from being incapable of conceiving right at first, also incapable of being set right after they have vented their perplexities. He recounts you a famous instance of this among the *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, the parties of Italy. There was, said he, among them a person of the first quality, whom no one in the world ever did or could possibly like, that was in nature both in mind and body a puzzle, from head to foot hideously awkward, from his first conception to the utmost extent of his judgment ridiculously absurd. This animal, the leader of the *Ghibelins*, used to put others upon saying what he thought fit, to interrupt business, or break into what he was ashamed, or believed improper to begin himself. This person was master of that NONSENSE which was called above "NONSENSE to the *Understanding*." What he said, every body could observe, had nothing in it, and at the very best, which happened but seldom, was but like the truth; but how to break in upon him, perplexed all the great orators of the *Guelfs*. Thus he stood impregnable, and the leader, instead of having compunction for such a piece of humanity, to the disgrace of our nature, standing in an illustrious assembly casting forth blunders and inconsistencies, used to sit sneering to observe how impregnable his fool was, and exulting in himself that it was not in the compass of all the sciences either wholly to aver he had uttered nothing to the purpose, or to bring him to it. Many others the chieftain of the *Ghibelins* had to support each other against the first assaults of Sense and Reason; and brought NONSENSE so far into fashion, that they who knew better would speak it by way of triumph over those who went upon the rules of logic. *Wrong* FELLOWS were his orators; but this could not do only without persons who were as much was

ters of that kind of NONSENSE, which my author calls "NONSENSE to the *Conscience*."

NONSENSE to the *Conscience*, is when the party has arrived to such a disregard to reason and truth, as not to follow it, or acknowledge it when it presents itself to him. This is the hardest task in the world, and had very justly the greatest wages from the chieftain; for indeed, if we were to speak seriously, this is the lowest condition of life that can possibly be imagined; for it is literally giving up life as it is human, which descends to that of a beast when it is not conducted by Reason and still is worse when it is pushed against Reason. Now all those parties of the species which we call *Majorities*, when they do things upon the mere force of being such, are actuated by the force of NONSENSE of *Conscience;* by which MACHIAVEL meant, that the doing any thing with NONSENSE, that is without *Sense* of the *honour* and *justice* of it, was what he called pushing things by the NONSENSE of *Conscience*. But that arch Politician proceeds, in the manuscript I am speaking of, to observe, that NONSENSE was not to be used, but as an expedient; for it would fail in the repetition of it, and the *Understanding* would so goad the *Conscience*, that no potentate has revenue enough to pay reasonable men for a long series of *Nonsensical* service. They will, quoth he, occasionally, and now and then, give into an enormity, and pass by what they do not approve, and laugh at themselves for so doing: but there is something latent in the dignity of their nature, which will recoil, and raise in them an indignation against herding for ever with the half-witted and the absurd: and being conscious that their concurrence is an aggravated transgression, in that it is the support of those who in themselves are incapable either of the guilt or shame of what they are managed to promote.

My author further adds, that the use of NONSENSE of *Conscience* will fail also in process of time, not only from the defec

tion of the numbers of those who act under it, but also from the little effect it would soon have upon all the world, besides those numbers; for which reason he advises, that now and then they should be put upon something that is good to satisfy the multitude. For, says that sagacious man, the people are always honest; you lead them into wrong things but as long as you keep up the appearance of right; for which reason he advises never to forbear the use at least of *Verisimilitudes;* and indeed, he says, it was by neglecting that, all the sensible men, both *Guelfs* and *Ghibelins*, came together out of mere shame; and receive of one another without making explanations or expostulations upon what had happened when they differed, when they could end in nothing but how sillily you acted! how contemptibly you suffered!

The most excellent authors of this our age, as to proficiency in NONSENSE, are those who talk of faction, and pretend to tell others that they are spreaders of false fears, and jealousies. The Examiner of the 26th says, "We have a faction in our bowels, who, when it comes to their turn to submit, make no difference between liberty and power, that all their business may be only to squabble about the profits." Now he says this either as an incendiary or an informer; if the latter, let him name who are in this faction; if he will not do that, we are to set down the word faction among the rest of his jargon of *High* NONSENSE, and dismiss him with an inclination only, not power, to do more mischief. But as I conceive, he had a younger brother born to him the same day of my first appearance, and is named the MONITOR. He begins with the old trick of the pickpockets, who commit a robbery, and join in the cry after the offender. The purpose of his paper, if it is not to pass into the realms of *Nonsense* also, is to lay a foundation for making exceptions against a certain prince's behaviour who is expected in England. He lays before

us, "That the Duke of GUISE was an hot and ambitious novice who took ill courses and undid himself. Had the king, says he, with a timely severity, taken care to have caused those libels however trifling and however insignificant, to be suppressed, or by solid reason and good evidence to have been detected and exposed, the fatal effects which they produced had been in a great measure avoided." Then for application he says of libelling, "Seeing then the same evil, and that with too much success, is already begun among us, and the same neglect of it appears in our government as did in France, thinking them not capable of doing so much mischief as they really did; why may we not apprehend consequences, though not so extraordinarily fatal, yet sufficiently dangerous, and such as call for a timely redress?" I find there is no help for it, this writer must be passed upon the foot of the *Nonsensical* also. Does he tell a government they are guilty of neglect, and call any other men libellers? He must name his offenders, and bring them before justice, or he is one himself. It is strange want of skill (in the Examiner, and such imitators of him as this same Monitor begins to shew himself) in the choice of tools, to make use of creatures that say things, in which it would be a fault to tolerate them, if they were not employed by themselves.

But I shall take upon me to keep a strict eye upon their behaviour, and scribble as fast as they: for when they give up all rules of honour and conscience to hurt and betray the liberties of mankind, I shall sacrifice smaller considerations, and venture now and then to write NONSENSE for the good of my country.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Faction is humbly desired to read carefully the following Satyr against Sedition in the EXAMINER, and amend their lives if they understand it.

" What a noble opportunity would the same CERVANTES have, to improve his art, and carry this way of writing much further; were he now alive, and as conversant in our affairs, as in the humours of his own country? The same *Martial* MADNESS is broke out among us; a distemper more raging and violent, and productive of more ridiculous, and far more dangerous effects. Instead of touching here and there a weak head, or reaching only to a few frolicsome individuals, it has infected whole bodies and societies of warlike *Enthusiasts:* the party is almost as strong as the delusion with which they are animated; and our *Romantic* MADMEN march up and down in the troops and squadrons: the regularity and resemblance of their frenzy creates order and discipline We have our *books* and *legends* of *Chivalry*, containing the feats and adventures of *Errant Saints*, of *Holy Almanzors* and *Drawcansirs*, bound by strict vow, and assisted by *Sages* and *Magicians:* who destroyed nations, made whole kingdoms do homage and pay *Tribute* to their mightiness; tamed the *Beast*, and kept the great *Whore* under; trod upon the necks of *kings*, and kicked *crowns* and *sceptres* before them; relieved the distressed by changing their condition; freed mankind for their own use; and turned the world, as artificers whirl about the *globe*, to prove the regularity of its motion. Some of these knights were by birth gentle and of low degree; so called from the *Pestle*, the *Golden Fleece*, the *Truncheon*, or the *Brazen Helmet:* others had been *Pages*, *Dwarfs*, and *Squires*, and many of them were forced to go a great way in search of their parentage: and yet the honours they acquired, the spoils they

won, and the dominions they conquered, vastly surpassed the lesser acquisitions of a MISTRESS'S *Scarf*, a SALADIN'S *Daughter*, a *Sett of* ARMOUR, a *Cupboard of* PLATE, won at some *Tournament;* a *Castle*, a *Palace*, or even than the rich possessions of the islands of *Pines*, *Battara*, or of *Forced-meat* BALLS."

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